

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1871.

No. 6.

## AN ISLAND ON FIRE.



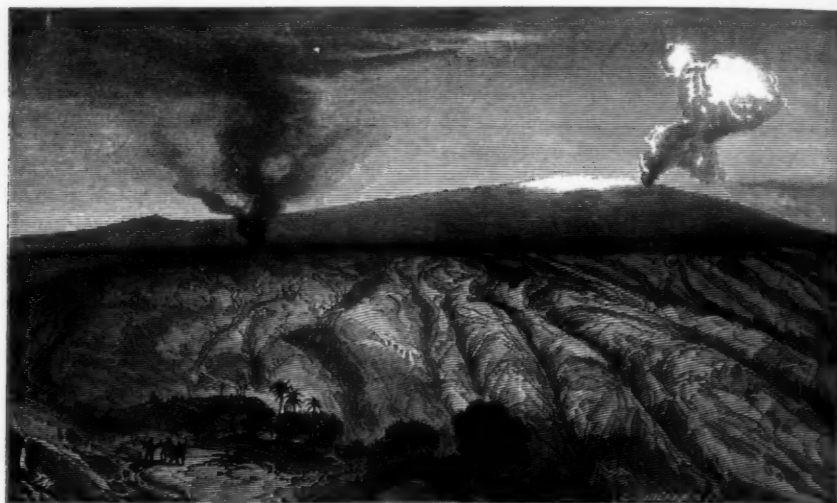
HALE MAU-MAU (THE LAKE OF FIRE), VOLCANO OF KI-LAU-E-A, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

It was my fortune to spend the first eighteen years of my life within thirty miles of the greatest volcano in the world.

A quiet little home was ours in Hilo—a green retreat embowered in the shade of the bread-fruit and the pride-of-India trees. The banana and the coffee-plant grew before the door; the tall shafts of the cocoa-nut fringed the near waters of the bay; and the bamboo, growing in luxuriant clusters, shaded the neat white house that looked like a New England

parsonage set down in the middle of the tropical landscape. This green spot by the sea still represents to me, after a long absence, all that is fresh and bright and tender in an island home.

Yet the whole island upon which the village of Hilo stands was often shaken by the earthquake; and our green nook was threatened, more than once, by devouring torrents of volcanic fire. Hawaii is an island nearly as large as the State of Connecticut; but like the



KI-LAU-6-A.

MAUNA LOA, THE FIRE MOUNTAIN.

THE SUMMIT CRATER.

eleven smaller islands which with it make up the Hawaiian or Sandwich group, it is entirely of volcanic origin. Upon the rest of the group the fires have long ago been extinguished; but here they still roll and roar with undiminished fury; the melting, forging, and welding goes on as from the beginning in the great volcanoes of Ki-lau-6-a and Mauna Loa. The thunder of the Plutonic hammer is heard; the whole island shakes beneath the blow, and the white vapors and sulphur-smoke roll away forever from those mighty forges.

The volcano played a large part in the imaginations of the children that grew up in that island home. Often, on clear nights, our parents' call would follow our footsteps upstairs, after we had blown out the light and gone to bed in more than heathen ignorance of the fear of ghosts or of darkness, and we would hear with a sort of dread delight the words, "Children, look at the volcano!"

Peering out into the darkness over the tops of the forest, we could see the flank of the mountain dome, Mauna Loa. At the point where the black smoke rises on the left hand of the picture, a great glaring light seemed to spring from the mountain to the clouds, like a steady pillar of flame; and we watched with excited eyes the slow writhing motion of the clouds as they were drawn into the glare,

borne by the inward currents of air that rushed from all sides toward the crater. It was Ki-lau-6-a, the greatest of all active volcanoes, that made this "terrible light in the air."

The contrast to this scene came in the morning. When we awoke we saw a faint golden light upon the walls of our room, even though its windows opened toward the west, and though the sun was not yet risen. Looking out we saw the high mountains covered with fresh-fallen snow, that took the beams of the sun long before they were visible to us, and shone in the light of that tropical sun-rising more brightly than pure gold,—radiant, glowing, like no other splendor in the world; and from those great canopies of snow the morning land-breeze flowed down cool upon our faces, and chilled them as we flattened our features against the panes.

Two mountains, one of snow and one of fire, formed the chief features in the landscape which, with the ocean, was all of nature to our young eyes. Two enormous mountains, each nearly as high as the highest summits of the Alps, for they were fourteen thousand feet in elevation—twin giants of the Pacific. I climbed once, with companions of my own age, and native guides, to the summit of the extinct mountain, Mauna Kea. The nearest

elevation of equal height, the Sierra Nevada, in California, was almost three thousand miles away; and westward we should have had to journey three times as far—to the mountains of Thibet—in order to find any summit as lofty as this upon which we stood in the flush of boyhood's pride, and waved our alpenstocks triumphantly in the air.

From this great mountain, as from all other mountains and islands of the Hawaiian group, except one, the fires have long since died away. Mauna Kea is a completed mountain, except so far as the graving-tool of Time is busy upon it, and its outlines yield to the comparatively mild agencies of sunlight, wind, and rain. But the twin mountain Mauna Loa is still a-building. Each eruption from its terminal crater or its flanks adds a new layer to the surface of the great dome. How much higher its summit may yet be raised is, of course, unknown.

The sources of volcanic eruptions in Hawaii are two. First, the crater of Ki-lau-é-a, situated upon the eastern slope of this mountain, and about midway between its summit and the sea. It is a vast pit, nine miles in circumference, sunk in the flank of the mountain, and varying in depth, in different years, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet, according as the sea of molten lava beneath its floor is at high tide or at ebb. For years this floor will be slowly raised by the accumulating lavas below; and when their lateral pressure becomes at last too great to be resisted, the molten torrent, rending its way with irresistible force through rock and earth, and shaking the whole island with the throes of its progress, finally breaks to the surface, five, ten, or twenty miles from the crater. The river of fire leaps from the ground, a mighty fountain that sometimes plays a thousand feet high, with a jet that is several hundred feet in diameter, and pours down the flank of the mountain toward the sea. This it often reaches, enlarging the area of the island by pushing out new capes and promontories of lava into the water. The lava thus ejected may remain, in many places, warm and smoking for months after the eruption has ceased; yet I have seen spots where the natives, pulverizing the cooled lava, and mixing

with it a few dead leaves before planting in it, had obtained good crops of sweet potatoes from what a year before was a torrent of liquid fire. Nature thus renews the soil,—furnishing a bran-new article at each eruption, white-hot from her chemical laboratories in the center of the earth.

With each eruption "the bottom is knocked out," so to speak, of the great crater of Ki-lau-é-a. The flood of molten lava upon which it rests is rapidly drained away, and the vast floor of indurated lavas, an area of six square miles at the bottom of the pit, goes crashing still farther downward, three, four, five hundred feet toward the central fires; as when the water,—to compare great things with small, is let off from a frozen mill-pond, and the ice settles down upon the bottom. The mountain-wall is probably not entirely solid and compact, as the lavas are extremely fluid, and in running off honeycomb its structure, leaving numerous caverns behind them, through which subsequent eruptions force their way. Yet the pressure required for the lava to rend the mountain-wall is estimated at not less than five hundred pounds to the square inch, or a million pounds for a stream two feet deep and seven feet broad. When the breadth of the lava stream is measured by miles instead of feet, force enough is exerted to shake the island to its very foundations.

The grand eruptions of Ki-lau-é-a occur, with some approach to regularity, at intervals of about eight years. But the volcano does not, like Vesuvius, Etna, or Stromboli, confine its activity to special occasions. The fire rages continually in the southern end of the great crater, where a lake of melted lava tosses its red surges and pours forth its sulphurous vapors without ceasing. This lake, the "Hale Mau-maú," or "House of Everlasting Fire" of the old heathen mythology, may be safely approached by the traveler at almost any time. It is represented in the first engraving, as it appears when very active.

The appearance of this lake varies greatly, however, at different times. Sometimes the lava is so far sunken below its banks that the traveler cannot reach it, and comes away quite disappointed with

what he has seen. Again, in times of great activity, the fiery sea may overflow upon the bottom of the crater, or force itself up through numerous cracks and chasms in the floor of indurated lavas. I was once in the bottom of Ki-lau-6-a when the lava, boiling up from below, overflowed its banks in a manner so uniform and measured as to congeal around the edges of the great lake, and build for itself a barrier around the fearful caldron of fire. The lava, thus walled in, gradually rose many feet above the level where I with others stood, at first quite unconscious of the terrific process that was going on so near us. The fiery waves, lapping over the margin, congealed where they fell, and thus builded up, little by little, their inclosing wall. The surface of this sea of fire was elevated about thirty feet above the level of the bottom of the crater; it was a boiling mass of fluid lavas, half a mile in diameter, that surged and thundered and sent down a threatening roar. Splashes of liquid fire, hurled over the margin of its confining barrier, fell among our company.\* Warned by this danger, we withdrew to a short distance, and awaited the breaking forth of the imprisoned fire. We had hardly gained our new point of observation before the lava wall gave way in two places with a thundering crash and roar, and from each of the rents thus made a torrent of liquid fire poured over a cliff fifty feet high, into the rough channel of a former flow. Roaring, glowing, smoking, and wreathed in bluish flames, it ground along the lava channel with a peculiar dull thunder, that was caused by the ponderous weight of the molten mass. It lapped up huge rocks and bore them away upon its surface; I could see them oscillate sluggishly upon the red river, and finally melt and sink into it like so much wax. The power and splendor of this sudden display, the fierce sweep of the mighty torrent, the strange process that had heaped up the flood of lava to disgorge it with such resistless power, all made a spectacle never to be forgotten by any of the party who witnessed it.

The phenomena of an eruption of Ki-lau-6-a were shown upon the most imposing scale in the year 1840. This was before my own

memory of volcanoes; but it has thus been described by the most experienced and eloquent of volcanographers, the Rev. Titus Coan, who has visited and studied every eruption in the Hawaiian Islands during the past thirty-six years:—

"From Ki-lau-6-a the lava flowed underground for eight miles to the east. Its course can be distinctly traced all the way by the rending of the earth into innumerable fissures. . . . Again it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. . . . Again it broke out, an overwhelming flood; and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and everything before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean. . . . The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gases, etc.; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and, being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile; three hills of scorïæ and sand were formed, the highest three hundred feet in elevation. . . . The waters of the sea were heated for twenty miles along the coast; and multitudes of fishes were killed. During the three weeks of the flow night was converted into day on all Eastern Hawaii. At the distance of forty miles we could read fine print at midnight."

Such are the eruptions of Ki-lau-6-a. Let us now look at the still grander phenomena which take place at or near the top of Mauna Loa. The terminal crater, called Mokua-wéowéo, is circular, eight thousand feet in diameter and eight hundred feet deep. It is more regular in form than any other crater in the Hawaiian Islands. The eruptions, however,





COAST FORMED BY VOLCANIC ACTION.

burst forth from fissures in the mountain near the summit, rather than from the crater itself, in which there is now little trace of volcanic activity.

The earliest recorded eruption from the summit took place in 1832; the beacon-light, flaming from the top of a mountain 14,000 feet high, was distinctly visible upon the island of Maui, and at other places more than a hundred miles distant. An eruption from Ki-lau-6-a occurred simultaneously. A quiescence of eleven years then followed, and my own first observation of volcanoes dates from the year 1843, when the second eruption from Mokuawéowéo took place.

I shall never forget the impression of that time. The evening was clear and quiet, and as the night grew dark a strange light was noticed upon the summit of Mauna Loa, whose serene blue dome formed the wall of our western horizon. All our house was in excitement; a clear white flame, whiter than the moon, deeper and stronger than any star, rested upon that distant crest, and grew momentarily as we gazed upon it. My parents told me that it was an eruption; but it seemed to my excited imagination as if the world was newly on fire, and I turned away from the sight of that terrible splendor with an uneasy feeling of awe and fear, as if the entire planet

was in danger of consuming before morning. The mountain was really aflame; no fitful jets of fire or whiffs of heated stones, as in other volcanoes, but a steady column of white-hot lava playing noiselessly in the still night, yet emitting a light so powerful that I could read by the fiery splendor that cast strong shadows against the moonlight. For four weeks this scene was nightly continued with little change, while by day great volumes of smoke obscured the island. The flow of lava continued for three months, pouring forth about seventeen billions of cubic feet of lava, and flowing more than twenty miles from the summit of the mountain. Mr. Coan visited the stream, and found it crusted over, in portions where its course was the most steep and swift, with a roof of congealed but brittle lava. Venturing alone upon this treacherous crust, he found cracks in it through which he was able to gaze down at the fearful river of fire beneath him. It rushed down the mountain-side at a velocity which he estimated at not less than thirty miles an hour. Fragments of rock which he threw down upon the lava-torrent were whirled away out of sight like a ball when the bat strikes it, and before they had time to sink into the fusion.

In 1851 and 1852 the next eruptions occur-

red, the latter of which repeated, at its commencement, the phenomena of the eruption of 1843. "At half-past three on the morning of the 17th of February," wrote the same observer, in a letter much more graphic than any other description I can give, "a small beacon-light was discovered on the summit of Mauna Loa. At first it appeared like a solitary star resting upon the apex of the mountain. In a few moments its light increased, and shone like a rising moon. Seamen keeping watch on deck in our port exclaimed, 'What is that? The moon is rising in the West!' In fifteen minutes the problem was solved. A flood of fire burst out of the mountain, and began to flow in a brilliant current down its northern slope. . . . In a short time immense columns of burning lava shot up heavenward to the height of three or four hundred feet, flooding the summit of the mountain with light, and gilding the firmament with its radiance. . . . In two hours the molten stream had rolled, as we judged, about fifteen miles down the side of the mountain. This eruption was one of terrible activity and surpassing splendor, but it was short. In about twenty-four hours all traces of it seemed to be extinguished."

But after three days it broke out a second time, forcing its way through the flank of the mountain toward Hilo, about midway from summit to base. How stupendous the forces that thus tunnel at-will these gigantic domes of volcanic rock! Had Pê-le, the goddess of eruptions in the mythology of Hawaii, taken the Hoosac tunnel contract, she would have found it an easy task to pierce the mountain in a single night.

Mr. Coan, the most indefatigable explorer of volcanoes who has ever recorded his observations, set off at once to visit the scene of action. Road there was none, and the flank of the mountain was covered with the densest of tropical jungles; but into these he plunged with four picked natives, and cut and beat his way with hatchets, long knives, and clubs, at the rate of a mile an hour. The forests of the tropics are almost impassable; it was not until the fourth day that he had beaten every yard of his way through this horrible thicket. On the fifth day, having left his men behind him

exhausted, he pressed on alone, his intense interest mocking all obstacles and dangers. Taking the fiery pillar as his guide, he crawled on all-fours up the side of the giddy ravines which seemed to forbid his progress toward the thunder and the flame of the eruption. "At last," wrote the veteran explorer,\* "I reached the awful crater, and stood alone in the light of its fires. It was a moment of unutterable interest. I seemed to be standing in the presence and before the throne of the unutterable God; and while all other voices were hushed, His alone spake. I was ten thousand feet above the sea, in a vast solitude untrudged by the foot of man or beast, amidst a silence unbroken by any living voice, and surrounded by scenes of terrific desolation. Here I stood, almost blinded by the insufferable brightness, almost deafened with the startling clangor, almost petrified with the awful scene. . . . The fountain of fusion was elevated some two or three thousand feet above this lateral crater where I stood, and pressing down an inclined subterranean tube, escaped through this valve with a force which threw its burning masses to a height of four or five hundred feet. . . . Vast and continuous jets of red-hot, sometimes white-hot lava, were ejected with a noise that was almost deafening, and with a force which threatened to rend the rocky ribs of the mountain, and to shiver its adamantine pillars. . . . First, a rumbling, a muttering, a hissing, a deep premonitory surging; then followed an awful explosion, like the roar of broadsides in a naval battle, or the quick discharge of park after park of artillery on the field of carnage. . . . The force which expelled these igneous columns from the orifice shivered them into millions of fragments, some of which would be rising, some falling, some shooting off laterally, others describing graceful curves; some moving in tangents, and some falling back in vertical lines into the mouth of the crater. . . . During the night the scene surpassed all power of description. Vast columns of lava, at a white heat, shot up continuously in the ever-yarving forms of

\* Rev. Titus Coan to Prof. C. S. Lyman, of New Haven.

pillars, pyramids, cones, towers, turrets, spires, and minarets. The descending showers poured one cataract of fire upon the rim of the crater; the molten flood constantly flowed out of the orifice, and rolled down the mountain in a deep, broad river, at the rate of probably ten miles an hour."

This eruption flowed twenty-five or thirty miles, and was checked in the woods toward the southwest of Hilo.

In August commenced the great eruption of 1855. It flowed directly toward Hilo; and for months the fate of that beautiful village was in suspense, as the stream, fed by the incessant fountain upon the flank of Mauna Loa, urged its way slowly toward the sea. It spread among the dense forests which may be seen in the second engraving, belting the base of Mauna Loa, and slowly extended its "giant forms" along that gentle declivity of three or four degrees. Let us take the opportunity to study the lava in its more sluggish mood, as it spreads in the woodland, and slowly, yet irresistibly, creeps shoreward, threatening the fairest portions of a fair island with a fate as terrible as that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Whence the origin of these streams of fire, and what force lifts them up to pour forth from the summits of these lofty mountains, three miles above the level of the sea?

David Forbes, in a lecture delivered in January of this year, sums up as follows what is known of the constitution of the interior of the earth: "The balance of evidence appears to me to be decidedly in favor of the hypothesis that the interior of our earth is a mass of molten matter, arranged in concentric layers or zones according to their respective densities, and the whole inclosed within a comparatively thin external crust or shell." The expulsive force which brings the central lavas to the surface is generally thought to be a gradual contraction of the earth's bulk, due to the radiation of it: heat into space. This is the view of Prof. J. D. Dana and of other authorities in geology. Dr. C. F. Winslow, a laborious student of volcanic and seismic or earthquake phenomena, argues that in addition to this cause of eruptions, a force of repulsion, the counterpart of

gravitation, acts from the center of the earth and other planets outward, and plays a large share in causing the overflow of craters.

It is necessary, indeed, to summon the largest causes in explanation of phenomena so gigantic as these. The eruption of 1855 traversed a distance of nearly forty miles in a straight line, or of sixty miles, including the sinuosities of the stream. Its breadth ranged from one to three miles; its depth, according to the contours of the mountain-slope down which it flowed, varied from five feet to two hundred feet; it continued no less than fifteen months, pouring out a torrent of lava which overspread nearly three hundred square miles of desert land, and whose volume is estimated at thirty-eight thousands of millions of cubic feet. I know of no volcanic eruption on a scale equal to this in any other part of the globe.

Mr. Coan, as a pastor who has a volcano in his diocese, made numerous episcopal visits to the eruption, as was his wont. As it continued, and neared Hilo, the simple natives would inquire of him how much longer the eruption would last. They seemed to consider him as the Bishop of the volcano, and relied upon him to give accounts of its behavior.

Slowly the lava-stream crept seaward; during five long months the inhabitants of Hilo watched the devastating progress of the fire, that came a little nearer every day. It affected the imagination with a terrible charm. Flowing through the desert forests which girdle the bases of the mountains, the eruption had ravaged no fertile country; but native traditions told that the neighboring volcanic district of Puna, a province about as large as Rhode Island, now a waste of jagged lava and barren sands, was once as fair and blooming as Hilo itself, and had been devastated by an eruption like that which now threatened our home. The reader can imagine with what feelings we endured the suspense of half a year while the fate of beautiful Hilo was in doubt.

When the river of fire had reached a distance of not more than eight miles from Hilo, it became a holiday excursion to visit it. I with others went to see the sight. Lazily spreading itself in vast contorted coils and

puddles, that seemed to writhe upon the ground like the misshapen limbs of a myriad of Titans cast out of Tartarus, the lava made a desolation in the wood. The surface of the stream, congealed by exposure to the air, had a glassy-metallic luster, but showed seams of red where the imprisoned lava was about to break through its vitreous armor. Watching awhile, this tense, glittering mineral shell would finally give, with a crash and a hiss, to the pressure from within, and the red fusion would rush forth with a roar, forcing the spectators to retreat from the intense heat. This was the moment for the curious, shading their faces from the fiery glow, to plunge their walking-sticks into the viscid mass and dip out portions of the lava. A coin, stamped into the specimen before it cools, gives assurance that it was dipped from the original fountain of fire.

But the stream, though now moving so sluggishly, yet afforded, even at this great distance of forty or fifty miles from the still active fountain, occasional spectacles of the most striking beauty. On one occasion a party of American ladies were entertained by the sight of a torrent of lava pouring into the channel of a river. Driving away the waters of the stream with a tremendous hiss and roar, it seemed like a ferocious beast of prey seizing upon a victim. That part of the river which was not converted immediately into steam, flowed boiling hot toward the sea, cooking all the fishes as it ran, and adding the risk of scalding to that of drowning in crossing it. The stream of fire, an offshoot, not more than thirty or forty yards wide, of the central river, had here pushed out nearly two miles in advance of the latter, taking possession of the declivitous bed of the torrent. Reaching a precipice forty feet high, it began, to pour over it into a large basin of water deep enough to float a ship. First in great broken masses, like clots of blood, and then in continuous incandescent streams, the fiery tide poured down the cliff throughout the night of the 12th of February, 1856. All night long the visitors watched the spectacle. The water boiled and raged with fearful vehemence, reflecting the red lava like the "sea of fire mingled with blood" that

John the Revelator saw. Before morning the whole body of water, some twenty feet deep, was converted into steam, the basin was filled up with solid lava, and the precipice was changed into a gently-sloping plane.

Long before the eruption ended, this flow ceased to make any further progress toward Hilo. Although the great fountain at the summit continued to play, its fiery waves met, during their course, with obstacles which turned them hither and thither, and forced them to pile themselves up in hillocks or to redouble their thickness, without adding to the length of the stream; and thus the beautiful village was saved.

In 1859 another great eruption occurred, remarkable for the gigantic proportions of the lava-fountains that played upon the summit of Mauna Loa. Their height was three or four hundred feet, and their diameter nearly as great. This eruption was visited by many parties, who reached its source while the river of fire was still flowing. A friend of the writer found the lava-current, as it dashed fiercely down the mountain-side, melting its channels deeply into its solid flank; or disappearing in the fiery mouths of vast caverns that were jagged with stalactites of red lava, and bursting up again from the ground to overspread great tracts with a sea of melted minerals. This eruption ran fifty miles to the sea, in a northwesterly direction, in eight days; but the flow lasted longer, and added a new promontory to the island.

Thus far we have described eruptions that, however vast in their proportions, however magnificent as spectacles they have been, have visited only regions that were already desert, and destroyed no human life. Before the occurrences of which I am to speak, the Hawaiians had come to regard their volcano as pledged to the discreet conduct of its eruptions—almost as reclaimed, like other denizens of Titus Coan's parish, from the heathen disposition to homicide. In the year 1789, a troop of a hundred warriors had been suffocated by the vapors from a sudden eruption, as they passed the southward banks of Ki-lau-é-a. But since that time the volcanoes had been tender of human life. They



LAVA STREAM POURING INTO THE SEA.

had injured no one except by scorching, in two or three instances, a too rash intruder upon the domains of P6-le. Had this heathen goddess, the divinity of fire and lava, of earthquakes, and the rushing volcanic wave, been Christianized with the conversion of the Islands? She seemed to have forgotten her old malignity toward her subjects. Earthquakes, indeed, had yearly shaken the island; twelve eruptions had occurred since the beginning of the century; yet, though destructive to houses and land, they had spared the owners; and all but people who were interested in landed property considered the volcanoes as an interesting feature in the landscape.

But this feeling of security was not always to last. In the spring of 1868 occurred a series of phenomena quite without precedent in the history of the Islands.

A series of earthquakes commenced upon the 27th of March, affecting the whole southern part of Hawaii. They grew more frequent and startling from day to day, until their succession became so rapid that, in the words of Mr. Coan, "The island quivered like the lid of a boiling pot nearly all the time between the heavier shocks. The trembling was much like that of a ship when struck by a great wave, or upon the discharge of a heavy battery." Yet no serious

damage was occasioned, as yet, by the shocks.

Upon the 28th of March the terminal crater upon Mauna Loa sent up columns of smoke, steam, and red light. In a short time it was seen that the great dome had been rent through its southern slope, and that four separate streams of molten minerals were pouring out of the fiery fissures and flowing rapidly down the sides of the mountain in divergent lines. The largest of these streams ran fifteen miles.

Then, suddenly, all the mountain-valves closed. The fire, the smoke, the stream, ceased altogether; but all eyes were looking to the hills, and every one was inquiring, "Where is the volcano?" This sudden quiet was ominous, for now the pent-up fires must force another vent to the surface.

Their gigantic struggle was at once announced by the occurrence of earthquakes of different degrees of intensity. They were almost continuous; the throbbing, jerking, and quivering motions grew more positive, intense, and sharp; they were both vertical, lateral, rotary, and undulating. For four days this state of things continued, until, at 4 P. M. on the 2d of April, 1868, an event occurred which defies description. Such a convulsion has no parallel in the memory, the history, or the traditions of the Hawaiian



Islands. The shock was awful. The crust of the earth rose and sunk like the sea in a storm. The rending of the rocks, the shattering of buildings, the crash of furniture, glass, and earthenware, the falling of walls and chimneys, the swaying of trees, the trembling of shrubs, the fright of men and animals, made throughout the southern half of Hawaii such scenes of terror as had never been witnessed before. The streams ran mud; the earth was rent in thousands of places; and the very streets in Hilo cracked open, an occurrence as much out of character in Hilo as it would be in New York. Horses and their riders were thrown to the ground; and multitudes of people on foot were prostrated by the shocks, which only the light-thatched cottages of the natives could withstand. Mr. Coan said: "The confused noises, the awful throes of the earth, made it seem as if the rocky ribs of the mountains, and the granite walls and pillars of the world, were breaking up."

In the district of Ka-ū more than three hundred shocks were counted upon this terrible day; people were made sea-sick by their frequency: near Ki-lau-é-a it was impossible to count them. By the culminating shock nearly every stone-wall and house in Ka-ū was demolished in an instant. An observer (Mr. F. S. Lyman), who was near the point of the greatest vibration, wrote as follows:—

"First the earth swayed to and fro north and south, then east and west, then round

and round, up and down, in every imaginable direction, for several minutes; everything crashing about us, the trees thrashing as if torn by a mighty rushing wind. It was impossible to stand; we had to sit on the ground, bracing with hands and feet to keep from rolling over. In the midst of it we saw burst out from the mountain, about a mile and a half to the north of us, what we supposed to be an immense river of molten lava" (it was an avalanche of red earth), "which rushed down its headlong course across the plain below, apparently bursting up from the ground, and throwing rocks high in the air, and swallowing up everything in its way,—trees, houses, cattle, horses, goats, and men. It went three miles in less than three minutes' time." This discharge was so sudden that there was no escape for those within its range. The torrent of earth, shaken by the volcanic convulsion from the flank of the mountain, instantaneously buried a village with its thirty-one inhabitants, and five or six hundred head of cattle. "The final throes of the earthquake," wrote Mr. Coan to me, after having carefully explored the fallen avalanches, "rent the framework of a mountain and hurled it upon the plain. Rolling and sliding along the steep incline, the whole immense mass came to a precipice, and pitched over it with amazing power and a thundering roar: gaining a momentum so tremendous as to propel it over the plains at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Great beds of lava were laid bare by this gigantic land-slide; and there were scores of lesser but similar ones. Everywhere the once beautiful faces of these glorious hills and headlands are rent, scarred, and scalped by the terrible convulsions of the earthquake. Near Wai-o-hi-nu a tract of land half an acre in extent and sixteen feet in thickness was shaken from its hold upon the mountain-side, and slid quietly down hill for a considerable distance. It lodged there, and still lies unbroken in its new place, its trees, grasses, and flowers intact; while the bald scar of its old site looks down upon it from above." With due deference to Mr. R. G. White, one might call this occurrence a fall in "real estate."

Many cattle and goats, overtaken in their



THE FALLING MOUNTAIN.

flight by the earth-avalanche, were found half covered with mud, portions of their bodies protruding from the margin of the flow. The gain of a single second in time might have saved them. This avalanche was three miles long, averaging three-fourths of a mile in breadth; and it varied from six to fifty feet in depth. One house which stood upon a little hillock was surrounded by it, and its occupant afterwards made her escape uninjured.

The inhabitants of the valleys fled hastily to the mountain-slopes; and none too soon, for a new terror was in store. Collected on an elevated spot that overlooked the sea, they spent the night of the 2d April in prayer and singing. Looking toward the shore, they saw it sink; a gigantic wave, twenty-five or thirty feet high, hurled itself upon the coast, dashing away whole villages, and even heavy stone houses, at a touch; forty-six people, who had lingered too near the shore, were destroyed in an instant. Yet the wonder was that the loss of life was not greater. Such a wave, breaking in the harbor of New York, would have destroyed a hundred thousand lives; such an earthquake as that which preceded the wave, if happening here, would have left fewer living than dead in this great city. The loss of life in volcanic convulsions, as in the case of the late earthquakes in China,

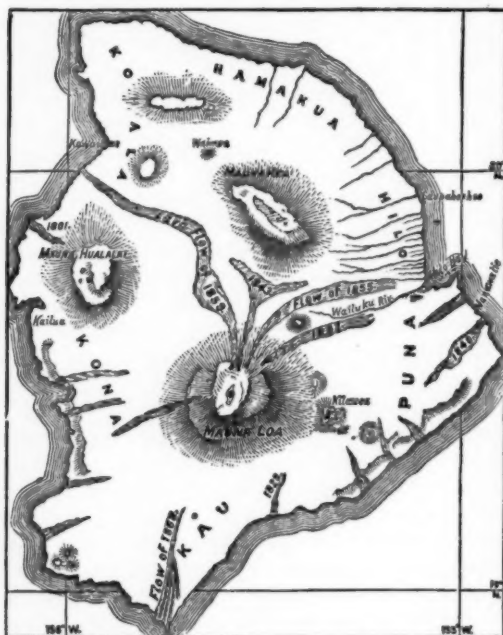
indicates rather the density of the population than the real magnitude of the physical phenomena.

During these fearful days the lava-eruption was still latent; but it was evident that the great molten ocean at the top of Mauna Loa was striving to force an outlet at some less elevated point. "We were incessantly reminded," wrote Mr. Coan, "of the awful tread of subterranean dynamics. The question still was, Where is the volcano?" People put their ears to the ground and heard, or believed that they heard, the deep thunderrings and surgings of the lava-tide as it tore its way through the caverns of the living rock, far beneath the surface.

People did not have to wait long to learn what had become of the volcano. Five days after the great earthquake the answer came in characters of fire. On the 7th of April the ground broke open, ten miles from the south point of the island, with a frightful crash and roar. At this point the molten river, having forced its way under ground for more than twenty miles, burst forth through an enormous fissure, two miles in length, at the top of a beautiful grass-covered plateau,—a pastoral region, dotted with the houses of natives and foreigners, and affording support to many herds of cattle. On the 10th of April Mr.



A VOLCANIC WAVE BREAKING ON THE SHORE OF HAWAII.



ERUPTIONS IN HAWAII.

The above map shows the seaward course of the lava-streams, with the date of eruption whenever it is known. Many of the shorter flows, it will be observed, are prehistoric, and have no date attached. The names of mountains and of districts are in large capitals. For the data used in the preparation of this map, I am under obligation to the "Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History," Vol. 1.

H. M. Whitney, of Honolulu, visited the scene, which he thus graphically describes:—

"We found the eruption in full blast. Four enormous fountains, on a line a mile long, north and south, were continually spouting up from the opening. These jets were blood-red, apparently as fluid as water, and ever varying in size, bulk, and height. Sometimes two would join together, and again the whole four would be united, making *one continuous fountain a mile in length*. It boiled with the most terrific fury, throwing up enormous columns of crimson lava and red-hot rocks to a height of five or six hundred feet. The lava was ejected with a rotary motion,—always toward the south."

From this source the river of fire poured rapidly toward the sea, dividing itself into four smaller streams as it ran, and shutting in men and animals upon the long narrow islands

which it thus inclosed. All of these prisoners finally escaped, upon the cooling of the lava; but cattle that chanced to be in the direct course of the lava torrent were paralyzed by fear as it approached them, and were swept away and consumed. One of the streams reached the sea in a few hours, but the others spent two days in getting over the ground. The flow continued four days. According to the estimates of the Rev. Titus Coan, the aggregate width of its four branches averaged one and a half miles; its length was ten miles, and its average depth was fifteen feet. Where it entered the sea it extended the coast-line half a mile,—a doubtful gain to Hawaiian territory; for it was purchased by the destruction of six thousand acres of arable land, and a much greater quantity of forest; besides which the whole southeastern shore of Hawaii sank from four to seven feet, submerging many hamlets, covering the beaches, and flooding the beautiful cocoa-nut groves. Facts like these seem to favor Dr. Winslow's theory that vast cavities exist "between the earth's crust and the molten mass," undermining islands, oceans, and continents, and that into these voids the

crust may suddenly sink in times of volcanic disturbance.

Though the region was very thinly peopled, two hundred houses and nearly a hundred lives were destroyed during the eruption. From the earthquakes and the falling mountains, from the volcanic waves of the ocean and the rivers of fire that burst up from the bowels of the earth, the affrighted survivors fled, many of them quitting forever the desolated district. The fugitives came to Hilo like the messengers of grief to Job, one treading upon the heels of another. One said: "My house is fallen, and my wife and children are dead, 'and I am left alone to tell thee.'" The next man said: "I was in the field catching my horse, when lo! the earth rent and disgorged vast masses of mud, swallowing up my house and my lands and my family of thirteen, 'and I am left alone to tell

thee." Another hurried in and said: "I was eating with my family in my house upon the shore, when suddenly a great wave struck the building, and, of all in that household, 'I am left alone to tell thee.'" The pastor of Hilo wrote: "I might repeat indefinitely these tales of parents made childless, children made orphans, husbands and wives sundered, or buried in a moment with their families and houses."

Since 1868 there have been frequent earthquakes in Hawaii, but no volcanic outbreak. It is the hope of the inhabitants that Pê-le, wearied by her unprecedented efforts in that year, will defer for a longer time than usual her dangerous experiments in mountain-building. But if she should not do so, visitors who may go to Hawaii about the year 1875 will have a fair chance of seeing another first-class volcanic eruption.

### THE LAST OF THE PEQUODS.

IN the vestibule of the library of the New York Historical Society is the figure of a North American Indian, in purest marble, wrought by the hand of Thomas Crawford. The man is sitting, with his head low bent and resting upon his palm, and his expression is that of one entirely absorbed in deep and sad contemplation. That fine work of art is called "The Last of his Race." Art, history, and romance have touchingly depicted that rare, melancholy person, the last of *his* race or nation, but have yet failed to portray that rare, melancholy being, the last of *her* race or nation.

A dozen years ago I visited that rare woman, the last living survivor of *her* nation. She was then just one hundred years old, and blessed with a liberal share of bodily and mental vigor. She was undoubtedly the last of the Pequods, a powerful nation (in the limited sense of the term) of Indians, who occupied an extensive region of country along the borders of Long Island Sound, in Eastern Connecticut. They had come, nobody knew when, from the more vigorous North—a hardy people, inured to the chase and war—and driven away the weaker ichthyophagists of the seaboard. They exercised wide authority, by right of conquest, over the continental tribes in their vicinity and a greater portion of Long Island; and they were so aggressive that they won the fear and hatred of all around them. Their national seat was at the mouth of the Thames, and their chief sagamore, when the white people first settled in Connecticut, was Sassacus. He was a sort of emperor, having under his

control between the Thames and the Hudson rivers, along the Sound, twenty-six chiefs and almost four thousand warriors. His royal residence was upon a hill a little southward of the present village of Groton, then covered with the primeval forest. Upon the Mystic River, eastward, not far from Stonington, he had a strong fort, and around him stood seven hundred young warriors ready to obey his every command. Haughty and insolent, he spurned every overture of the white people, and looked with contempt upon the rebellious doings of Uncas, of the royal blood, then in armed insurrection against him. The English were but a handful compared to his people, and he scorned their friendship. What had he to fear? Much, very much, as a brief campaign against him in May, 1637, proved.

The outrages of Sassacus and his followers had made his name so terrible, that white and dusky mothers alike drew their babes closer to their bosoms whenever it was uttered. It was evident that he aspired to be master of all New England, and that his first business toward the accomplishment of that end would be the extermination of the English. Imminent danger caused quick and energetic action. Captain John Mason was sent, with less than one hundred men, to land on the shores of and penetrate the Pequot country, and bring the haughty savages under subjection. His little army sailed in pinnaces down Narraganset Bay. Two hundred Narraganset warriors, under Miantonomoh, their principal chief, joined the English; so also did many brave Niantics, and the Pequot

rebels under Uncas. When, early in June, Mason approached the fort of Sassacus, on the Mystic, he had full five hundred light and dark warriors following him.

At early dawn that little army from the east stealthily crawled up the thick wooded hill crowned by the Pequod fort. The whole garrison were in deep slumber, excepting a solitary sentinel; and at the same moment when he shouted into dull ears, "The English! The English!" the invaders scaled the mounds, beat down the palisades, and swarmed into the fort with gun, sword, and tomahawk. The mattings of the wigwams and the dry bushes and timbers of the fort were fired, when seven hundred men, women, and children perished by the flames and steel! The strong, the beautiful, and the innocent were mercilessly slaughtered; and the impious leader in his account said, "God is above us! He laughs his enemies and the enemies of the English to scorn, making them as a fiery oven. Thus does the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies!"

Swift couriers flew to Sassacus with the sad news. Close upon the steps of the bearers of evil tidings followed the remnant of his warriors who escaped the massacre, and were excited to madness by the dreadful calamity. The Sagamore sat, stately and sullen, under a canopy of boughs, while they boldly charged the disasters of the morning to his haughtiness and misconduct. With violent gestures and frequent yells, they threatened him with death; and they would doubtless have pushed the threat to action had they not been startled by the blast of a trumpet near by. Another foe was upon them. From the head of the Mystic came two hundred armed settlers from Massachusetts and Plymouth, to seal the doom of the Pequod nation. Their advent brought despair to Sassacus and his followers, and these instantly set fire to their wigwams and palisades, and, crossing the Thames, fled westward, closely pursued by the English, with great slaughter. These spread utter desolation over the beautiful land of the Pequods. Wigwams and gardens disappeared before them, and men, women, and children met the fate of the Canaanites before the sword of the

son of Nun. With a few followers Sassacus took refuge in Sasco swamp, near the present Fairfield, where all surrendered but the Sagamore and half a dozen warriors, who escaped to the Mohawks and met death by murder among them. And so it was that a nation was destroyed in a day. None of all that once powerful people remained but the few captives and their families, and the surviving rebels under Uncas, himself the last of the Mohegans of the royal line of the Pequods.

Almost a hundred years later, a descendant of one of these Pequod captives was a man of energy and wisdom, named Mahwee, or Mahweesum, whose family lived in Western Connecticut. With a party of hunters (he was then quite young), he chased a buck to the summit of a range of high hills beyond the usual limits of their hunting. At near sunset they looked down into a beautiful valley flooded with golden light, through which flowed a winding stream. In the morning they descended to the plain and there discovered rich corn-lands. Bringing their families over the hills, they made their homes there, near the mouth of a little tributary to the river. The corn-lands and the little stream they called Pish-gach-ti-gock,—the "meeting of the waters,"—and the river they named Hoo'-sa-tah-nook', "the stream over the mountains." Their place of settlement was near the present village of Kent, in Litchfield County, Connecticut. Such was the origin of the name of the Housatonic River, and the tribal one of the remnants of the Pequod, Narraganset, and other New England Indians who settled there, which has been corrupted into Schaghticook. Of this mixed tribe, so formed, Mahwee, about the year 1728, became sachem or civil ruler, and held the scepter until his death.

One day, before he became sachem, Mahwee was hunting on the mountains westward of Schaghticook, and from their tops he looked down into a lovely valley covered with rich grass, and broken into little rocky and wooded hills that appeared like islands in a green sea. Through it flowed a sparkling stream that received many a brook from the mountains. It was the valley of the Weebetuck or Ten Mile River, in the town of Dover,



N. Y. The mountain-sides of the valley were full of game, and the river abounded with fish. There Mahwee built a wigwam for his family, gathered about him an Indian settlement, and became its sachem. He afterward dwelt in one or two other places, and finally went back to Schaghticook, where he drew around him the other settlements, and became sachem over all.

Several years after that general gathering, Moravian missionaries had penetrated that region. A station was planted, in 1741, at Shekomeko, in the eastern part of Dutchess County, N. Y., and not many miles from the valley of the Weebetuck. The labors of the missionaries among the Indians were extended to Schaghticook, and the first convert among the tribe there was Sachem or King Mahwee, to whom they gave the baptismal name of Gideon. He was baptized by Martin Mack, on the 13th of February, 1743, and to the end of his life he was faithful to his profession. For a long time he was an exhorter among his people. Believing it would add to the dignity of his household, he was married to another wife from among the Stockbridge Indians, farther up the Housatonic River, and took her to Pishgachtigock. But his people were so offended by the act that he felt compelled to reside, for a time, in the valley of the Weebetuck, his old home. There he lived until convinced that he had done wrong, when he sent his second wife back to her people, and returned to his own.

Eunice Mahwee, grand-daughter of Sachem Gideon, and who was descended in unmixed blood from her Pequod ancestors, the unfortunate contemporaries of Sassacus, was "the last of *her* nation" to whom I have alluded. I visited her under circumstances of peculiar interest.

The fact that one of their missionary stations had been planted in the province of New York, near the borders of Connecticut, more than a hundred years before, had almost faded from the Moravian mind, and was known only to a few students. A farmer plowed up, on the site of Shekomeko, a fragment of a stone bearing an inscription in the German language. It was an impenetrable enigma until records pointed to the spot

as the site of the settlement of "the praying Indians." The Moravian Historical Society of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, became interested in the matter. A delegation from it visited the spot as explorers in June, 1859, and it was found that the fragment was part of a monument erected there at the grave and to the memory of Gottlieb Büttner, one of the two earliest missionaries at Shekomeko. The writer accompanied the explorers, and a few months afterward he participated with the Moravian bishop and other clergy and laymen of the United Brethren, in the dedication of a monument erected at the grave of Büttner, and another near Sharon, Connecticut, where the Moravians had a missionary station. From these interesting places we rode through a most picturesque region southward, passing on the way the upper borders of the Weebetuck Valley, and arrived at Kent, on the Housatonic, at sunset. The next morning the whole party rode a short distance down the western side of the river to the Schaghticook Reservation, and visited Eunice Mahwee, the chief subject of this paper. At that time only about fifty persons composed the remnant of the mixed tribe over which Sachem Gideon had ruled; and "Aunt Eunice," as her friends and neighbors called her, was the only one in whose veins then ran the pure blood of the Pequods.

As we approached the Reservation we found the valley very narrow and more picturesque, with the Pishgachtigock or Schaghticook Mountain overlooking it. Some of the houses were of logs, and others were framed; and around each was a patch of cultivated land. Some of the dwellings were adorned with flowers, shrubbery, and vines. Thus beautified, was the house in which Eunice dwelt with her grand-daughter Lavinia, who was in the yard when we drew up. She was tidily dressed in faded calico, and had a man's straw hat upon her head, and an implement of labor in her hand. Undisturbed by the sudden arrival of so many strangers, she led us quietly into the house, where, at an open fire-place, before some glowing embers, sat upon a rush-bottomed chair the venerable object of our visit, with a half-finished basket on which she had been working by her side.



EUNICE MAHWEE.

In an open doorway, connecting with another room, stood Lavinia's pretty, bright-eyed daughter, a young married woman, with a babe in her arms. So the eye rested upon living members of the same family born a hundred years apart! Glancing around the room we saw evidences of poverty, but not of want. Three chairs, a deal table, a small cracked looking-glass, a faded paper window-shade, and a pair of bellows composed the furniture. On the table was a wooden dish nearly filled with lamprey eels, a fish which one of the Moravians of the company said was often mentioned in the records of the mission there as a wholesome and abundant article of food in the settlement.

Eunice had evidently been a stout, thick-set woman in her prime, a little below the ordinary height of her sex. She had strongly-marked Indian features, evidently lighted in earlier life by brilliant black eyes. Age had now made its furrows everywhere upon her face, and somewhat dimmed her vision; but her voice, slow and clear, had all the force and melody of that of her young womanhood. Her mind was strong, but a little sluggish;

and when, by questions, we tried to draw from her the salient points in the story of her long life, she would sit a moment, with her eyes fixed upon the fire, to summon tardy memory to give us answers. She never failed; and by patient questioning and more patient waiting our curiosity was satisfied.

Eunice was born in Derby, Connecticut, between the Naugatuck and Housatonic rivers, in the year 1759. Her father, Gideon Mahwee's second son, was named Joseph, and wore the costume of the white people. She remembered a visit made to him by her grandfather and a few friends, when she was a little child. They were dressed in the Indian manner, and were entertained at dinner, of which they partook with their fingers out of a huge kettle of meat and vegetables, all sitting around it on the ground. Their wild appearance frightened her, and she hid in the bushes for fear of being eaten up by them. She lived in Derby until she was married to a Narraganset Indian named John Sutnux, who, almost immediately afterward, went to

the north with Connecticut troops, and was engaged in the short campaign that ended in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga.

At that time there were only five Indians in Derby, and soon after her husband's return from camp they settled among the Schaghticoeks at Kent, where there was then no sachem, her grandfather being dead, and no person of unmixed blood remaining who might bear the honor. His memory was dear to the people, for he had been a father to them, telling them where and when to plant and sow, and reap and gather. He allowed no drinking of fermented liquors; and while he lived the tribe flourished and increased. They were so numerous when Eunice first went among them that she was timid for a long time, they seemed so wild. After Gideon's death the tribal bonds became weakened. Intemperance and idleness marred their prosperity, and the community began to scatter. At the opening of the Revolution there were yet a sufficient number to send one hundred warriors to the field. In that war many of them perished.

Eunice's husband died at Kent, and she afterward married Peter Sherman. She had borne nine children, and had outlived them all. Skillful in basket-making, many years of her womanhood in the early part of this century were spent in that business. She often wandered over the mountains into the Weebetuck Valley (now Dover Plains), selling her wares, and was made welcome by everybody. Many a night was spent by her in the hospitable mansion of the estate on which the writer now resides, when the young people of the family would listen during a long evening to her marvelous stories of the past. One of these, now almost four-score years of age, and other old residents of this region have a vivid recollection of the vigorous and wandering Eunice, the basket-woman, and also of her contemporary and friend of the Stockbridge Indians, John Konkepot, who was educated at Nazareth Hall, in Bethlehem, by the Moravians. He was better known as Doctor Konkepot, because he was famous for his certain cures of the bite of the rattlesnake, as well as of almost every other disease, by the use of "Indian medicines." Strong drink became his enemy. He had no cure for *that* serpent which "stingeth like an adder," and he died its victim.

Somewhat late in life Eunice again became a widow; and when, in 1844, at the age of eighty-five years, she was baptized and received into the Congregational Church at Kent, she took her maiden name of Mahwee, by which she was ever afterward known. In fact, she had assumed it on the death of her second husband, many years before.

The Schaghticook Reservation was originally more extended than when we visited it. It was bounded on the north by the creek which gave it its name, on the south by the Weebetuck, on the east by the Housatonic River, and on the west by a line on the mountains. Sachem Gideon laid out this tract into oblong strips extending from the river to the mountain, and assigned one to each family. This partition gave to each the right to hunt in the mountains and to fish in the river. He compelled each family to till their land and live off of the products, and thereby discouraged laziness.

VOL. II. —37

Eunice was still living on land assigned to her family, and she was so much attached to it that she did not want to leave it, even for an hour. She spoke sadly of the decay of her people, and almost contemptuously of those whose blood was mixed with other than that of the Indian race. She remembered when there was a fair degree of prosperity in the settlement, the inhabitants quite numerous and the papposes in the fields as plentiful as squirrels. Alas! at the time of our visit not more than thirty persons with the Indian purple in their veins were inhabitants of the Reservation, and these were of almost every shade of brown. Eunice spoke with honest pride of her own pure blood, and said she was the very last one of the Pequods whose pedigree was free from the taint of amalgamation.

Our questions concerning the past excited Eunice's memory of her youthful days. She told us that even so late as in her young womanhood she had heard her people declare how much they loved the Moravians, and delighted to relate the manner and incidents of their visits.

Those faithful missionaries came first one and then another, singly, stayed a while, and returned; and then they came again, with their women. During the few years that they ministered in Eastern Dutchess they baptized no less than one hundred and fifty Indians in the Schaghticook settlement.

Perceiving signs of weariness in the face of the venerable centenarian, we bade her farewell and continued our journey, satisfied that we had been face to face with the last survivor of a once powerful nation, whose race inhabited our continent ages, perhaps, before Europeans discovered it—a race now rapidly fading away, there remaining not more than three hundred thousand within the broad domain of our republic of the vast multitude who were here when De Soto and his fellow-invaders, a little more than three hundred years ago, swept over the Gulf region from the Peninsula of Flowers to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Crawford's grand figure of *The Last of his Race* is a prophecy soon to be fulfilled.

## WAS ADAM THE FIRST MAN?

WHETHER the human races have descended from a single pair, is a question which scientists are forcing upon public attention. Theologians are generally settled in the belief that the Bible doctrine of the unity of our race is plainly revealed; but many learned authors have contended for a higher antiquity of man than can be assigned on the Mosaic record. Conviction of this truth is very general among scientists. They point to the various sources of scientific inquiry, and assert that they prove the existence of man on this planet ages before the commonly received period of the creation of Adam. Some of them have, therefore, improperly inferred that the Mosaic chronology is incorrect. They put back the flood at least ten thousand years, and the creation of Adam ten thousand years before the flood. But where are we to stop if explicit declarations of the Bible are discredited? We had as well deny one Bible-asserted fact as another. We must hold fast to all the declarations of the Bible. They are the utterances of inspired truth. Yet in such a position we are not, necessarily, called upon to deny the facts of science. They are a part of the testimonies of truth. If it be necessary to readjust old theories, let us not fear to do so, if revelation and science are thereby reconciled.

Much evidence has of late been furnished touching the antiquity of man. Archaeological and scientific researches have surrounded the question with fresh interest. Among recent publications on the subject, are *Adam and the Adamite*, published by Bentley, London, 1868, and *Primeval Man*, published by Routledge & Sons, London and New York, 1869. The former, by Dominick M'Causland, Q.C., LL.D., is an elegant contribution to literature and science. It advocates the theory that races of men existed on this planet anterior to Adam. The latter, by the Duke of Argyll, is less fascinating as a literary work, but it earnestly upholds the view of the unity of the human race of which Adam was the sole progenitor. The Duke's estimate, however, of man's antiquity carries his origin far back of the commonly received period founded on the chronology of Moses.

Both of these learned works are intended to be loyal to the Bible. The one supposes that the Bible plainly teaches, incidentally, the existence of men when Adam, as the head of the Caucasian race, came on the scene of earth, the final and finished work of the great Creator. The other opposes that view, and contends for the unity of the human race in Adam's line, but he does not attempt to reconcile the theory with the Mosaic record, nor attempt to measure the space that reaches back to the creation of Adam. Its learned author thinks "there remains a weight and concurrence of authority in favor of a long chronology, which grows and increases in the minds of all who have studied each one of the separate branches of inquiry" that point to man's high antiquity; but insists that "the unity of the human race, in respect to origin, is not easily separated from some principles which are of high value in our understanding both of moral duty and religious truth."

The first-named author contends that "the Book of Genesis is obviously made up of several distinct sections, which, if not composed, were compiled by Moses, under the dictation and guidance of the Almighty. Taken together they furnish a consistent and most significant record of antediluvian events, and an unbroken series of genealogies, from which a complete and accurate chronology of the time that has elapsed since the creation of Adam has been deduced, carrying down that event into the historical era, and thus connecting it with the present age of the world." This record gives the several ages of Adam and his descendants, in the direct line, at the date of the birth of a son; and, thus computed, the time between Adam's creation and the deluge was one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years. To this he maintains we must hold fast, as to any other truths positively stated in the Divine Word. Time is an element inseparably interwoven with the history, and it cannot be rejected without sacrificing the whole record and converting it into a myth or fable.

Neither of the writers we refer to limit the human era to the commonly received period of six thousand years; and it is well known



that many intelligent authors contend for an antiquity incalculably more remote. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to look at the subject to ascertain, if we may, what the Scriptures set forth and what science has disclosed concerning the races of mankind. The endeavor would be vain to attempt to reconcile the various disputants who have thought deeply and written learnedly on the subject; but to make any contribution by which the Bible record of Adam's creation and of his relation to his race may be better understood, is a more worthy ambition.

That there are distinct races of mankind it needs no history nor any argument to prove. The living witnesses of the fact are before us. A recent estimate computes the population of the globe at 1,228,000,000. Of this number 500,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 362,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Negro; 175,000,000 to the Malay, and 1,000,000 to the Indo-American race.

These races are at present distinct types of mankind. Were they created so, or have these diversities of color and organisms flowed from a single source?

There are differences of color, physiognomy, and structure between these various groups of the human family, more especially between the Caucasian, the Mongol, and the Negro. The black skin of the Negro is different from the fair skin of the Caucasian, and both are different from the olive-colored Mongol; while the tawny Malay and the copper-colored American Indian present contrasts to all the others. When Dr. Johnson was asked, "How the color of the Negro was accounted for?" he answered: "Some thought they were children of Ham, whose son was cursed; others that they were descendants of generations who had lived under burning suns; and others that they were a distinct race." There is no doubt the doctor gave what to his mind was the least plausible reason first, the better reason next, and the best reason last. The ancients generally attributed the Negro's color to the action of the sun; but that climate will not account for the sable hue is now conceded. The Negro, without admixture of other blood, retains his color in the high latitudes, generation after generation; and the

Caucasian has never been known to assume the black tint, though he and his ancestors have been for centuries inhabitants of the latitude of the Negro in Africa. Indeed it is found that the color is not in the Negro's skin; it is as colorless as in the European; but it is in a tissue situated under it, "known in anatomy by the name of the tissue or net of Malpighi," which is peculiar to the Negro race, and is the seat of a dark pigment.

Besides the differences in complexion, physiognomy, and anatomical structure between the various races of men on the earth, there is also a difference in language, which, when fully considered, marks a distinction, and presents a difficulty in the attempt to trace back the several lines of descent of the races to a common source. One group or family of languages "form a class known as the *inflectional*, and are distinguished from all others on the face of the globe as the only languages that are adapted to, and possess, a literature." This is the property of the Caucasians, "the sole civilizing race in the world," and was, doubtless, taught to Adam in the garden of Eden. The other group are *monosyllabic*, and are destitute of all grammar. The nouns have no numbers, declensions, or cases; and the verbs are without conjugations through moods, tenses, or persons. Variation of tone, which in English is but emphasis, produces in Chinese different words, and conveys totally different ideas. There is not space in this paper to pursue this point, and it must be dismissed by referring the reader to Max Müller and other great masters of the subject of languages.

The varieties of man are a great mystery; and the want of any evidence to show that changes of characteristics have taken place in any of the distinct races, except by amalgamation, deepens the difficulty of supposing that all these varieties have descended from a single stock. There is no proof that a change from white to negro blackness is possible. History and observation assert it is impossible. It is known that in Egyptian pictures of more than 3,200 years ago the Negro kneels at the feet of Sethos I., in the same attitude of bondage and submission which has so long typified his race. There are the



blackness of color, the wooliness of hair, the flatness of nose, and the projection of the lips, which thus early marked his distinction. In others of these pictures, 500 years older, are similar representations of the Negro; and, at nearly the same time, elaborate representations of battles between negro soldiery and those of other races are portrayed. Drawings taken from Egyptian temples show that, at so early a date as the time of Abraham, the negro race was already what it is now; that he belonged to a numerous nation; and the Egyptian monarch is symbolically represented as ruling over him. His likeness is accurate and characteristic; and that of the Caucasian beside him is not less so. On a tomb at Thebes, the date of which is in the reign of Thotmes III. (about 1500 years B.C.), four negroes figure in a procession, two carrying elephants' tusks, another a string of precious stones, and the fourth a leopard's skin.

In the same representation of the procession, Egyptians, and also men of Jewish features, are depicted. (See Hoskin's *Travels in Ethiopia*, pp. 318-319.) There is other evidence abundantly showing that the present distinctions of race were the same nearly four thousand years ago; and how long before they existed we cannot calculate. "The skeleton of an Egyptian mummy, as old as Moses, differs in no respect from that of a modern Copt;" and writers on the old Egyptian monuments point out how distinctly upon them were traced the distinguishable forms of Negroes, Persians, and Jews.

Dr. M'Causland asserts, that "all the evidences that are available on the subject—geological, archaeological, philological, physiological, and historical—tend to establish the proposition, that of the three apparently distinct races of mankind which are now, and have been from time immemorial, inhabitants of their respective sections of the earth's surface, the Caucasian was the last to make its appearance."

He asserts that there is no evidence to the contrary, "except the supposed authority of the Scriptures," and this, he forcibly undertakes to show, "instead of warranting, forbids the conclusion that the earliest human

inhabitants of the earth were of the highest type of organization."\*

Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*, 9th Ed., p. 660, remarks, that "if all the leading varieties of the human family sprang originally from a single pair, a much greater lapse of time was required for the slow and gradual formation of such races as the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro, than was embraced in any of the popular systems of chronology." In confirmation of the high antiquity of two of these races, he refers in his subsequent work on the *Antiquity of Man*, chap. xx., "to pictures on the walls of ancient temples in Egypt, in which, a thousand years or more before the Christian era, the Negro and Caucasian physiognomies were portrayed as faithfully, and in as strong contrast, as if the likenesses of these races had been taken yesterday." He also refers to the same peculiarities of the Negro, after having been transported from the tropics and settled for more than two centuries in the temperate climate of Virginia; and he then asserts that "if the various races were all descended from a single pair, we must allow for a vast series of antecedent ages, in the course of which the long-continued influence of external circumstances gave rise to peculiarities increased in many successive generations, and at length fixed by hereditary transmission." Sir Charles Lyell is everywhere regarded as one of the most learned scientists of the time. His visits to different countries and his personal investigation of facts, commingled with the highest culture and erudition, combine to render his judgment on geological questions of great value. Yet his deliberate and publicly expressed conviction is as follows: "So long as physiologists continued to believe that man had not existed on the earth above six thousand years, they might, with good reason, withhold their assent from the doctrine of a unity of origin of so many distinct races."†

Which alternative shall we adopt—reject the Mosaic chronology, or, adhering to it, consider whether the Mongol and the Ne-

\* *Adam and the Adamite*, p. 150.

† *Antiquity of Man*, Chap. xx., 3d Lond. Ed., p. 386.

gro races existed on this planet before the creation of Adam?

We should not adopt the latter alternative unless the evidence is sufficient to warrant the hypothesis of a higher antiquity of man than is allowed by the Mosaic chronology, nor unless also there are plain indications in the Scripture record that favor the hypothesis. But if such evidence and indications appear, should we not do so?

In respect of the evidence of such higher antiquity, it seems to be unanswerable. The civilization and strength of the Egyptian nation anterior to the time of Abraham is the first item of importance. The moderate computation of learned men who have studied the subject carries the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy as far back as seven hundred years before the visit to Egypt of the Hebrew patriarch. R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, pronounced to be a competent and cautious authority, makes that computation. According to that chronology the beginning of the Pharaohs was in the twenty-eighth century B.C. This is about four hundred years before the Flood, according to Bishop Usher, and still more, according to the chronology founded on the Septuagint version of the Scriptures. Now, it has been well observed, "the founding of a monarchy is not the beginning of a race." The growth of the nation must have preceded it, generation after generation.

There was another organized government in the time of Abraham, known as that of Chedorlaomer, under which there flourished in Elam, beyond Mesopotamia, a powerful nation, which, as the Duke of Argyll asserts, would "even now be ranked among the great Powers." No notice is taken of either of these numerous nations in the Scripture narrative, except incidentally, and we are left to gather our information concerning them from other sources. The Mosaic record, however, furnishes strong intimation that other nations than the descendants of Adam dwelt on the earth, and it seems quite impossible to suppose that a period covered by its chronology is long enough to admit of the dispersion of tribes and the growth of powerful nations, at the early time they are found to exist.

Then there are the authentic records of the Chinese nation, which commence in the twenty-fourth century B.C., more than three hundred years before the time of Abraham, and more than a century before the Flood; and these records begin when a kingdom was already established, when the nation had a capital city and a settled government. This civilization, too, appears at the farthest extremity of Asia, separated by many thousands of miles, and by most impassable regions, from the commonly called "cradle of the human race," and from the spot where Noah began the re-peopling of the earth. Hugh Miller has shown that the traditions of the deluge were universal among the ancient peoples; and has referred to numerous legends of different nations to the same general effect, that in an early age a great deluge took place near a mountain in Armenia. He refers to a Chaldean legend, an Assyrian tradition, an Egyptian tradition, Greek and Mexican traditions. "Its symbols," says he, "are found stamped on coins of old classical Greece; they have been traced amid the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt; recognized in the sculptured caves of Hindustan, and detected even in the far west, among the picture-writings of Mexico." He holds, probably on good reason and safe evidence, that the Noachian deluge was partial and not universal. He well remarks that as to the "eight souls" in the Ark who were saved, it could not be known to them, "nor even though from a mast-top they could have swept the horizon with a telescope, whether the waters that spread out on every side of them, covering the old familiar mountains, and occupying the entire range of their vision, extended all around the globe, or found their limits some eight or ten hundred miles away." Whence, then, these universal traditions? Assuming that only the Adamic race perished; and that, except those implicated in the ruin that swept the place of abode of the Adamites, the other races of men in other portions of the globe were not destroyed; it is easy to conceive how such an appalling destruction should have sent the agitating waves of its tradition over all cotemporaneous nations and their successors.

The family of Noah was small—eight per-

sons in all when they entered the Ark. Their descendants at the time of their dispersion could not have been numerous, which event is supposed to be 2250 B.C. How could races of men of different color and characteristics, in widely different localities, grow into powerful nations, establish different forms of government, found capital cities, learn different languages, and produce such different national diversities as are shown to have existed so near the time, if not anterior to the date of that dispersion? Is it possible they could have descended from Noah? Chevalier Bunsen, assuming the unity of mankind in Adam, was compelled to date back the deluge to a period ten thousand years before our era, and to date back the beginning of mankind ten thousand years before the deluge. Prichard, Lyell, and many other learned scholars, on the same hypothesis of the unity of the race in Adam, extend the period of his creation thousands of years prior to the date assigned by the Mosaic chronology. This principle extinguishes many Bible passages, and "relegates the antediluvian record to the domain of legend;" whereas the book of Genesis plainly links the beginning of Adam's race to the historical ages, by specified generations, and by exact statements of the number of years intervening between each succeeding family. The book of Genesis contains an authentic account of the Patriarchs, from Adam down to the death of Joseph, covering a period of about 2,369 years. The statements of the ages of the patriarchs are so explicit we are not at liberty to doubt them.

According to a table appended to his commentary on the book of Genesis, the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke assigns the commencement of the Egyptian monarchy to a period sixty-two years subsequent to the dispersion of the sons of Noah. He dates the conquest of Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, over the kings of Pentapolis, Sodom, and Gomorrah, at one hundred and twenty-five years after the dispersion. We have already seen that later researches carry back the existence of those great monarchies centuries farther, and that of Egypt so far back, on the most moderate computation, as four centuries before the Flood; and, on

the computation founded on the Septuagint version, it is carried back to eight centuries anterior to the deluge. Dr. Hales, quoted by Dr. Clarke with approbation, asserts that the great empires of Assyria and Egypt were founded by the *Hamites*, who were a seafaring race. The sons of Ham, as we learn in Genesis, were Cush, Mizraim, Phut, and Canaan. Two of these, Mizraim and Phut, went to Egypt; but how, even on the supposed chronology of Dr. Clarke, could it be possible that the descendants of the two sons of Ham should, in sixty years after they entered Egypt, have grown into a great nation, and in so short a time have founded that unexampled monarchy, which existed in such power and extent for so many centuries? On the theory of Dr. Clarke, these sons of Ham had a new language to develop, and an uninhabited country to occupy; and he asserts elsewhere that the patriarchs usually had no children until they were sixty-five years old. There is another difficulty in the theory of the descent of the races from Noah's family. The descendants of Noah, few in number at the dispersion, were in an advanced stage of civilization. The Bible account so describes them. Those of them who emigrated eastward have left records which prove their proficiency in knowledge. Now, could brethren of the same blood, who went westward, have sunk to the degraded state of "the savage cotemporaries of the extinct mammalia of the Post-Pliocene, or to that of the tenants of the European ossiferous caves, or even of the Swiss pile-habitations?" Upon this point Dr. McCausland remarks: "Any attempt to force these well-established phenomena into consistency with the theory of a descent of all the races of men by degradation from Noah must end in failure. Arguments to that effect would require us either to abandon altogether the chronology of the Bible, and relegate its teachings to the domains of unreal legend, or to discard the well-sifted testimony of the circumstances of primeval man, collected by the philosopher from the various fields of scientific research. On the other hand, to render the Scripture record of Adam's creation consistent with scientific facts, we have only to read it as a description of the

creation of a human being of a superior race among pre-existing inferior races of mankind."

It seems to be established on sufficient evidence that the Chinese nation existed centuries before the dispersion, and has continued to exist to the present day. According to Prichard, the race descended from the north-western mountains of Asia upwards of four thousand years ago. He has reviewed the authorities on the subject of the antiquity of that race, and observes that "there is a nearly uniform consent among the best-informed students of Chinese literature, favorable to the authenticity of Chinese history as far back as twenty-two or twenty-three centuries before the Christian era."\* Other writers agree in this chronology. Professor Neumann dates the origin of Chinese history at twenty-two hundred and fifty-seven years before Christ.† Rémusat says it goes back, with certainty, to the twenty-second century before our era, and that reliable traditions allow us to date its commencement four centuries earlier, in the year 2637 B.C.‡ Before that time, a wild aboriginal race, abject and savage as the Bushman, inhabited the land, and its representatives are still to be found in the mountains and forests of that empire.

We cannot account for the antiquity of these peoples upon the commonly received notion that all the races of mankind have descended from Adam through Noah, unless we abolish the received chronology of the Christian world. There is but one hypothesis to assume, which admits the fact of the existence of the ancient races at the periods learned men have assigned to them, and which, at the same time, is consistent with the verity of the Mosaic record. Upon this hypothesis and no other can we understand also how, 350 years after the Flood, in the time of Abraham, nations warred with nations and kings subjugated populations of whom we have no account beyond their names, "the Rephaim, the Zuzims, the Enims, and Horites."

Geology has tracked the march of time along

\* *Phys. Hist. of Mankind*, vol. iv., 477.

† *Coup d'Œil Hist. Nouv. Journ. Asiat.*, Tom. xiv., p. 50.

‡ *Mélanges Historiques*, Tom. I., p. 66.

the steps of ages, and has clearly shown that man was the latest product of creation; but in leading us back to the dawn of human life on this planet, it becomes an unequivocal voucher for his high antiquity, and for the same distinction of types long ages ago as exist at the present day. It furnishes another powerful reason for adhering strictly to the Bible narrative, while at the same time we accept the theory that Adam was the progenitor of the Caucasian race only, whose history is related in that narrative. Unless that theory be accepted, we must either deny the disclosures of that branch of science, or deny the Mosaic chronology. It seems a vain effort of blind incredulity to deny the facts, and the legitimate deduction from facts, which the science of geology has disclosed. Its testimony is repeated from many fields of exploration and tends to the same result. When that or any other science is understood, there will be no conflict with revelation. The God of nature is the author of revelation. A few years ago, theologians railed at geology because it asserted that the world was not created in six literal days. Even the renowned Dr. Chalmers attributed infidelic tendencies to the assertion, and asked, in seeming indignation, what it proposed to do with the Sabbath? Would geology abolish the Sabbath? But when the truth of that scientific assertion was made clear, theologians saw that the true interpretation of Moses was not inconsistent with it; and now what was once so vehemently denounced has come to be generally admitted. If geology, or any other science, reveals facts that conflict with the common interpretation of the Mosaic record, it is probable the interpretation is at fault. It cannot be the record itself.

Without giving implicit credence to everything that has been asserted by geologists, there is still such a varied assemblage of well-attested facts, all pointing to one general deduction concerning the antiquity of man, that the strength of the most obdurate incredulity must give way to the deduction. A learned clergyman of the city of New York, who has lately published some interesting and able lectures on *Man in Genesis and Geology*, in responding to the question, How long man



has existed on this planet? answers, "I don't know." There is no reason, if the common view of the Mosaic account be accepted, why a theologian should say he don't know. The answer, "I don't know," is a plain concession to the weight of evidence which is not in accordance with the common acceptance of the Mosaic chronology. In the light of that evidence it is not safe to say "six thousand years" are the limit of man's existence; and the preponderance of opinion among scientists and other competent and learned men who have studied the subject assigns an antiquity to races of men on the earth many thousands of years higher than the Mosaic chronology. This remark will find confirmation in the numerous works on geology, as well as in many publications on the races of men and on correlative subjects. Numerous facts, industriously gathered from many of them, are related in a late work, entitled "Natural History of the Human Races," by J. P. Jeffries, of Wooster, Ohio; printed at New York, for the author, 1869. See also Sir J. Lubbock's recent work on the *Origin of Civilisation and the Savage Tribes*, just reprinted at New York, by Appleton.

The uninspired evidence on the question of man's antiquity is derived from five distinct sources:—geology, archæology, history, language, and ethnology,—and it all conspires to conduct us to the conclusion that man's appearance on this planet antedates the creation of Adam many thousands of years.

Now, while the Bible was not given to mankind to instruct them in the knowledge of the sciences, yet that inspired book, correctly understood, cannot contradict the deductions of science. The statements of Scripture and the facts of philosophy will at last be found to be in harmony, however much timid men may spurn the wager of battle for inspiration on the field of physical science.

Is the theory of a common origin and the doctrine of a unity of mankind derived from Adam a tenet of the Bible? By one class this is asserted; by another it is maintained that the Scripture narrative, simple as it is, accounts for all the phenomena of race and language upon the earth; and from beyond the reach of human knowledge it brings its in-

spired utterances to confirm the teaching of tradition, philosophy, and science, that nations of uncivilized and of semi-civilized men were dwellers of earth when Adam appeared on the scene.

It was well remarked by the learned author of *Man in Genesis and Geology*, that—

"A sound Theology looks upon Nature as the handiwork of God, and while it accepts a supernatural revelation upon evidence peculiar to itself, it accepts also every established fact of the physical universe as equally of divine origin and authority. Hence, the devout inquirer after truth will be bent,—not upon devising some compromise between Science and the Bible, as presumably at variance,—but upon ascertaining the exact facts of Nature, as a portion of God's testimony concerning Himself, and the precise meaning of the Bible according to legitimate principles of interpretation. When each class of declarations is fairly brought out by its own methods, if there is a seeming discrepancy, neither will be set aside as of inferior authority, but either some error of observation, induction, or interpretation will be suspected; or while both forms of testimony are accredited, the decision of the case will be held in abeyance, until a more advanced knowledge shall reconcile them from some higher plane, where the harmonies of all science, physical and metaphysical, and of all revelation, the secondary and the supernatural, shall interblend without confusion or mistake."

In the spirit of such views, remembering the undeniable disclosures of science, let us look for "the precise meaning of the Bible, according to legitimate principles of interpretation," touching the point under consideration.

In our common version of the Bible two different words are, in the early chapters of Genesis, used indiscriminately as if they were the same word. These words are אָדָם (Adam), and אִישׁ (ish). Both these words are translated *man*, whereas the latter is used in the original generically and not in the *particular sense* in which the former is used. The Hebrew text seems to unfold a different meaning from our authorized version when this distinction is noticed. "God said, Let us make *man* in our image and after our likeness," Gen. i. 26, is the rendering of our version. The Hebrew text is, "God said, Let us make *Adam* in our image," etc. In the next verse our translation reads: "So God created *man* in his own image," etc. The Hebrew reads: "So God created the *Adam*, or the *Adamite*" (ha-Adam), with the



article prefixed. So, in the second chapter it was "*the Adam*," or "*the Adamite*," that God formed of the dust of the ground; that he placed in the Garden; that had not existed to till the ground; gave names to animals; for whom a helpmate was provided; that disobeyed and fell; was the father of Cain and Abel, etc. Now the expression *ha-Adam* is never applied to designate the individual Adam after the birth of Cain; he is henceforth until his death simply called Adam; for after his children Cain and Abel were born he was no longer *the Adamite*—there were others like him. Yet after his death, when his progeny began to multiply, the expression *ha-Adam* is used to particularize *his posterity*. They were daughters of *the Adamite* that the sons of God took for their wives. Thus in chapter vi. it is written:

"And it came to pass, when *the Adamite* began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of the Gods saw the daughters of *the Adamite*, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose.

"And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with *the Adamite*, for that he also is flesh, etc.

"There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of the Gods came in unto the daughters of *the Adamite*, etc. \* \* \* and it repented the Lord that he had made *the Adamite* on the earth; \* \* \* And the Lord said, I will destroy *the Adamite* \* \* \* both *the Adamite* and beast, and the creeping things," etc.

Now this particular expression is not used in the Hebrew text as the generic term for mankind in general. When that seems intended, a different word (*ish*) is employed. Thus, at the end of the second chapter, where Adam states the general relationship of husband and wife, the word for woman is *ishah*, the feminine of *ish*. In the third chapter, ver. 16, *ish* is used to designate a husband. Eve uses it at the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man" (*ish*), a male, "from the Lord." It occurs again in the song of Lamech, and in other passages.

The different terms "*Adam*" and "*ish*"

appear to be employed in various texts in a way that denotes the distinction between them; the latter referring to the lower races of men, and the former to the higher or Adamic race. "Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world, both *high* and *low*." Psal. xlix. 1, 2. We are told by the learned that these words literally mean "*sons of Adam*," and "*sons of man*" (*ish*). The same in Psal. lxii. 9: "Surely *men of low degree* (sons of *ish*) are vanity, and *men of high degree* (sons of *ha-Adam*) are a lie." In Isa. ii. 9, we have this text: "The *mean man* boweth down, and the *great man* humbleth himself;" the literal translation of which is, "*the Adamite* boweth down like as *man* (*ish*) humbleth himself."

The author of *Genesis of the Earth and Man*, whose opinion is indorsed by R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, maintains that Adam was the progenitor of the white races only, and that before his creation the black race had been established in the continent of Africa; also that in the Mosaic narrative there are intimations of the existence of pre-Adamic races. Referring to this opinion the Duke of Argyll\* remarks: "This theory undoubtedly explains one passage in Genesis, which seems otherwise wholly unintelligible, namely, that in which mention is made of unions between the 'sons of God' and the daughters of men. It is affirmed that for the 'sons of God' we ought to substitute as the true meaning 'the servants of the gods,' or, in other words, the idolatrous races of the world. In like manner the 'daughters of men' should be translated the 'daughters of the Adamite.' The passage would thus refer to intermarriages between the children of Adam and the pre-existing idolatrous nations of the world. It is true also that this theory would remove or diminish some other difficulties attending the received interpretation."

The intermarriage between the daughters of the Adamic race and the idolatrous men, called sons or servants of the gods, seems to be stated as the moving cause of the flood. Immediately after the relation of that wickedness, follows this verse: "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with *the*

\* *Primitive Man*, p. 105.

*Adamite, for that he also is flesh.*" \* \* \* \* "And the Lord said, I will destroy the *Adamite* whom I have created, from the face of the earth;" \* \* \* \* "But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Ch. vi. 1-8. The old popular misapprehension as to the extent of the Noachian deluge has, in the present day, given place to a better informed conviction that the earth's surface was not everywhere submerged, but only that portion of it in Asia which was the abode of the family of Adam.

When sentence was pronounced on Cain, this was a part of it: "*A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.*" Gen. iv. 12. Cain understood this penalty; and in fear of it said: "Every one that findeth me shall slay me." His being "driven out from the face of the earth" consisted, in part at least, in his going out from the presence of the Lord. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden." v. 16. What does this mean but that he was banished from the presence of his father's family, where the worship of the true God was maintained, and His presence and peace implored, and where His favor was sought by offerings like Abel's? But after he was thus driven out, Cain had a *dwelling-place* in Nod; he was, not a *wanderer over the face of the earth*; for he dwelt in the land whither he had been banished, and *builded there a city*, calling it after the name of his son, Enoch. This son, it is thought, from the import of his name, was dedicated to the service of God, that he might minister in the sacerdotal office, from which Cain, by his crime, had been excluded. Dr. McCausland thinks that from the history of Cain, "it may be fairly inferred he became chief of a community composed of a different race and blood, to whom he and his descendants imparted a knowledge of the arts of civilized life." He also remarks: "Time, place, and circumstance all combine to assure us, that in this short narrative we have the fountain-head and source of the history of the civilization of the Chinese and other nations and tribes of High Asia;" and he refers to "the date of the Chinese emigration from the west," which, as fixed by

their records, "corresponds closely to the Mosaic date of the Cainite civilization of the primitive inhabitants of the land of Nod, which would have occurred about five hundred years before that event."

Is not this view of the history of Cain after his sentence more in harmony with the divine record than the common opinion, that, notwithstanding his banishment "from the presence of the Lord," and his punishment, which consisted in his being "*a fugitive and a vagabond*," he still *dwelt with his own kindred* and employed them in building a city? Dr. Clarke supposes there were female descendants of Adam at the time Cain went to the land of Nod; and it is by some supposed that *Cain married one of them*. On such hypotheses, what becomes of the punishment denounced against him? Can a rational answer be given? He was no *fugitive* if he dwelt in a city with his own kindred.

But it is said there are texts in the New Testament which declare that Adam was the progenitor of all humanity. Let us examine them. (1) Paul, in his address to the Athenians on Mars Hill, said, "God that made the world, and all things therein, \* \* \* and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." \* \* \* Here the word (*αἷματος*) translated "blood" is said to be omitted in fourteen of the principal MSS. from the fifth to the eighth century, including the Vatican and the Alexandrian. It is, however, found in the same number ranging from the fifth to the eleventh century. Whether the word be interpolated or not, it would seem that St. Paul employed the phrase to denote the general unity of humanity, as creatures of God who had made them all; and not in the sense of teaching their unity as children of Adam. The sense is elucidated when he immediately says, "*as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring.*" In 1 Cor. xv. 39 he says, "There is *one flesh* of men, *another flesh* of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds." Surely no one will hold that St. Paul meant to teach that all the varieties of beasts on the earth descended from a single pair; nor all the varieties of

birds, or of fishes. Dean Alford in his *New Testament* (vol. ii. pp. 180-181) holds that the meaning is not "hath made of one blood," but "caused every nation of one blood (sprung) to dwell on all the face of the earth;" which is not contradictory of the co-existence of nations of different blood. Dr. Pye Smith, who has written in support of the doctrine of the unity of mankind, observes: "With regard to Acts xvii. 26, it cannot be proved that 'one blood' necessarily signifies descent from a common ancestry."

Paul was speaking to the Athenians, who had an erroneous notion that they were self-produced and were the aboriginals of mankind; and the point of the Apostle's argument seems to be, that *every nation of men* was made by the great Creator; that all were his offspring, and that the source of their existence and the principle of their life were derived from Him, in whom all live, move, and have their being. In the Latin Vulgate the text reads: "*Fecit que ex uno omne genus hominum inhabitare super universam faciem terre*;" the translation of which is, "*And hath made of one every race of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.*" In other words, every race of men (descended from its one head) God hath made to dwell on the earth.

But whatever may be the true rendering of the expression of the Apostle, it can scarcely be made more distinct than the expression in Acts ii. 5: "Every nation under heaven;" or the expression of the same Apostle in Col. i. 23: "Every creature which is under heaven;" which are both limited to the people of the countries known to the Jews, and are not to be read in their full literal import.

(2) Another text is quoted, Romans v. 12, as bearing upon the point: "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The argument which the Apostle is pursuing when he uses these words is, that the consequences of Christ's obedience extends as far as the consequences of Adam's disobedience. He is not pretending to state a literal verity, that "by one man sin entered into the world." To assert that as a literal truth, is to deny that Eve first partook of the forbidden fruit. Sin had entered

into the world when she yielded to the serpent's temptation, and that was *before* she gave the fruit to Adam and he did eat. The point of the Apostle was not to assert a literal fact, but to state the truth, to wit, that as Adam, as the representative of the race, had conferred on his progeny, by his sin, the consequences of death, so Christ, as the representative of all mankind, had by his obedience in fulfilling the law conferred the gift of life on believers.

What does the Apostle say in v. 14? "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, *even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression*, who is the figure of him that was to come." Who could the Apostle mean, over whom death reigned from Adam to Moses, and yet who *had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression*? If we admit there were races of men who had lived on the earth before Adam, who had sinned before him, and over whom and their progeny death reigned in consequence of sin, we perceive a plain application of the text to them; if we deny such pre-existing races, the text seems to have no certain application. Dr. M'Causland remarks (p. 291), that "the Bible is the history of a particular race, the Adamite; his creation, his fall, his restoration to Paradise, are the theme of Holy Writ from Alpha to Omega; and while salvation is proclaimed to the heathen, it is proclaimed by faith in Christ, to be preached by Adamite missionaries." \* \* "What Adam might have been the instrument of obtaining for the rest of mankind, had he been obedient to the divine command, has been more than regained by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. At his fall we have the first promise of the Redeemer and restorer of the lost inheritance in the person of the second Adam. Therefore it is that the Apostle refers to the sin of Adam and its immediate consequence, death, as the primary cause of the redemption to life by the second Adam,—not death in general, which we know had reigned in the world *before* Adam, but death, the penalty incurred by him, and entailed on his otherwise immortal race." He argues further that the Apostle was alluding to the redemption of man by the second Adam, from the effects of the sin

of the first Adam, which he maintains does not imply that no one had lived or died before Adam. "The Saviour redeemed Adam and his race, as the Apostle states; but the redemption extends from the highest heaven to the lowest hades,—from Abel, Enoch, and Noah, to the 'spirits in prison,' who were not of Adam's race." He thinks the teaching to be that the forfeited inheritance was redeemed for Adam's race, and that all other races are admitted to the participation of the benefits purchased by the Saviour's blood. They were represented in the vision of St. Peter, by the "four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air."

In Ps. viii. 4, we read this text: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" St. Paul in the second chapter of Hebrews quotes this text, verbatim, from the Septuagint; but, as Dr. Clarke observes, the Greek is not so emphatic as the Hebrew; he gives, in his note, the original, and renders its translation thus: "What is miserable man that thou rememberest him? and the son of Adam, that thou visitest him?" Dr. Clarke says the variation of the terms in the original is *very emphatic*. The idea, then, is that God has *remembered* the miserable man and has *visited* the son of Adam. Dr. Clarke, in *hoc loco*, observes: "Some think *eminent men* here intended." The Lord "visited" Abram, the father of the faithful, and promised to bless him, and through him *all the families of the earth*. Gen. xii. 1-3. When he was ninety-nine years old God appeared to him and "talked with him, saying, \* "my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations; neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee." Gen. xvii. 1-5. This promise touching *all the families of the earth* is without limitation, and the word translated "*families*" is the same used in Gen. viii. 19, to designate the various *species* of animals that went forth out of the ark. If more races of men existed, at the time of the promise, than the Adamic, it would properly include them all. The Apostle Paul, in Heb. ii. 16, says

of the Christ, as the great High Priest of mankind, "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham;" or, as the better translation reads, "Moreover, he doth not at all take hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold." He had respect to his covenant with Abraham, and sealed its fulfillment in his blood for all the families of mankind. "And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, 'In thee shall all nations be blessed.'" Gal. iii. 8. Thus Abraham was made the head of all nations who should believe the Gospel.

It is plain from the teachings of the Scriptures, that all nations, whether descended from one or many heads, are summoned to the Gospel feast. The disciples were commissioned to preach the glad tidings to "every creature;" and one who cannot err declared, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts i. 8.

On the theory above suggested, may not the revelations of science and the declarations of the Scriptures be harmonized? Is there any other tenable hypothesis that admits of such a reconciliation?

Truth, in whatever department of science it appears, cannot be contradictory of revelation. There may occur what would seem to be an apparent antagonism, but in fact it is not real. Where they are not reconciled, either revelation or science is misunderstood. One of the lessons slowly learned is the folly of making a particular theory the standard of infallibility. The grandest truths sometimes appear slowly; and the general belief in an old theory is not always the sure criterion of truth. If a fact or a dogma be clearly revealed, and be the sure statement or the sure teaching of the Bible, it is to be believed, and should not be surrendered at the demand of scientists, for scientists may err in their deductions, but the word of divine truth stands sure. A few glances through the chinks of the casement cannot disclose all the harmony and beauty of a temple; and explorers in the fields of science, whose views are limited by many obstructions, cannot always be certain

of their ultimate deductions. Yet often they set open the doors of marvelous truths. The Milky Way is not merely a dim cloud across the sky. Science reveals there the mystery of innumerable worlds. The theory of the Copernican system, though long opposed by a religious dogma, has been accepted from the masters of science by all the Christian world. Doubtless there are other truths, apparently opposed to old dogmas, for the knowledge of which the world will be indebted to science; but the discovery of new planets will never put out the light of the sun. Let no one fear that science shall obscure revelation. When truth in its ultimate expression is understood, it will harmonize with revelation. Perhaps preconceived theories of what revelation teaches will meet with disastrous overthrow; but when readjusted upon correct principles, there will be no antagonism with revelation. No one should object to a discussion of this subject. We cannot escape it if we would.

In an editorial of the *N. Y. Times*, relative to recent geological discoveries, it is remarked:—

"Perhaps a close examination of the ruins of ancient cities lately found among the Sierra Madre Mountains, and described a few days since in our columns, may bring to light evidence bearing on the subject. Still, it is what is under the earth's crust, and not what is above it, to which we must look for conclusive testimony. Hence the human remains discovered in the gold drift of California have great interest. It is claimed by scientific men who have given the matter close attention, that the skull exhumed last season at Los Angeles, in Calaveras County, Cal., has greater antiquity than any of the human remains found in the drift of Abbeville and Amiens, in the valley of the Somme, or in the loess of the Rhine. This skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, and lay below five beds of lava and volcanic tufa, and four deposits of auriferous gravel. The upper bed of tufa was homogeneous, it is said, and without any crack through which a skull could have been

introduced from above. Now, this would put the date of the skull before the age of volcanic eruptions, and so before the mastodon, the elephant, and other pachyderms. The owner must, therefore, have lived before the present mighty peaks of the Sierra Nevada or the Cordilleras were upheaved, before the cataracts of Yosemite or the Yellowstone began to flow, before the glaciers carried their freight of rubble and precious minerals into the lowlands, and even before those vast cañons were split through the solid rock, which we have suggested might be identified with the traditional seven caverns of the Aztec tribes.

"The estimates of the ethnologists must again, for the hundredth time, be revised, and the origin of our race once more be set back to a remoter period in the cycles of time. Bunsen extends the 6,000 years of the Hebrew chronology to 22,000, and puts the Flood at 10,500 years B.C.; and Prof. Owen follows Mr. Horner in assuming, from an examination of the sediment of the Nile, that man existed in a civilized state 13,375 years ago. But the verification of the epoch of these Californian remains, establishing it before the Pliocene era, must still further increase these figures, and oblige us to assign an earlier period than has yet been done to the primitive inhabitants of the globe."

In Sir John Lubbock's late work on the *Origin of Civilization* and the primitive condition of man, he has set forth many facts concerning the savage races, and deduced numerous arguments to uphold his views touching the law of progress in human affairs. He denies that primeval man has retrograded and degenerated into the savage state. He maintains that existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors, but that their primitive condition was one of barbarism; and from this condition several races have emerged into a higher state tending towards that of civilization.

Thus, it will be perceived, "the grand research into the career of humanity upon earth" is being pursued by able and learned men from various starting-points and over various fields of inquiry.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD HEALTH.

MAN deals with life pretty much as he deals with his teeth. In youth, and while they are sound, he values them somewhat,—in name, and for their uses and their comeliness,—but does all he can to injure them. When they

ache and torture him, he cannot extract and throw them away fast enough. But, when there only remain to him two or three old snags, mere apologies for teeth, which it were better for him to be without, he treasures



them as if they were invaluable possessions, —sibylline books, to a knowledge of whose inestimable qualities he has come only too late.

It is so with life. In the first periods, when we seem to tread Elysian fields, and dance like blossoms in the zephyrs of a perpetual spring, full of a vigor that we think is unfading, we cannot live too fast. We sail for every shore, and landing, burn our ships behind us. Life is a thing of no account, and, should disappointments and troubles come, we often think of putting it away, as a thing of no value. But when the years increase, when age draws nigh, and, in its ever lengthening and deepening shadows, strength fails and functions decay, and the sparkling fountain is wasted to a slow trickling rill, what a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream, and how tenaciously we cling to the last poor fragmentary leaves of the dog-eared volume! And at last, when decrepitude lies prone upon us, when we have received the "three sufficient warnings," and are come to the last scene of all in "the eventful history," friendless, alone, deaf, lame, and bent like sickles, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, how sordidly, eagerly, desperately, we cling to the worthless mockery of life, as if, as Dr. Rush observed, the simple habit of living, by being long indulged, had grown into a passion for existence!

So also do we deal with health, the attribute and the privilege of youth. There is nothing we fling so recklessly away while we possess it: there is nothing we strive so desperately to secure when our follies have put it beyond our reach. How strange it seems that we should never come to estimate good health for what it is worth until it has almost or quite forsaken us. There is not an invalid anywhere but would make any sacrifices and yield up his dearest possessions to recover what he might have made his own with scarcely an effort had he felt its value at the proper time. Yet it is not strange neither, for man is not capable of appreciating what has cost him no labor to secure. Even liberty itself is no treasure save where it has been purchased by battle and privation. How shall man know what health is until he has

lost it, when he has no consciousness even of his nerves, until some shock has impaired or preternaturally aggravated their action?

Nevertheless, health is more than a blessing to man,—it is a necessity. It is "indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength to love Him with in the vigor of health than under the palsy of disease."\* Man, in fact society, the living world in which we pursue our activities, is but an aggregate of individual men, and if the members be unhealthy, doubt not but the body will be unhealthy likewise. He was not an unwise philosopher who said that domestic happiness owed more to digestion than to morality. Indeed, morality itself takes its hue, its tone, its spirit, from the sanitary condition of the moralist, just as a dyspeptic or bilious ruler may become the cause of "woes unnumbered" to those over whom he is placed. Science, philosophy, art, all are colored by the state of health of individuals who have charge to develop them; and we as naturally associate the riant, joyous, serene loveliness of Raphael's canvases with a state of equable good health, as we seek the causes of Salvator's savage shadows, or Carravaggio's brutal realism, in a disordered liver or an unhappy digestion.

There is an indissoluble lien between health and the highest state of mental vigor and activity. A badly cooked leg of mutton cost Napoleon the crucial battle of Leipsic. Newton, while he was composing his *Principia*, lived upon bread and water and the lightest vegetable diet. The critic Gifford's savage and murderous propensities towards all fledgling bards were the palpable fruit of torturing disease engendered in a feeble, crooked, and neglected body; while Cornaro, the apostle of regimen, has boldly affirmed it as his experience, that "neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life." "Temperance," indeed, says a man entitled to know, who was intemperate in his

\* Horace Mann.

thoughts, his passions, in his life, and most wretched in his death,\* "temperance is a necessary virtue for great men; since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be one of the greatest felicities of life."

So far as the individual man is concerned, life itself, without health, and without its congener, happiness, is mere duration, not living. Life without enjoyment is life without motive, a mere nightmare, a shadow that marks but does not copy the thing of which it is the reminder. No pleasure of the sense, no pleasure of the soul, can have any true zest without the accompaniment of good health. The stomach, as Aretæus phrased it, "is the leader" of pleasure and pain. Dyspepsia is first cousin to the megrims. They are children of the same house, the same blood, playmates, companions, nay, inseparable. And so good health is the housemate of enjoyment and content. It clothes nakedness, lightens poverty, tempers the wind to the shorn lambs of every flock. No garden so barren but good health can plant flowers therein and make them grow. No hearth so desolate but it can wake a song thereby. No bosom so dry but it can make joy flow from it, as water burst from the desert rock in Meribah. It is indeed "above all gold and treasure." It is indeed "the poor man's riches and the rich man's bliss;" the salt of the earth and the bond of society.

Happiness is in ourselves, and not the effect of distributed gifts unequally flung abroad. The ragged beggar, sturdy and brown in the open air, who has but a crust in his wallet, and never a penny in his purse, nor never a purse itself, knows far more of the enjoyments of life than the wealthiest millionaire of us all, who cannot count even his money in peace, because the gout twinges him so savagely. And it seems to me that we of the world do not take sufficient note of these things in the conduct of our reformatory projects. We begin our reforms *at the wrong end*. The misery, and wretchedness, and degradation of "the dangerous classes" are the fruits of bad air,

bad food, bad ways of life, rather than of innate criminal instincts and vicious associations. "Mr. Chadwick," says Sir Benjamin Brodie,\* "has shown that many persons [in London] are driven to drinking gin as affording a temporary relief to the feelings of depression and exhaustion produced by living in a noxious atmosphere; and he gives instances of individuals who had spontaneously abandoned the habit when they were enabled to reside in a less crowded and more healthy locality, where they could breathe a pure air instead of noxious exhalations." And it seems indeed that the right way to make these classes better is not to preach to them nor punish them for what they cannot help; not to send them to school nor to make their case worse by violent repressions and prohibitory laws, but to cleanse them, and feed them, and clothe them, and put them in the way to regain their right minds, by the salutary powers of hygiene and the beneficent influences of health. Send missionaries and tracts to them if you will, and do not abolish prisons nor hanging; but at the same time seek to effect more salutary reforms by good food, good air, good water, baths, and encouraging and profitable labor. In this way, at least, we shall run no risk of giving a stone where we are asked for bread; nor will we be doing any harm to the progress of moral and spiritual reform when we clear away the brambles that entangle the feet of its advancement.

It is certain, however, that the human race is not adequately blessed with this good health which is shown to be so desirable and so necessary. It is certain that the throat slays more than the sword. It is certain that an infinite multitude of diseases wait upon man's footsteps from the cradle to the grave, and that, as Cyprian said, each human body has more several torturing pricks and aches than it has members. Constantly, and with the dawn of each incoming generation, new diseases spring up, bringing new pains to wreak upon us—

"Macies, et nova februm  
Terris incubit cohors."

And although each period has had its occa-

\* Dean Swift.

\* *Mind and Matter.*

sional stout miracle of health and longevity, its old Parr, its Henry Jenkins, its Countess Desmond; though all the chronicles tell us of such men as Cornaro, who wrote comedies at eighty-three and a treatise on health at ninety; of Zerophilus the musician; of Hereward of Augsburg; of Pollio Romulus, who kept himself sweet and sound for a century by careful ministrations to himself of wine and oil; of Quintus Metellus, and of many others who have happily lived long years without suffering from any impediment, yet we believe that these are merely phoenix cases, and that, as Hesiod has told us was the case in his own time, each age, and every race, and earth and sea, and day and night, have borne sad fruit for self-willed men in evils and in restless plagues and torments.

Certainly what was the rule in Hesiod's day is still more the rule in these contemporary times. We live better, have better food, and more of it, and are more rational in our respect for hygiene; but for all that we do not live so rationally, nor so wholesomely, and consequently have not such strong health. Fewer children die with us than in former times, in spite of the homicidal iniquity of "swill milk," and pestilence is neither so rife nor so difficult to combat. The result of this is, that the average life of a generation of men is much greater in duration than of old. Yet not so many men grow old as formerly, nor do so many men nowadays possess unbroken health. We live too fast, in fact; and we neglect to respect those laws of physiology which instruct us that "intensive life can only be purchased at the cost of extensive life." It is the natural tendency of civilization to weaken while it refines, and there is a very deep import in the texture of this aphorism,—a proof of that all-pervading fatality which is congenious with liberty in man's nature, and goes hand in hand with him, step by step through all the stages of his being—that deep fatality the contemplation of which in its relation to the destinies of man prompted Goethe to his memorable precept: "Provision has been made that the trees do not grow into the sky." The correlation of forces has a wider extent, and a more searching and intimate vitality of *rapprochement* with universal nature than we have

been used to suspect. There is an intimate consanguinity between Dynamics and Economics, through the common affinities of numbers, as the common exponents of law of whatsoever kind. It is highly probable, as Comte has said, that as the progress of science permits, we shall be able not only to find numerical expressions for every kind of relation of phenomena, but shall thus also be able to institute comparisons between things the most widely different that it is possible to conceive. Already, imperfect as is our grasp upon the numerical forces, we are able to bring testimony into the court of science from all parts of the world, and every department of the cosmos, with surprising efficiency. There seems to be at first glance no relation between the rain-fall of a season and the number of marriages of a country; yet philosophers have distinctly detected this relation, and accurately determined it. In the same way that mechanical rule which instructs us that "what is gained in power is lost in time," can, without undue twisting, be made to interpret the relations of intensities in physiology and in ethics and in aesthetics quite as well as in physics. The dynamical formula has been merely translated into the language of didactical ethics by Goethe when he so finely expresses the limitations of human genius and its law by saying: "Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows." What genius gains in intensity it loses in breadth; what is gained in power is lost in time. And the law will be found almost universal in its application to all kinds and qualities of forces. Take the case of the peach-tree, for instance, which, by selection, and budding, and cultivation has been made to yield large crops of a delicious and noble fruit, but only by the sacrifice of its natural term of years, and at the cost of its natural hardy health. The wild, ungrafted tree in Georgia and Florida bears fruit during forty healthy years, untroubled by the worm, unconscious of "the yellows." The average vitality of the highly productive cultivated tree in Delaware and Maryland is scarcely eight years. In the same way, and upon the same principle, while the collective man has been able largely to better his condition and his health through the potent

instrumentalities of wealth, culture, and their correlative forces, the individual man has taken from his health and shortened his life by thinning his skin and laying bare his nerves to a poignancy of suffering never known in the remoter ages. This is what is meant by civilization weakening in proportion as it refines. Our organizations, under the hot-house processes of modern social life, are grown more complex and difficult; our sensibilities are more acute; our sympathies reach wider and deeper, and our passions, endowed with a more tremendous force, are more destructive and wasting. In consequence of all this we are more liable to disease, and less able to resist it; and besides this, disease is constantly assuming new and more complex and subtle forms, more insidious in attack and more troublesome to eradicate.

Medicine and the doctors have virtually no vocation here. If, in the olden times, when men were naturally healthy, and mercifully unconscious of the acuteness of their nerves and the fragilities and distemperaments of their organizations; when they were ignorant and credulous, and looked up to their doctor-priests as the authentic ambassadors of a divine mission of healing; if physic and physicians failed then, much more must they fail now. If they could not heal the body when man yielded passively up to them all his mind as an instrument with which to work all the tremendous effects of the imagination, much less can they heal it now, when man declines to send his fancy where they project their wills, when he seriously doubts and mistrusts them, and is constantly disposed to weigh their claims to power in the nicely adjusted scales of intellectual judgment. The best the doctor can do, in fact, is to work upon individual men a provisional sort of patchwork, as a dismantled ship rigs jury-masts to bear her to some near port after a storm. And this sort of patchwork is only too often like that of which the candid Snetzler spoke, when once a rural vestry called him in to consult with them about repairing the organ in their parish church. "Shentlemens," said the honest old organ-builder, taking a pinch of snuff after he had duly inspected the dilapidated instrument,— "Shentlemens, das

organ is vort one hoondert pound. You schpends mit me one hoondert pound more in dem repairsh. Vel den, das organ vill be vort shoost fifty pound!" This is upon the rather too liberal assumption that the machine can be repaired at all. In other cases, and numerous ones,

"When the artist goes about  
To redress her flame, no doubt  
Oftentimes he snuffs it out."\*

Fortunately for society, however, doctors do not enjoy any great immunity from the spirit of the age, and even their profession, interested as it is in maintaining the contrary proposition, cannot refuse to suspect occasionally that, as a rule, mankind "*ingravescit medendo*"—is none the better for physic. The medical atmosphere of to-day is indeed strangely rife with mysterious whisperings and murmurous speculations anent "unknown ethereal influences," "changes in the type of disease," and other roundabout ways of entering the plea of ignorance. There is much more talk nowadays than ever before of the expediency of flying physic and depending upon the *vis medicatrix natura*—that unknown force whose co-ordinate functions are immeasurable in numbers, and whose relations are not to be compared with those of any other of the powers that regulate humanity. Our doctors, indeed, still venture to cope with the diseases of individuals, but they show a praiseworthy timidity in so doing, and tacitly confess to us, by actions which speak louder than words, that they have abandoned all claims to possessing a peculiar faculty for even patching a broken, unsettled, and unnerved generation.

Yet, adverse as all the circumstances may seem, the boon of good health—that grand quest of Ponce de Leon's evasive fountain—is more possible of achievement now, and nearer within man's reach than ever it was in any previous age. "If you are careful with it," says the proverb, "glass will last longer than iron." Modern enlightenment endows us with large store of the very kinds of knowledge needed to teach us how we may bestow

\* Philip Quarles.

proper care upon the preservation of our good health. We know the causes of our disorders, of many of them at least, and although, as Cicero said, the doctors have been very wrong in fancying that a knowledge of cures necessarily followed upon a knowledge of causes, yet it is unquestionably true that this sort of science is the first and most important step towards a rational reform and an efficient regulation of the laws of hygiene. "Contrary causes," as it was well said by Cornaro, "have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry." Nor need it be feared that the rule of good living, once found and laid down properly, will be impossible to pursue. The capacity of human nature to accommodate itself to untoward circumstances and to resist unfavorable influences, to lay down old habits and to take up new ones, is very remarkable. Surely that same flexibility of function which enables the sedentary sewing-woman to violate every law of health and yet live; which saves the sedentary smoke-dried German student from premature paralysis, and enables the London fashionable to preserve bloom and vigor while turning night into day and day into night; which sustains Livingstone in the sweltering jungles of Africa, and made existence possible to Kane and his companions frozen fast to the glaciers of Greenland—surely an adaptability so great will put it in man's power to

change his mode of life from a disorderly one against nature to an orderly one in accordance with nature, and will make it quite tolerable for him to put his belly-gods peremptorily away, quench his unruly appetites, and master the whole secret of a blooming and unfettered old age.

Nor are the means for procuring health far to seek nor difficult to attain. We must go back to nature—not indeed in Rousseau's sense of returning to savagery and unkempt nakedness, but, by using art, to discover the curative processes our instincts naturally pursue, and the philosophy of the regimen they require us to adopt. This, in effect, is to enforce upon our lives, our habits, our very thoughts, the scrupulous, sedulous, daily constant exercise of right reason. He who corrects and controls his appetites, says the old Latin moralist, gets something of the divine nature thereby,—becomes "*as oculosque Jovi par.*" A proper regimen, a proper mode of motion and of rest, a proper sobriety of appetite and a sweet continence of temper, and the whole tale of illimitable physical and moral regeneration is told at once. Surely there is no difficulty here. Surely the simplest man amongst us, or the most obdurate in passion and in unreason can, if he try, pursue

"The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught,  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from  
thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

## SONNET.

STRENGTH for the day! At early dawn I stand,  
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,  
Watching for day. Before its portal lies  
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band:  
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,  
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,  
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise!  
I own the sign: I know that He whose hand  
Hath fringed those sombre clouds with ruby ray,  
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,  
Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay;—  
Breathe o'er my wavering heart His rest for aye,  
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold  
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day!



## WATER: ITS WAYS AND USES.



NIAGARA FALLS.

THERE is no sight more imposing than that of the ocean; and on viewing the incessant march of the waves which glide gently along the shore, the fugitive foam which appears and disappears, the undulation of the billows following one another with a plaintive murmur, we can easily comprehend how it is that the inventive imagination of man has personified this inert matter, and we are not surprised that Schleiden, in his poetical language, compares the movement of the wave to a gentle respiration.

On the globe water is the rule, dry land the exception; yet it is very difficult to estimate exactly the extent of the sea. The slow movements of the land, sinking or rising, the waves which steadily destroy the rocky shores, the banks of madrepores and other polyps which increase from day to day in the bosom of the waters, all modify constantly the relief of the continents, and subject the map of the world to perpetual variations. Nevertheless, it may be safely said that the sea occupies about two-thirds of the surface of the globe.

The waters are very unequally distributed. The southern hemisphere is much more

abundantly supplied than the northern; and the terrestrial sphere may accordingly be divided into two equal parts, one of which is almost entirely a world of the sea, the other a world of the *terra firma*.

The bottom of the sea is formed of mountains and valleys, ravines and escarpments, hills and plains. The continents are in fact only the summits of marine mountains: the waters, obeying the laws of gravity, collect, in consequence of their mobility, in the great basins, and spread out over the lower parts of the terrestrial envelope. If the surface of the globe, instead of being irregular in outline, were smooth and uniform as an ivory ball, the ocean would cover it completely with a liquid coating of about six hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

The sheet of water which conceals the greater part of the solid earth is considerable compared with the dry land, but is very small if compared with the entire mass of our planet. If we divide the globe into 1,786 equal parts by weight, and take one of these, we will have the total weight of the water of the ocean.

The temperature of the sea warmed by the

action of the sun's rays at the equator is considerably elevated; but at the poles the surface of the water is in great part frozen, and formidable glaciers are to be found there throughout the entire year. Immense mountains of ice are constantly seen carried along by the marine currents, and the light playing on these transparent masses produces one of the most wonderful spectacles that it is given man to behold.

Waves are the caprices of the ocean; they vary according to the locality, according to the intensity of the wind, and are not regulated by any constant force in their effects. The sea is endowed with other more reliable movements, which may be considered as a part of the wheel-work of the grand mechanism of nature. Our globe is suspended in the immensity of the universe, but it is not alone. Constantly subjected to the influence of the stars, it obeys their attraction, and is in harmony with the heavenly bodies. As the flower turns towards the sun, so the ocean rises and falls under the powerful attraction of the sun and moon.

There exist in the sea immense currents, which may be regarded as rivers in the bosom of the ocean: arteries of a grand circulatory system that play an admirable rôle in the harmonies of the globe. They establish a sort of equilibrium between the extreme temperatures of divers climates, transporting toward the poles the warm water of the tropics, and conducting the cold water of the glacial regions toward the equatorial countries. The heat imparted by the sun's rays is doubtless the chief cause of this interchange of waters.

The waves level the rocky coasts, and wear away the continents. They dash against the cliffs, and each day carry off the *débris* that they have produced. Sometimes they cut and carve the rocks, giving rise thus to capricious constructions resembling promontories, capes, breakwaters, or reefs. The more abrupt and resisting a coast is, the more sure it is to be leveled by the irresistible element. Nothing is strong enough to stop the army of waves, and the land is always vanquished in these combats with the ocean. It triumphs only when it avoids the struggle, as Fabius with Hannibal. If it offers to the sea low and

uniform coasts, the waves advance gently along the shore; their anger is calmed before an enemy which does not attempt to resist them; they lose all their swiftness, and deposit then the rounded pebbles and the fine sand. They create more than they destroy.

The waves may pound and pulverize the rocky coasts, but the *débris* thus formed is not lost: it is carried to other places, where it is deposited in the form of superposed sediments. It has been long remarked that at the northern end of the Red Sea the Isthmus of Suez increases with extraordinary rapidity in consequence of marine contributions of this nature. This isthmus has double the width that it had at the time of Herodotus. At that epoch Heropolis stood on the shore of the sea; now it is as near the Mediterranean as the Red Sea, standing just in the middle of the Isthmus.

A part of the delta of the Nile is daily washed away by the waves and currents of the great sea into which this ancient river empties, and carried off even as far as the coasts of Syria.

The level of the ocean is immutable, but we are sometimes deceived by appearances. The water, always agitated at the surface, seems to be the image of mobility; it is, nevertheless, endowed with a remarkable fixity, and the land, according to Pliny, the symbol of immobility, is, on the contrary, movable. The ocean does not retire from the shore, but the shore itself rises. The ocean does not gradually submerge the coast, but the coast gradually sinks below the level of the ocean. The subterranean fires which have broken out and folded the terrestrial epidermis are far from being inactive, and in certain countries the tremblings of the land give daily proof of this.

According to a physical law, every body of water exposed to the air constantly gives out vapor, which increases in quantity with the temperature; there is consequently a process of distillation, on a grand scale, continually going on at the surface of the globe. The burning rays of the tropical sun take the place of the furnace heating an immense alembic; the equatorial ocean is the boiler of this vast apparatus; the elevated regions of the air constitute the top of the still; the cold atmos-

phere, the frozen summits of the mountains of the north, the glaciers of the poles, form the condensers; and the streams, the water-courses, the rivers, and the lakes are the receivers, that are incessantly filling with enormous volumes of water, which they restore to the ocean. This distillation revolves eternally on itself: the water of the receivers returning steadily to the boiler.

In traveling thus through space and over the land, water is charged with distributing warmth throughout the globe, with modifying the temperature of climates. On escaping from the equatorial seas, it is heated by the fires of a tropical sun; it stores up the warmth, and gives it out again to the cold countries. Under the form of rain it lessens the severity of the northern climates, and imparts to animated beings that vivifying power of which the sun is so prodigal at the tropics and so avaricious at the regions much nearer the poles. It is not generally for a long time stationary; after having traversed in the liquid state the bodies of animals, the tissues of vegetables, it is transpired, exhaled in vapor. It returns to the air, which it quits again as rain, hail, or snow, to renew its eternal course.

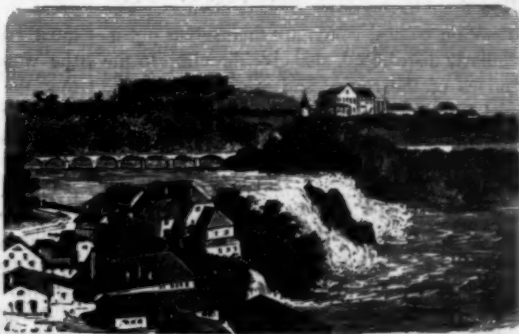
Veritable Proteus! It is the sap of plants, and it is the dew-drop; it is the blood which circulates in our veins, the frost which paints our windows with a thousand fantastic figures, the steam which animates our machines, and the mist which rises over our prairies. It is a solid, liquid, or a gas—ice, water, or vapor. It never quits one form but to take on another. It abandons the ocean to shower down upon the land. It deserts the continents to return to the empire of the waves. It penetrates the fissures of the rocks, warms itself in their great depths, and comes again to the surface hot and boiling.

The air, even when pure, transparent, and blue, is an immense reservoir of vapor—a vast shoreless sea, at the bottom of which live man, plants, and animals. The surface of the ocean, as we have said, gives out constantly the vapor indispensable for the wants of life. An air too dry is not respirable: it dries the

lungs, destroys animals and plants, and every one has heard of the disastrous effects of the *simooms* or dry winds of the desert. A too moist air has also its evils. Certain warm and damp localities are fruitful sources of *malaria*.

Vapor, on account of its power of absorbing heat, acts beneficially. The surface of the land tends to lose, by radiation into the celestial spaces, the warmth which it has received; but the aqueous vapor contained in the air, seizing this warmth, becomes itself elevated in temperature, and thus a mantle is formed around the earth which protects all life from being destroyed by excessive cold. When the air is very dry (and it is never completely so) there are diurnal extremes of temperature. On the *steppes* of India, the plateaux of the Himalaya, the plains of Australia, wherever aridity reigns, excessive warmth of the day contrasts with severe cold of the night. In the midst of the Sahara the solar rays elevate the temperature of the soil to such an extent as to render it almost impossible for man or beast to endure the heat, but at night the cold is so intense that water would be frozen if it existed in those arid zones.

It is perfectly easy to remove from the air the water which it contains—it is only necessary to lower its temperature, as in the refrigerator of a distilling apparatus. A decanter of cold water placed in a warm apartment soon covers itself with a coating of vapor or dew. The same thing takes place in Nature. When the temperature of a body of air sinks in consequence of the disappearance of the sun below the horizon, there arrives a time



FALLS OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.



FLOATING ISLAND ON THE MISSOURI.

when the vapor of water condenses in the form of extremely fine particles called mist. Clouds are only mists floating at a considerable height above the ground. They have a proverbial mobility, and their classification is consequently almost impossible. Meteorologists have, however, referred the numerous forms which they affect to certain principal types. They generally distinguish four sorts of clouds, viz. : the *cirrus*, the *cumulus*, the *stratus*, and the *nimbus*. The moisture of the air is precipitated, according to the temperature, either as rain, hail, or snow.

The most elevated portions of the surface of the globe collect the waters of the ocean, and allow them to run down their declivities. The mountain chains, which are themselves not irregularly distributed, also give direction to the courses of the rivers, and are frequently the chief feature in the landscape. In some countries a luxuriant vegetation covers the banks of the rivers, and often a remarkable phenomenon is produced by an accumulation of floating trees called *rafts*. These floating islands, which are met with on the Mississippi, the Missouri, and Red River, are sometimes several miles in length.

In traversing the solid earth in the beds of rivers, in the basins of lakes, and in sub-

terranean canals, water accomplishes incessantly numerous and powerful works. One of the causes of its destructive power resides in its property of expanding on freezing. It penetrates the fissures of the most compact and durable rocks, and shatters them by the mechanical force which it develops when solidifying. Enormous blocks of stone are thus detached from the mountains, as if a powerful and irresistible lever had lifted them to precipitate them into the neighboring valleys. The transporting power of water is equally important. We are often astonished at the facility with which streams of no great rapidity of motion bear along in their courses great quantities of sand and gravel; but we must remember that the weight of a stone in the water is not the same as in the air, and that the density of a great number of rocks does not exceed double that of water. The total mass of solid material carried down to the sea by the Ganges in a single year is equal in weight and volume to forty-two of the largest pyramids of Egypt. If we add to this transporting action of the Ganges that of all the rivers of the globe, we reach a most striking result, and see that water is a Titanic workman, that seizes on the earthy materials of which the continents are formed,

and carries them off to the domain of the ocean.

The water of rivers is not only charged with mud, but with mineral substances held in solution; hence the pure water of the clouds returns to the sea loaded with salt. When a stream glides over a great declivity its transporting power is singularly increased, and enormous rocks, thus lifted up, follow the course of the flood. The same result is brought about by rivers that freeze over in winter, their surfaces being often covered with stones and masses of frozen earth derived from their precipitous banks.

The numerous water-falls which are found in the courses of rivers in America, Europe, Asia, and all countries of the globe, afford striking instances of the degrading and leveling action of water on the continents. The most remarkable fall in America is Niagara. At its base there is an argillaceous bed of rock which is constantly being worn away by the incessant attacks of the water, and the calcareous rocks above, thus deprived of support, part, and finally fall with a crash, as of distant thunder, into the abyss below.

Deltas are formed at the mouths of rivers, either in lakes, inland seas, or on the shores of the ocean. They are the accumulation of the solid materials of the continents which have been subjected to the transporting power of water, and often increase with astonishing rapidity. The delta of the Rhone, at the upper end of Lake Geneva, is a striking example. The town of Portus Valesie (Port-Valais), which was situated, eight hundred years ago, on the shores of this Swiss lake, is now more than a mile distant from it. The Adriatic, without tides and currents, furnishes conditions favorable to the formation of deltas at the mouths of rivers, as the Po and the Adige, emptying into it. Adria, which under Augustus received in its port the Roman galleys, is now a town surrounded by a level country, and situated about eight leagues from the shore. The town of Spina, founded before our era, at the mouth of a great arm of the Po, is now some four leagues inland.

When rivers empty into the ocean

they are subjected to the action of the tides, and deltas are not so rapidly formed; often, on the contrary, the ocean encroaches upon the land, and gulfs, estuaries, or *negative deltas* are the result. But when the volume of the river is considerable, and the swiftness of its waters is great, the action of the tides may be neutralized, and deltas be projected into the sea in spite of the waves and currents.

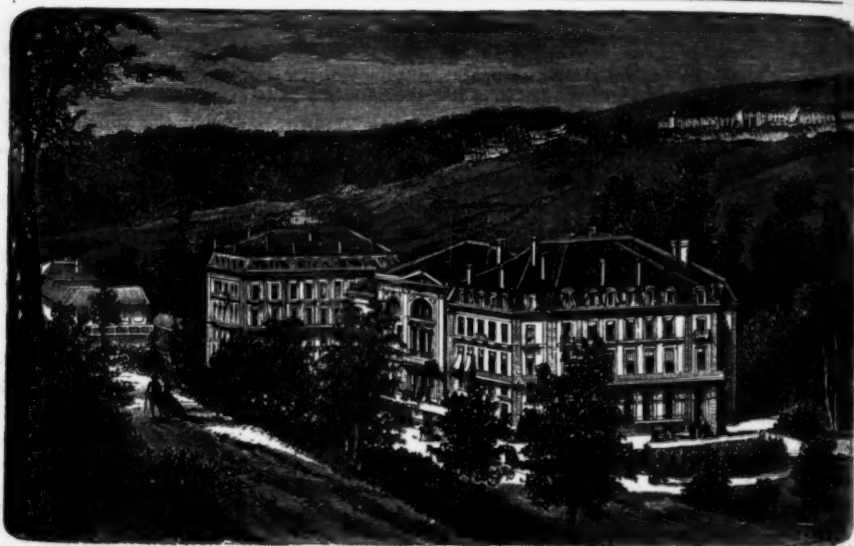
The effects produced by so-called petrifying springs have always attracted the attention of naturalists, and even in our day there are many who believe that such springs are able to transform organic substances into stone. The error arises from the fact that the water, charged with carbonate of lime, deposits it on the surfaces of animal or vegetable organisms, and covers them with a stony coat, or calcareous varnish, which preserves their exterior form, but does not replace the material of which they are composed. Organic substances may be thus preserved without change for a great length of time. Baskets of fruit, nests of birds, branches, and objects of all kinds suspended in such waters, are soon covered with a marble glazing.

Rain-water, holding in solution carbonic acid obtained from the air, when passing through beds of limestone dissolves them in considerable quantities. If it finds its way into subterranean caverns the carbonic acid escapes, and the calcareous substance which it holds in solution is deposited, giving rise to singular ornaments which nature is pleased to model in a thousand forms. *Stalactites* hang like icicles from the vaults above, and *stalagmites* steadily rear their massive columns from below. The silence in these dark galleries is only broken by the falling of the drops of water which regularly follow one another, adding by their evaporation a few calcareous atoms to the monuments that they construct;



FRAGMENTS OF OOLITIC AND PSIDOLITIC ROCKS.





THE NAPOLEON BATH AT PLOMBIÈRES.

and the sound, like the ticking of a clock, is the only indication of the work that has been going on perhaps for incalculable ages in the subterranean depths.

Waters which hold in solution solid materials also give rise to other concretionary forms that the geologists call *pisolites* or *oolites*, according to the dimension of their grains. These globular bodies are formed under the influence of eddies in the basin holding the incrusting waters, which by their rotary movements lift up, and keep suspended in the liquid, particles of sand that become the centers of attraction. The calcareous material is deposited on them, and little by little this envelope increases in thickness till they are too heavy to be supported, and then they fall to the bottom. There they are soldered together and form granular masses. This process is constantly going on in the calcareous waters of Vichy, Carlsbad, Tivoli, and other similar springs.

On the continents, as in the sea, the action of water is both destructive and reproductive. It carries off the earthy molecules only to deposit them under other conditions. The mountain nourishes the delta. The polyps appropriate the solid material dissolved in the waters in which they live, and thus build up

in the midst of the sea immense rocky walls and banks. The continents of the future are but the continents of the present changed in form and place.

But what is this element which plays such a remarkable rôle in nature? We must apply to the chemist for an answer. Let us enter his laboratory; but we must not expect to find there the odd contrivances with which the alchemists startled their visitors. The crocodile no longer gapes at the ceiling; the broken-winded bellows no longer thrusts its nozzle into a massive furnace. The master has laid aside his long robe, and is no longer lost in the labyrinth of ponderous volumes that rise in disordered piles in the middle of the sanctuary. Instead of seeking truth in the inextricable rubbish of old books, he applies to nature, and by experimenting interrogates her. Before our eyes the chemist, by means of a simple apparatus, decomposes the liquid water into two distinct gases, one of which, hydrogen, burns with a faint flame; the other, oxygen, is identical with the gas with which hydrogen combines when set on fire in the air. Chemically, pure water is always composed only of these two gases, but water as found in nature is never pure. Rain-water holds in solution the gases of the air—the

oxygen, the nitrogen, and the carbonic acid; spring-water and the water of rivers contain all that is soluble on the land. At ordinary temperatures the pressure of the air prevents water from rapidly assuming the state of vapor, or boiling; but if we enclose a quantity of water in a glass globe, and by means of an air-pump withdraw the air which the vessel contains, it boils and is rapidly transformed into vapor. If, on the contrary, by means of an apparatus such as Papin's digester, we increase the pressure to several times that of the air, we may have water in the liquid state at a temperature several hundred degrees above its nominal boiling-point.

It is a law of nature that heat causes solids, liquids, and gases to increase in volume or expand, and that cold, on the contrary, causes them to contract. Water, however, forms a remarkable exception to this rule. At  $39^{\circ}$  it has its greatest density; if cooled below this point it increases in volume till it assumes the solid condition at  $32^{\circ}$ . In consequence of this provision, our rivers and lakes freeze over in winter instead of becoming solid masses of ice.

Snow is a confused aggregation of solid particles, that consist of aqueous atoms symmetrically grouped under forms of a wonderful variety, yet all modeled according to the same type. Ice, like snow, conceals a structure of surprising regularity. It is formed by geometrical crystals, that may be discovered by the aid of heat and light. If we pass a ray of electrical light through a piece of ice, and allow it to fall, after traversing a magnifying lens of some size, on a screen, we see stars with six rays, and flowers with six petals, appear on the latter.

The crystals of water that form fields of ice in the polar regions also form mountains of snow. They cover the Alps with a spotless mantle, and disappear in the spring under the action of the sun's rays. But this melting of the snow is not total. Above a certain limit called the "snow-line," there reigns eternal winter; and were an accumula-

tion of snow constantly going on in this region, the mountains would be burdened in the course of time with an enormous weight. If the bed of snow increased only at the rate of three feet a year, in eighteen centuries it would have a thickness of eighteen hundred yards. If we add to this the contributions of geological ages, its height becomes incredible. Such an accumulation could not take place, and it is not possible for the sun to heap up on the mountain chains the water of which it incessantly robs the ocean.

By what means then are the summits of the mountains relieved of the excess of snow? Immense masses sometimes become detached and form avalanches, which, falling into the valleys, return to the liquid state; but this sudden and accidental movement is not the only one with which the glacier is endowed. It descends the mountain declivity gently and progressively; whilst its upper part is in the domain of ice, above the "snow-line," its foot touches the warmer regions where snow is constantly melting.

Glaciers possess a singular property often remarked by tourists; they mould themselves to the canals or valleys in which they move; they penetrate into the anfractuosités of the soil, and, like a viscid mass, they enlarge and flatten out, and their sides progress less rapidly than their centers. The explanation of this phenomenon is, that ice is as brittle as glass,



THE GRANDE GRIFFE SPRING AT VICHY.

and its minutest particles, separated from one another, readily become soldered or united again, and acquire new forms. A bar of ice, compressed successively in a series of moulds more and more curved, may be transformed into a perfect ring. The bar breaks in the mould, but almost immediately freezes again and forms a single homogeneous mass. The same principle is involved in shaping balls of snow in the hands; and the inhabitants of mountainous regions, without being initiated into the theories of physics, often make use of this property of regelation to bridge over with snow deep crevasses.

The glacier in its movement wears away and polishes the surfaces over which it glides. Its base is full of pebbles that march slowly

onward with the mass of ice. When the glacier has ceased to be, when it is converted into water under the action of the solar heat, it leaves on the place of its existence incontestable proofs of its having been, and the land which witnessed its birth is covered with impressions that it has made.

In all mountain chains, in all countries, there are observed in many regions deep channels which wrinkle the soil, rounded and planed surfaces that speak to the eye of the observer an exact language, and tell him most positively that a glacier was once formed on the spot where he stands. The valley of the Grimsel, in the Bernese Alps, has an appearance due to the passage of a glacier; the rocks are rounded and polished, and everywhere

grooves formed by the pebbles adhering to the ice are met with. The same features present themselves in the valley of the Rhone, and on the flanks of the Jura. Everything in these regions proclaims the existence of ancient glaciers, formidable and powerful—true giants in comparison to modern glaciers. The greater part of North America and certain parts of Asia have been formerly seas of ice, and the cedars of Lebanon grow to-day on the moraines of pre-historic glaciers.

Water plays an important rôle in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The plants, the trees of our forests, the fruits, the grains, and all animals are in great part composed of this liquid element. The philosopher Thales, two thousand years ago, said that "Water is the principle of all things; plants and animals are only condensed water; and it is into water that they are resolved after death." These assertions are not entirely destitute of truth. If we heat in an oven a quantity of green herbs to perfect dryness, we shall find that they have lost fully four-fifths of their weight. Blood is but little more than water containing a few globules, and certain mineral and organic sub-



ROCKS WORN BY WATER.—RAVINE OF THE OCCOBAMBA (SOUTH AMERICA).

stances may change water into sap, or milk. Blood contains ninety-seven per cent., and milk eighty-five per cent. of water. The human body reduced to complete dryness retains but one-fifth of its weight.

If water were to disappear from the surface of the globe, all that lives would be annihilated. The sky would no longer afford those gorgeous spectacles due to the play of light; the setting sun would no longer tint with brilliant colors the banks of clouds, and the entire terrestrial world would present a terrible scene of desolation.

The uses of water are innumerable, and constantly increasing. The agriculturist makes it his business so to dispose of the water of the land as to benefit his soil, and there are rules of *irrigation* and *drainage* according to which he labors. The water of the ocean yields by evaporation one of the most important industrial products, namely, common salt. We are all acquainted with the uses of ice. It preserves organized bodies from putrefaction. In Russia and in the regions of Siberia they slaughter at the commencement of winter the animals destined to be used as food during the season, and allow them to freeze, thus saving the nourishment which they would need. The Romans knew how to preserve snow and ice in caves arranged like our ice-houses, and snow-water was an esteemed beverage among them. At night chariots covered with straw carried about in the ancient capital of the world the snow of the Apennines; and galleys transported into Italy the ice of Sicily, far superior to all others, so said the gastronomers of that day, because it was formed on the side of a burning crater where the lava boiled. To-day, as in the times of the ancient Greeks, the Caucasus and the Ural supply the Orient. The ice, wrapped in cloths of felt, and covered with straw, is transported on the backs of horses.



WATER-CARRIERS.

1. Water-carrier of Malaga.
2. Pongo.
3. Water-carrier of Mexico.

4. Water-carrier of Guaymas.
5. French water-carrier.
6. Arabian woman at the fountain.

In all times, wonderful properties have been attributed to certain springs and mineral waters. According to Theophrastus, the water of Crathis bleached the animals that drank of it. Ovid, Antigonus, and others tell us that the water of Sybaris gave a golden yellow color to the hair. Shepherds who wished to have white sheep led them to drink at the river of Aliacmon, and those that wished them black or brown let them slake their thirst in the water of Axios. In Boeotia, near the temple of Trophonius, there were two springs, one of which had the property of increasing the memory,

and the other of destroying it. The first consequently bore the name Mnemosine, and the second Lethe. It was seriously affirmed that in the island of Andros there was a fountain consecrated to Bacchus which furnished real wine at certain seasons of the year. Perjurers could not stand the action of the water of the river Olachas in Bithynia; it scalded them like boiling oil. If we believe Vibius Sequester, when one bathed several times in Lake Triton in Thrace, he was changed into a bird. According to Pliny, the inhabitants of Lycia consulted the spring of Limyra in regard to future events by feeding the fishes that it contained. When the response was favorable, they seized the food promptly; but if not, they repelled it with the tail. The fountain of Diodona revealed the future by the gentle murmur of its waters, and an old priestess, sitting constantly on its borders, knew how to interpret its mysterious language.

In our day more sensible views prevail, yet no one doubts the efficacy of the waters of certain springs in a great number of diseases, when taken as a drink or a bath. Their healing qualities are generally due to the salts that they hold in solution. Sea-water is a true mineral water, most widely distributed and most salutary in its action.

Notwithstanding the abundance of water on the surface of the globe, it is often wanting where it would be most useful, and there is hardly a city which would not be greatly benefited by an improvement either in the quality or quantity of the water which is supplied to its citizens. Civilized communities were never more awake to the necessity of energetic attention to this subject than at present, though the ancient Romans pierced mountains, filled up valleys, and constructed long lines of arcades as aqueducts, sometimes two or three, one above another, at a prodigious height, to supply their famous capital with water. Modern Rome is to-day better cared for than any large city in the world in this respect. New York comes next, and London and Paris are far from being in the front ranks. The quality of the water that man drinks has as much to do with his well-being as the quantity. Epidemics of typhoid fever and other miasmatic diseases

have often been traced to the quality of the water in the afflicted localities. The water of the Seine, on which the Parisians largely depend, is at all seasons more or less poisoned by the sewers emptying into it, and is always charged with organic material in various stages of decomposition, and with myriads of infusorial animals. Paris, before the late troubles, was making great efforts to free herself from her dependence on the river water; and before many years, in all countries, the water-carrier will become an institution of the past.

In regions where water is scarce, deep borings, such as have been known to the Chinese for thousands of years, are made. Some of these borings have been carried to a depth of two or three thousand feet, and the results are such as to render it highly probable that at no very distant day we may be able to utilize both the heat and the motive power of these subterranean waters.

Under the sand of the great desert there is a liquid bed which the inhabitants of the borders of the Sahara have long been in the habit of reaching by means of wells. With rude instruments they penetrate the successive layers of sand, gravel, and clay, till they come to a schistose or slaty stratum at a depth of one or two hundred fathoms. This last covers the precious fluid, and in penetrating it the indefatigable workmen are often overwhelmed by the sudden ascent of the water in great quantity. Sometimes these wells are completed under a column of a hundred or more feet of water of infiltration which it is impossible to keep out. The Arabs dive to the bottom, remaining not more than four or five minutes, and bring to the surface, as the result of each trial, only a few pounds of sand. It is evident that often many years are needed for the completion of these wells, under such circumstances. The French have come to the relief of these unfortunate inhabitants, and have sunk Artesian wells in various parts of the desert, some of which furnish more water than the famous well of Grenelle.

In so short an article as this, it is only possible to touch upon certain points of interest that may be found more fully developed in Tissandier's little work, from which we have freely quoted.



## HOW THE STORM CAME.



SHALL I tell you how the storm came?  
Just a whisper—nothing more.  
But the sultry, silent heat  
Which all day along the street  
Had lain like death,  
Was broken by a breath  
Of sweet salt freshness from the shore.  
And the dusty leaves  
Of the old gray poplar, sere and dry,  
Just stirred in the breeze:  
And we said, "Twill bring the boat in, by-and-by."  
But Granny cried, "Twill bring a gale,  
Or signs fail."

Shall I tell you how the storm came?  
Sudden! strong!  
Like a panther on its prey;  
And adown the bay  
The black cloud grew and spread.  
In the lurid light and red  
The lilies, all the garden path along,  
Gleamed strangely pale and white—  
White like ghosts just a moment, and were gone:

Snatched away by the black night,  
Which dropped from the black sky  
And shut us in,  
Alone with the roar  
Of the breakers on the shore,  
And the din  
Of the angry, screaming northwind rushing by.  
But we said, "His boat is new;  
It will ride the tempest through;"  
And we feared to look each other in the eye.  
Shall I tell you how the storm came?  
In rush of angry rain  
Which beat upon the pane;  
In wind which shook the window, screaming shrill;  
Then a silence, awful, still —  
When we heard our own hearts beat  
As we huddled close together on the floor,  
And listened down the street  
For the steps which never came:  
Then the thunder of the tempest broke once more,  
And we started at each creak,  
And we shuddered at each shock,  
And at every ghostly knock.  
And Minnie fell asleep with the tears upon her cheek.  
And I held my mother's hand,  
And I heard her pray,  
Whispering o'er and o'er the self-same prayer alway:  
"God! bring my boy, my darling, safe to land!"  
Shall I tell you how the night passed?  
The long, long hours and slow  
Brought no ray of moon or star;  
From afar  
Came nothing but the wailing of the blast,  
And the gale's voice, wild and high,  
Seemed to cry,  
Lost! lost! lost! and then die  
In a sob which made the very life-blood chill.  
And I heard my mother moan,  
Rocking to and fro,  
"Will it never, never go?  
Will the daylight never come and bring my darling home?  
O God, it is hard to do nothing and sit still."  
When sudden, in the roar,  
Wide open flew the door,  
And I gave a shriek,  
For in the flickering glare  
He was there!  
And his laugh, clear as note  
In the black-bird's velvet throat,—  
And we felt the salt sea-spray on his dear, brown cheek!

## THE ELEVENTH COT.

It was in the winter of 1866 that my struggles with poverty were the most desperate.

A foolish bit of misconduct had excluded me from the office in which I was employed as a clerk, and the over-crowded condition of the city prevented me from obtaining another situation, even when delay and anxiety had destroyed my fastidiousness, and when the meanest salary would have been gratefully accepted. I quickly became poor, and then soon followed the regular train of sharp experiences with money-lenders and pawn-brokers—that harassing round of sickening conflicts which so quickly broke the lightness of my carriage and destroyed the smoothness of my face.

I was then the occupant of a small back room on the fifth floor of a large house on Sixth avenue; a dreary, barren barn, scant of furniture, with draughty halls, carpetless stairways, and always pervaded with a chilling damp. I had reason to think the house was full of lodgers, from the almost incessant opening and closing of doors at all hours of the night and day, though, on the other hand, I rarely heard a voice in the vast corridors, and never on any occasion a laugh.

The place was cheerless beyond comparison; what pretty scenes of light and fire may have occurred behind the numberless doors visible from every point, I do not know; there may have been times of carousal and conviviality, but I never knew when, or never, at that dismal period, looked upon one.

By the middle of February the train of bitter circumstances enveloped me very closely, and I began to deprive myself of food. I accustomed myself to do without light at night and without fire in the day-time. I recall that I kept my bed during several entire days in order to avoid the cold. By the latter part of this dismal month I was reduced to taking one meal each day, and even that was slender and barren enough. I grew ill and bent; and that inevitable sequence of hunger began to open upon me—the wide expanse of theft and villainy.

It was as I reached this common point that I became particularly conscious of a neighbor.

He performed no act that brought him to my notice, but I regarded his incomings and outgoings more in consequence of the utter vacuity of my own mind than from any unusual conduct on his part. In fact he was exceedingly unobtrusive. I had an indistinct idea that he was a foreigner, gained perhaps from the fact that he used to smoke cigarettes incessantly, though I never had heard him speak, and indeed could hardly recall his figure.

From some little trifling circumstances—circumstances which I knew only too well how to interpret, I came to believe that my fellow-lodger was as poor as myself. I could never quite understand why, but no sooner had I arrived at this conclusion than I became possessed with the desire to find the ins and outs of his affairs. It pleased me, and I actually became cheerful while prosecuting my inquiries among the few people whom I knew. The result was eminently unsatisfactory. It merely appeared that he came from some one of the South American States, and that he was unhappy, and that he was a gentleman.

I determined, therefore, to waylay him, and form his acquaintance. I never questioned myself in regard to my object; I doubt if I had any more legitimate one than the instinct to employ myself in some fashion or other, and I think the pursuit of a rat would have afforded me as much satisfaction.

At dusk on a cold, snowy day, I met him in the dimly-lighted hall, and at once addressed him. He stopped, raised his cap, and saluted me in a voice of surprising gentleness.

I instantly felt the irregularity of my proceeding, and stammered some excuses. I blunderingly explained my desire to know him, and he instantly gave me his hand. It was cold and thin; and I am certain mine must have been so, for we both shivered as we walked away from the spot.

We went to his chamber. I sat upon his bed, while he stood with his hands behind his back in the faint flush of light which came in at the dusty window. He was slight, grace-

ful, tall. His face was thin, distressingly thin, but refined and even beautiful. His coat was broken at the nape of the neck, at the elbows, and at the skirts. It was buttoned close about his throat. His shoes were of cloth, and I thought they were a woman's.

The room was the most wretched that I ever saw. It was untidy, unclean. Heaps of useless litter encumbered the floor; tattered articles of apparel were scattered here and there; everything was awry, twisted, out of place; nothing stood straight, and all lay under a pall of dust.

I sat for thirty minutes with my hands upon my knees without uttering a word. I could not speak. He also was silent, and I saw his knees yield beneath him several times. It was very cold, and I felt the perspiration from my chilled body run down beneath my arms.

Finally I spoke. I told him my circumstances, and then he told me his. We curiously slipped into a sort of competition in our various exhibits, and for the moment we became sorry rivals. I was his equal until we approached the end. I said:

"To-day I have had but one meal, and that in a German shop. It was a single egg, a piece of bread, and a cup of coffee."

He looked at me and smiled. His teeth were white and perfect.

"I have noting in me since a day. I am empty."

All the vicissitudes and pleasures of my subsequent life have not thrown an obliterating shade or obscurity over this expression of his; it always presents itself to me even at this distant day as the fullest expression of want and hunger that human being is capable of making. It was touching and pathetic to the last degree; the turn of his head, the glance of his eye, the strong intonation of his voice which accompanied it, rise before me like a scene of yesterday, and turn my trials into trifles, and disperse my sorrows for very shame.

I made no direct answer, but instinctively arose, as if with respect, and approached him. He covered his face with his hands, and surrendered for an instant; then he caught a long breath, and resolutely put his hands behind him again.

He had nothing to sell, and neither had I.

I remember that we went through the form of searching our pockets. Nothing was produced. A long look of intelligence passed between us; I took his arm and we walked to the window. We were being starved.

He raised his hand and pinched his shoulder, and neck, and arm:

"Look—look, see how theen—O, how meesarable—meesarable—meesarable!"

It was snowing hard and the streets were filled. The cars were running, however, and looking downwards we could see the warm glare of the shop windows. The crowd had long since turned homewards, and the undefinable murmur of the flowing throng penetrated even to us. I was weak, and I knew he was even weaker. I was thinking of nothing, for thought was impossible. I was confused. Presently my friend spoke to me and touched my arm; he told me afterwards that he spoke thrice.

"Do you hear de ring—de clang—de scraping of de metal?"

"Yes, they are shoveling the snow on the walks; it is clearing up."

"Ha—den why not we too? We go to de residence and we shovel him too."

He erected himself and looked eagerly down into the street.

"But we have no shovels. They will not lend them, for they will think us thieves."

He looked at me in an indescribable way, and, shrugging his shoulders, turned out the palms of his hands.

"We die if we stay here, that's true. And eef we go maybe we find a fool."

He put his hand on my shoulder and drew me away from where I was standing. It often happens to one, that though he has been in intimate contact with certain scenes, circumstances, and persons, both agreeable and disagreeable, for a considerable time, yet certain moments may occur when a vivid realization of his position presents itself and discloses relations which even long familiarity has failed to produce; a sort of glimpse at immaculate truth, a view undimmed with hope or joy or regret, as the case may be. Such a moment now occurred to me. I beheld an unflattering picture of my affairs. Weakness, poverty, hunger, and a chance for relief.

I immediately went and got my cap and a faithful little woolen tippet, which, thank God, all the pawnbrokers on the avenue had thrown out as worthless when I had endeavored to dispose of it.

My friend made no further preparation than restoring his cap to his head, and we descended to the street arm-in-arm, begging each other to dine at Delmonico's as a special favor.

It was raw and cold. A westerly wind tore down the street like the air from an iceberg, and in the uncleared places the snow was half-way to our knees. We walked up several blocks, avoiding first one street and then another, from some fancy, and finally hit upon one which presented no possible objection, and which I think was Twentieth street. I applied at the first promising basement and was refused the labor of cleansing the steps and sidewalk, for the reason, I feared, we had no implements of our own.

This was just enough, perhaps, but still I ventured to argue the case at other doors, albeit with no success for at least a dozen trials. Then we accomplished our object. For the sum of half a dollar we agreed to do the required work, and having received a hesitating loan of two shovels and a stiff broom, we set about our labor.

It was more arduous and exhausting than we thought possible. I felt my strength dwindle almost at the outset. I said nothing, but kept on until I found that my mate had ceased, and was leaning against the area railing, exhausted. I dared not speak to him, and pretending to be oblivious of him I kept at work. He resumed again while I took a long rest, and he told me afterwards that he watched my efforts with the same anxious feelings. It took us an hour to complete the work. At the end of it neither of us was able to stand erect, and we were trembling from head to foot. We panted up the steps and rang the bell. A little child playing in the hall-way opened the door and we went in, though a little doubtful of the propriety of the act. We were left alone, the pretty blue-eyed porter having run off, shouting for his father.

No chair was visible in the entry. I could keep my feet with difficulty, and began to look about. The place was comfortable, warm,

and perfumed. An open door showed a parlor to the right. I roused up and beheld an easy-chair beside a table with gilt heads upon it. I walked in and sank down, my cap falling upon the floor. My friend also entered and leaned against the table. Upon it was a small box tied with a white ribbon, and also a card-receiver of delicate iron-work.

He opened the box, and the side at once fell down and disclosed a piece of wedding-cake. We both uttered an exclamation, and my friend at once seized it and thrust it into his pocket.

Suddenly a noise came from behind us; we turned about and beheld a gentleman with wrinkled face and white hair regarding us with an expression of anger. He walked directly up to us and demanded what we had done and why. We exclaimed that we were hungry.

He glanced at the table; the pretty box remained, only the cake was gone. His face softened. He reached down and took my wrist in his fingers and laid a hand upon my forehead. This act he quickly repeated with my friend, who was white with dread and sickness.

"Hungry!" he cried; "you are a great deal more than hungry. Poor fellows. Sit where you are." He disappeared.

We were in the house of a good man. In a moment he returned to carry us to another room, and his wife came with him. The little child became frightened to see us walk so feebly, and I remember she began to cry as she saw us go by leaning on her father's arm.

They gave us some medicine and some food. Then we fell asleep in our chairs, while the gentleman and his wife with the child sat on either side watching us. When we awoke, which we did nearly together, it was dark. Only the gentleman remained; the others had gone to bed, and the gas was turned down.

At this point we told our stories; I telling mine frankly, my friend telling his with reserve. His name was Emilio Bello. He was a Chilian. He had been in this country two years. He was twenty-two years of age.

Beyond this he said little, but gave the idea of truthfulness from the very scarcity of



his information. But he was poor to the last extremity. He had no friends, no prospect of relief.

That night we slept in the house; a sleep so deep, so precious, so sweet, that I never felt its like again.

In the morning came the gentleman, full of solicitude, bringing the little child.

We were well, he told us. Then he offered us employment. He was the leading physician in the ——— Hospital. An additional number of beds had been added; in fact, enough to accommodate twenty more patients, and from the recent great number of casualties these were nearly all occupied. More under-nurses were needed.

The duties were regular, not unpleasant, and would secure ease for us until the summer.

Had the most brilliant offer then opened beside this humble one, we would have eagerly embraced the last in order to have an opportunity to show our gratitude near the person of the good doctor.

We accepted with tears in our eyes. Poor Emilo was deeply affected. It was at this moment that I beheld the first evidence that he had a secret.

He sat up in his bed and thanked the doctor impetuously. He then asked, after a pause:

"Will I see de miseriee of de human race, de seekness, de soofering, and de peen?"

The doctor nodded.

"Den I have not so much as one regret. I am happée. I vill be so kind, so geentle, so teender. I vill make dem adore me. O, my doctore, I know I may be an angel, e-ven eef I have been a deevil."

His face was sublime. He stretched out his arms and looked upwards with transcendent joy. Then he cast himself upon his pillows and wept bitterly.

Within eight hours we were installed in our places.

The ward to which we were attached was a room of twelve beds, all of which were occupied but two.

Across one end was a corridor eight feet wide; the other looked upon a garden filled with grass and shrubbery now dead, with a dozen trees which overtopped the roof.

The windows were long, and each had four shades of different colors. The bedsteads or cots were uniform, made of iron and ranged in two rows of five each, with the remaining two at the southern end of the hall.

When we first beheld the place it was illuminated by a yellowish glow. Before each window was a green glowing plant reared in a painted vase of earthenware. Harmoniously colored pictures of autumn leaves were hung upon the walls, and at each bedside was a table of walnut, having upon it either a book, a puzzle, or a vase of flowers, or sometimes all three. In front of the entrance was a small organ, which was played at evening prayers and on the Sabbaths when the condition of all the patients would permit it. All was refined, and pervaded with a calm which was almost holy. This apartment was a gift from a former patient whose bones had rotted in their sockets. He had been a mechanic, and while lying in his bed had invented a machine of great simplicity and strength, and the production of which was a blessing. He whispered the plan to his son, and before he died he asked that the present memorial of his thanks might be erected. It was scrupulously done, and ten miserable wretches now enjoyed the blessing. The impression of Emilo's last related words being still fresh upon me, I was able to partly understand his behavior.

He contemplated the ten occupied beds with a look which displayed something like delight. He glanced about the hall as if it were his kingdom, but walked from bed to bed with the gentleness of a woman. At the end of the little journey, during which he did not utter a word, his face was transformed, and throwing an arm about the neck of the venerable doctor, he went away.

Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before he had made the acquaintance of the ten patients, and had acquired an accurate knowledge of their cases as well as their remedies.

He began his work by endeavoring to love the unfortunate group, and no soil could be more responsive than such a one. A puny boy with a decaying thigh-bone, whose employment had been merely to watch the gradual wasting of his hand as he held it up before

him, was the first to worship the foreigner. His young heart burned stronger for a few days and then stopped, but ceased happily, under the burning eye of Emilo.

A bare remnant of a man, from whose body all had been lopped away save enough to contain the minimum of life, was awakened in the eleventh hour to the realization that he had a soul. His saviour was Emilo.

A cadaverous man, who had been a preacher of great power, had been deprived of the ability to utter a word by a necessary surgical operation within his mouth. He felt himself henceforward worthless, and despaired of further life. Emilo one day brought a tulip and explained its beauty, its history, its culture, its grace. The man listened with a refreshed heart, and became a fervid poet though he was dumb as a stone.

An ignorant fellow who had been a very fortunate mechanic, and who thought that the disease for which he was being treated was superficial, nearly destroyed all hope in the thoughts of the doctor by his willfulness and conceit. Emilo brought him painted pictures of the terrors he had just avoided. He turned pale with fright. Emilo brought others and explained them, and also explained the good progress of the present wound. The man became docile. Emilo encouraged him, and he lived.

Another poor wretch, a man who had been injured in a quarrel among his fellows, began to sink under the oppression of his friendlessness. He had vacant eyes, and a hopeless, droning way of speaking. All his acquaintances were his enemies. He had no home, no relation, and he was ready to die. Emilo roused him. He made him smile. He got him the promise of employment as a light porter in a large warehouse. The man began to see life differently, and under the effect of a stronger spirit at once commenced to mend. He afterwards took the position, and kept it until he rose to a better one, and every New Year's he and his wife wrote a mutual letter to Emilo.

Emilo grew more handsome every day. His occupation filled him with delight, and his carriage became noble and beautiful.

His labor to gain the affections of all about

him was persistent. No obstacle was allowed to intervene, and the sacrifice of sleep, habit, and comfort was mere bagatelle so long as he gained a look of gratitude. His tact was sublime, and his affection inexhaustible.

I could not understand his ardor from the first. Why he should so utterly abandon himself to so harassing a labor was beyond my conception. What he did was complete to the minutest point, from the arrangement of the softest light to the fortifying of a jaded man against a pending operation. His look, his tone, word, expression, step, his general presence was a power hitherto unknown, and it was almost, indeed I may say it was, worshipped. At every evidence of this, and in the course of the day many would happen, some expression of pleasure would escape him. He would grasp my hand and listen to hear them call his name, and then hurry away. A whisper of gratification, a sigh of ease, a murmur of content and relief, would fill his eye with tears of pleasure, and I once found him upon his knees thanking God in a broken voice.

In another part of the hospital was a former directress of a foundling school which had been destroyed by fire, and in consequence of which she had been given a high and responsible position in our building. She was young, ardent in her work, and had the face of an angel. Emilo met her twice and thrice a day. The result could be but one, and that the happiest.

One day the good doctor met them together as they were busy upon some scheme for improving the usefulness of the hospital. He gave them each a hand. "I have something to tell you which will please you both. Three hours ago Sarah Van Vorst, who was dying of cancer, lifted a little picture to her purple lips and whispered her last word with a face full of gratitude. The word was 'Edith.' I have just come from the last scene in the life of Archibald Prescott, the lumberman, who was crushed by a falling pine. He called on some one to lift off the terrible weight. That person did so. Prescott stretched out his arms and cried—'Thank you, Emilo.' Your two names mean peace and comfort. I never knew the power of sympathy until now."

Emilo's labors increased, and still I could not understand. I felt I was in the dark. Heaven forbid that I doubted his sincerity; I had no right to dream that, simply because I could not understand the impulse that animated him; yet because I was ignorant of it, I observed him closely. Nothing transpired to satisfy me: all was earnest, pure, and self-sacrificing; the splendor of his face, the dignity of his bearing, the winning inflection of his voice, grew as each new sufferer yielded his beleaguered soul and body to his consoling influence.

On a certain day, however, the disclosure came. It was stormy, and during the afternoon the tempest reached its height. I stood by a south window, startled at the violence of the wind, and watching the fearful way in which it swayed the elms outside. Emilo came up from behind and touched me on the shoulder. He was pale. I said nothing, but his hand slipped down to my arm, and held it tight. Soon he put his other arm about my neck, and began to tremble.

"Frederic, I see you watch me; do you tink me a hypocreet?"

I shook my head. In a moment he went on, making pauses now and then.

"I am frightened wid de day. I go back two years, when I see times so like hell. A meesarable day. I had a good friend, and I love him more than you, more than fader or moder. We have quarrel about women. We have fight. I keel him."

I cannot explain why, but I remember that I was not shocked, scarcely surprised. I bent my head to listen.

"It was in Chili. I ran. De memoree hunted me. O so awful, awful! Two years go. It never leave me. José Luco, my best friend, go wid me here and there in de speerit. I say to myself, I will do good. I will make de peepke happee. Maybe I make peace wid my soul. Heelp me, Frederic, heelp me."

This, then, was his spur. His work was that of recompense.

When the storm ceased he became himself again. I loved him more than ever. I watched his attachment to Edith with solicitude, as I feared that the disclosure of his secret would separate them.

Emilo now had nothing else to conquer. He became radiant with hope, and would often embrace me with rapture as he counted the hearts that were his.

He had a beautiful flower, a tulip; indeed, I think it was the same one with which he wrought the change in the preacher, and to this flower he would seem to confide his inmost wishes. He told me that it reminded him of his hope, and that he fancied that it was a witness of what he did. He placed it upon a window-sill beside one of the vacant cots at the upper end of the room, and there it bloomed in all its lovely grace.

Seven days after the storm, Emilo came to me greatly agitated.

"Frederic, grasp my hand!"

I did so. It was cold.

"Frederic, my friend, I feel that I am being pursue; that they hunt me. I dreamed so in de dark night."

He was very nervous, and was covered with perspiration. I used all my persuasion to calm him, and partly succeeded, though during the day I frequently caught his eye resting upon me with an expression of expectancy. I fancied he was overworked.

The next day he brought to show me a rich velvet smoking-cap covered with gold bullion. It was a present from one of his former patients. With it was a letter containing some of the most refined expressions of goodwill and thankfulness which it is possible for man to write. Emilo read it time and again, and dwelt upon the prominent passages with an inexpressible delight. It banished his fears, and he became again filled with his high intents, and with even more than his old ecstasy.

At night we had news of a new-comer. His case had been severe, and he had undergone one of the most notable surgical operations known in the country. His delirium had been almost constant. This was the fifth day of his admission. He was to occupy the cot in our ward which was on the right of the room; he would lie in full view of Emilo's tulip.

At six in the evening he was brought. Emilo and I assisted, and then stood arm-in-arm at the foot of his bed, contemplating him as he lay perfectly still with closed eyes.

He was frightfully ugly.

His head was bandaged and covered with adhesive straps. His hair and whiskers were gone; he had large flaps of ears, a massive jaw, a wide mouth with thin lips, a retreating forehead, and narrow, trembling nostrils which gave him the look of a wolf. His hands were thin and long; he had a small chest and bow legs. I half recoiled, but Emilo smiled.

"I will make him my friend, Frederic. Eef I can teach heem something, if I can help hees awful peen to go away, den such a victoree shall prevent me from fright at dat one who hunts me. I shall scorn heem."

His face was filled with enthusiasm. I involuntarily turned around. The doctor was just within the doorway, staring hard at Emilo.

Presently he turned around with bowed head and disappeared, unseen by my friend. The next day the doctor was not to be seen, and the next in rank took his place. He was in the hospital, but he kept his room. Even Emilo and Edith could not visit him.

The man in the eleventh cot remained in a state of stupor until noon. Then he slowly awoke to consciousness. He met the calm glance of Emilo, and he returned it. Emilo reached him a bit of camphor from an ebony box. The man smiled and gave him his hand in a weak fashion. Emilo held it for an hour.

Still the doctor was not visible, and all began to wonder, for such a thing had not occurred for years; neither storms nor illness had ever prevented his presence, and yet all agreed that he was well.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, while it was yet light, Emilo went to his tulip at the window-sill. It was in the full of its loveliness, and he bent over it with the deep affection which I alone could interpret. It was nearly his idol. He almost thought it comprehended what it witnessed from day to day. Edith had admired it with him, and it was full of the purest associations.

Suddenly the earthen pot slipped in its saucer. Emilo endeavored to save it. He caught at the tulip and snapped it from the stem. He cried out vehemently:

"*Por todos los Santos!* Look, Frederic, see my prettee, prettee flower crushed! broken!"

His face assumed an expression of despair.

I heard a movement behind me and I turned about. The ugly man had risen to a sitting posture, supported by his hands. His face was of a green color, his mouth open, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes glared upon Emilo.

Emilo, still holding his tulip, beheld him. He stood transfixed.

The man drew a breath, closed his mouth, withdrew his eyes, felt about behind him for a pillow, and then lay slowly down again.

Emilo, full of anxiety, crossed over to him and put his hand upon his forehead. There was no change in his pulse. He appeared to have gone asleep.

"Poor fellow!" said Emilo; "I frighten heem. I was cruel, too cruel; and yet," he continued, in a tone of pride, "it is he that follow me wid his eyes all de day. I am sure he love me, and I have been so harsh; I think so leetle."

Two hours after, Emilo and I were in the linen-room in the eastern wing. Edith came in with her usual soft step, dressed in a long bluish gown, with a white apron. She had in her hands a tray, with glasses and napkins upon it.

Her pure face betrayed solicitude, and her gentle voice trembled. She gave a hand to Emilo.

"O, the poor doctor! I have seen him and he is almost wild. He is in his parlor, and is walking up and down with his hands upon his head. Something urges him one way, and he tries to resist it with all his strength. He is feverish and sad. Sometimes he stops as if his mind were made up; then he grows irresolute, then relinquishes it all. I have never seen him so disturbed. What can have happened?"

We wondered, but could suggest nothing. Emilo and Edith walked away together, he carrying her tray and glasses, and bending his head to hear her talk.

In a few moments he returned; he approached me slowly.

"Frederic, my good friend, I again feel that I am pursue—I feel uneasee, I have leetle heart. José Luco stand before me, now on my right hand, then on my leeft. Fear come upon me like de rain; from eeverywhere it

attack me—I am afraid." He covered his face with his hands and turned towards the blank wall, where he stood in silence.

I had no heart to encourage him, and I cannot tell why; whether I was also oppressed by something of his shadow, or whether I felt that any words of mine would be unheeded from the depth of his emotion, I am unable to say, but it is certain that I did nothing but silently contemplate him as he held his singular attitude.

It was now seven o'clock. It was dark outside, and the lights were burning throughout the building. At five minutes past, a messenger came into the room; the doctor wished to see Emilo. I looked at him. He was looking at me. He asked me to go with him.

"But the doctor did not send for me!"

"You are a part of me, my dear friend Frederic."

He took my arm and we went out together. We crossed two corridors and went through a long dining-hall and then passed into our corridor, at the other end of which was the doctor's parlor. The door at which we entered was in the center, exactly opposite the door of our ward; our path lay to the left, and I by mere accident looked to the right without attracting Emilo's attention. I saw Edith in the center of the floor with her hands clasped before her, her face pale, and with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon Emilo. She was immovable.

I said nothing and we went on. We entered the doctor's room. There was a fire, plenty of light and warmth, and the place was comfortable. The doctor was before his fire, twisting and untwisting a handkerchief. His dress was disordered; he looked like a man in agony of mind.

He saw Emilo and not me. Emilo advanced until he stood in the center of the room. At first he was full of natural dignity, though distrustful; at last he gradually sank and hung his head like a criminal.

Some seconds of silence followed; then the doctor said in a whisper, and with a sudden wrench at the handkerchief: "Emilo—my dear—dearest boy—I—" he stopped as if choked, then finished vehemently: "You must go. I know you. I know about José

Luco. God knows I cannot look at it in the light I ought. See, I do not lay hands upon you, I do not detain you, Emilo!"

He advanced upon him as if to push him out of the room. Emilo shook from head to foot.

"All day long I have struggled and fought with myself; I have unwittingly shielded you. I have hid you. You have been hunted, you have fled, you are discovered. You belong to the officers of the law!"

Emilo clung to a chair.

"I think of you as my son. Your crime vanishes as I look at you, and if man's poor forgiveness and love can—can ever be a pleasing thought to you in the miserable days to come, remember you have mine, Emilo. Emilo, go out of my sight!"

Emilo remained silent, erect, impassive. The doctor approached him closer and leaned his white hand on his shoulder. That strange quality of Emilo's, the power of instilling affection, had developed even here. The man of blunted sensibilities and exhausted sympathy wept like a child.

Presently he raised his head. He pointed to the door with a shaking finger.

"No," said Emilo, "I will not go; I will stay here."

The doctor looked at him with terror. "I have one great object far above you and dem poor soofferers. I now look upon dat object, and conseeder it." In times of disaster, ties which we thought were iron prove weak as thread. Out of the multiplicity of hitherto absorbing interests one suddenly becomes pre-eminent, and all the rest are lost. In this case the one remaining hold was—Edith.

"You know what dat ees?" said Emilo. "I loove her wid all my heart. I stay to tell her all at de proper time. Den I go, and she will go too."

"I forbid it," cried the doctor.

"What I care what you forbeed?"

"I will tell her myself. It will be my duty. She is strong and resolute. She will recognize that any pain which her separation from you will cause you, will be a part of the penalty for what you have done. She will avoid you; she will become afraid of you."



The bare glimpse of this was frightful to Emilo. He descended from his position of resistance, and in a breath became a suppliant. He grew paler and more infirm.

"O Doctor, my best friend, you cannot be so cruel, so like a savage to me."

The doctor did not answer.

"I promise to go away from here. I will hide myself; only do not speak to Edith. I will tell her—I will tell her the truth. I will do it myself."

The doctor calmly said, "No."

"O, good Doctor, look at me. I am not change. I am as I was yeesterday. I am good to the seek and the troubled. You forget me. I am steel Emilo Bello."

He extended his hands in an attitude of supplication.

The doctor turned his eye quickly upon him.

"No, you are not Emilo Bello. Emilo Bello was an innocent man. He did the work of Christ. Your name is Victor Caro."

Emilo uttered an exclamation of despair. His own name was an object of hate. The sound of it overwhelmed him.

"Oh! Oh! what miseree, miseree. Doctor, I preey to you—I preey upon my knee. Do not tell her. Keep my secreet for one whole day. Say nothing, in the name of heeven."

He sank down and clasped his hands. The doctor was unmoved. He had become familiar with the scene. He could have smiled. He was inexorable, and pointed to the door. Two minutes elapsed. Emilo murmured some incoherent prayers, but they availed nothing. The silence became intolerable. He slowly got upon his feet.

"Den you try to croosh me?"

"I shall tell this poor girl that you killed a friend in a duel; that remorse has made you what you appear to be; that you are a criminal."

Emilo retreated backwards, with his large eyes fixed on the doctor, who was rigid and quiet. He slowly approached the door, opened it, hesitated, with a burning look, and went out.

I turned to follow. The rustle I made brought the doctor's eyes upon me for the first time. He was a little surprised, but

asked me to wait until he wrote a prescription which I was to carry to the Dispensary. While searching for paper he remarked that he had seen the patients, and this medicine was intended for the eleventh cot.

He wrote it out. He was agitated. His fingers with difficulty grasped his pencil, and he twice stopped to collect his thoughts. His mind was plainly upon Emilo.

I received the prescription. The doctor trembled violently. I went out.

Emilo was in the hall, waiting for me.

"Did I not tell you I was pursue? Ah, is it not strange that that wicked news should come thousands of miles and catch me in sooch a place as this? All my good thoughts fly away; now I am weeked. I tell you, Freederic, I am weeked! Eef I lose Edith, I die in one hour."

He pinched my arm and shook me.

"I shall make dat coorsid doctor to soof-fer a leetle of my torture, by—!"

I put my hand upon his mouth. I partly calmed him. I told him I had a prescription. He asked to see it, and I gave it to him. He read it carefully, and then looked at me with an intensity which made me feel a momentary foreboding.

"I will keep this," he said, and put it behind him.

I explained that I was sent to have it prepared for use. He shook his head, and took a pencil from his pocket.

"My friend Freederic, troost me, no harm shall come to any one. Vill you leave me here alone for three minutes?"

I did so without scarcely any hesitation. At the end of the time I returned to the corridor. It was composed of four bare walls, perfectly white, and twenty feet high. Six doors with casings of chestnut led off from it at different points, and each door had its rug in front. Two large windows made it glaringly light in the daytime, and at night it was illuminated by a single gas-jet, in the form of an ancient Egyptian lamp, high up on the wall, far out of the reach of any one but the one whose duty it was to light and extinguish it. In this place was the doctor, held tight against the wall by Emilo.

Emilo held him with a knee and the left

hand. In his right was the prescription. "Look at it," he whispered loudly, waving the paper to and fro; "it ees plain. You go to write a prescreption; you mean to say one leetle grain of arsenic. You make a mark; you make a wrong mark. You say five grains of arsenic. That is death."

The doctor was appalled. He would have slipped upon the floor if Emilo had not upheld him tightly. He said nothing. I think he was unable to speak. Emilo's face was a terrible object. He approached it near the doctor's white cheek, and delivered the following, savagely:

"I can show it to de directors. I now can croosh you in one leetle word. I can take eet to the papers and have it pooblish. It will fly all over the world. You will hang your head. They will turn you out. You will be poor, wretched. You—you will be a monster, a creeminal—an outcast."

The doctor was languid, helpless, unstrung; but he listened.

"I now demand that you keep silence for one day; what you say?"

It was beyond the power of common integrity to resist. The abyss was too near, too deep. The doctor signified assent. Emilo released him.

He straightened up and went to his room, while Emilo folded the paper and put it into his pocket. He then went to search for Edith.

From what quarter had all this disclosure come? Who was it that had animated all this unhappiness?

Complaints began to rise from the eleven cots, for Emilo's absence was as plain in an hour as it would have been in a day. Edith was not to be found; he had searched for her high and low, and he came back prostrated.

Yesterday he thought himself safe; he felt the full sweetness of being heartily loved, and also of loving. He felt his specter grow more distant in this gentle atmosphere, and knew his score was diminishing. To-day a blow had fallen from somewhere.

Now he was desolate. He had no home; no friend, he thought; no heart for another struggle; he was alone with his terrible memory.

In this short space his cheeks had fallen,

his gait became stooping, and his eyes surrounded by purple rings; his hands swung at his sides, and his head hung upon his breast.

Edith reappeared, and with her came a change.

At eight in the evening I came upon them standing together, he holding both her hands while her eyes were downcast. He turned towards me. His face was brilliant with renewed hope. He seemed strong again:

"Ah, Freederic, behold—behold! I again am happee. She learn all. She run off to hide and think and weep. She return; she say 'Emilo, the dreadful past is ours together, not yours alone.' Listen, we go now to see dem poor peeples for the last time. Will you come?"

We went into the ward. It was dimly lighted. One nurse was at the farther end, bringing away a tray of medicines. Some of the patients were sleeping. Others were awake, and one or two were restless.

Emilo went first, softly and tenderly. His face was illuminated, his carriage buoyant. Edith followed in his track, watching him. Two poor wretches woke up as he stood beside them for a moment, and reached out their hands with smiling faces. One clung to him as if he felt instinctively that he was looking upon his best friend for the last time. Another gave him an audible blessing in a foreign tongue; and another withdrew from under his coverlid a watch-guard which he had braided with hair, and with a trembling voice gave it to him. Others gave a warm good-night with feeble tones, and then, satisfied, closed their eyes in the firm belief that they would see him again to-morrow.

The slow, careful journey was a triumph. Everything was calm, and distant objects were shadows. Now and then there arose a whisper or an unintelligible mutter from a dreaming man, or a slight sound of heavy breathing. We completed the round. We came to the eleventh cot. I saw Edith clasp her hands. The man seemed asleep.

Emilo approached him and bent over him. Presently he arose to go away. He felt himself detained. The ugly man had grasped the skirt of his coat and opened his eyes.

He said, in a thick whisper,  
"Victor Caro."

Emilo looked about him with terror. His knees trembled; his eyes came back again to the horrible patient.

"I come on an errand from José Luco."

"José Luco?"

"José Luco. He is alive."

Emilo fell at the bedside and grasped the man's hand. I was petrified, and Edith clung to me desperately. Emilo's smothered voice ejaculated something, and the man made this explanation:—

"I am English. I was employed by the family of Luco to find you. I started, but did not pursue you. I have been a villain. I have drawn pay for my debauchery. I have cheated them. I was hurt in a fight. They brought me here. I told the doctor what I told all—that I was looking for a man who had killed his friend. I saw you with the tulip. I heard what you said. I knew you. You awoke my gratitude by your kindness. I determined to release you and implore your forgiveness. José Luco was in the condition of the dead for one week; he is now recovered, and is well. God forgive me!"

He ceased, exhausted. I do not think Emilo, or perhaps, Victor, heard all of this disconnected tale; he was too full of the grand germ of it, the salvation of his friend. He kissed the hand of the man, and passionately pressed it to his breast. I looked up after a moment more, and I beheld the doctor on the other side of the cot. He had come to administer his prescription in person. He scowled upon all of us, and said to the man, in a harsh voice, "Rouse up! They have nearly killed you with their talk."

This was so dissonant that it roused Victor. He looked up, and then hastily fumbled in his pocket; he withdrew the old and dangerous prescription. With a trembling hand he unfolded it. He arose, and, going to the doctor, he put his arm about his neck, and gave the paper to him.

"I did not keel José Luco, dear friend. This man come from heem. I am free. Edith love me. I am happy."

The doctor's face flushed, his eye sparkled, but he was unable to speak.

"This is the prescription," said Victor, thrusting it into his hand. "I lie to you. You say one grain of arsenic. I alter eet with a leetle dot; I make eet five grains. I was desperate. I implore you to forgive me."

The doctor changed color. For an instant we all stood in silence.

He then whispered: "Come, Emilo, raise the head of this man upon your shoulder; we will save him. He deserves it, the scoundrel!"

In a week, Victor and Edith went away to his country, whither I followed in a few months, as an *attaché* of the American Legation. The Englishman recovered, but was remanded to a Home for Incurables one year after.

The good doctor died. He was killed by a singular and persistent ulceration of the throat, which defied the accumulated skill of the best surgeons of the country. His was the extraordinary case described at length in No. 801 of the Medical Journal of the College of Physicians at Paris.

I am called uncle by a blooming child whose name is "Emilo."

## A SUMMER TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

EARLY in August, 1870, I took passage in the little English hermaphrodite brig *Clara*, for St. John, Newfoundland. It was a pleasant morning when we cast off from Long Wharf and dropped down the harbor before a light breeze, which gradually fanned the deeply laden craft outside of Boston Light. The wind freshened and everything promised fair until after nightfall, when the heavy curtain of gloom which overhung the land behind us, from whence issued the low growl of distant thunder and ominous flashes, indicated a severe storm traveling along the shore. It was evident after a while, from the increasing vividness of the lightning and the mist that was encircling us, that we were not to escape a touch of the storm. About midnight the wind struck us with the force of a heavy squall from the north; the storm was moving in a circle. We were now past Cape Cod, so the brig ran for an hour under easy sail before the gale, when, finding the wind likely to hold, Capt. Byrnes hove to under close-reefed foretop-sail and fore and main staysails. The sea was rising fast, but the *Clara* rode like a duck, dry and easy on the seething waters, and about sunrise the force of the gale blew itself out. An observation at noon showed us to have been driven, by wind and currents combined, to the south of the "Georges." All sail was now made, and I then had an opportunity to take a quiet survey of the ship's company.

All on board were natives of Newfoundland, excepting the captain, who was a native of Dublin, a Prussian before the mast—the best sailor on board,—and the writer; and all, with three exceptions, were of Irish descent and good "Romans." I shared the diminutive cabin with four junk-dealers, who had just disposed of a cargo of junk in Boston, and were returning with an assorted cargo, part of which, a deck-load of apples, contributed towards making the brig roll hard, and so overcrowded the deck that it was a ticklish operation passing fore and aft in bad weather to shorten sail, when blocks and sheets were snapping furiously, and she was lying over to her scuppers. A young mechanic with his

wife and another young woman completed the list of *first-class* passengers. To say that the accommodations were not what are usually found on American sailing-vessels, and that the fare was inferior to what is furnished to seamen in the fore-castle of American ships, is no exaggeration. Salt junk of the worst description, and pilot-bread highly seasoned with the flavor of the kerosene oil and tar in the run, formed our diet, with a few potatoes, which soon gave out, and some tomatoes, intended for the owner, but served out to us in small rations as fast as they decayed. The unfailing good-humor of Capt. Byrnes, whose broad face presided benignantly at the table which he and the owner had conspired to furnish so meagerly, and the Attic salt and Irish wit of the junk-dealers, were of some avail in covering the deficiencies of the *Clara's* lockers. Nothing could exceed the garrulousness of these worthy islanders except the everlasting chattering of a crowd of vociferating Arab donkey-drivers, or the bedlamite-tongues of Constantinople caikdees; and only the flashes of genuine humor and wit which enlivened their talk made their company endurable. Early and late they maintained the wordy Donnybrook, the endless discussions on questions suggested by their own experience regarding salvage, invoices, the rights of ships as carriers, quirks of marine law, the treatment of wives, and the like—all stale and prosy enough, but rendered novel by the animation, earnestness, dogmatism, and occasional shrewdness displayed, and the strongly marked individuality of the speakers. The debates were always spiced by the sallies of Johnnie Feene, who, though usually on the wrong side of an argument, often by a neat repartee threw unexpected confusion into the ranks of the opposition. Amid a number of pithy sentiments which passed at random from one side to the other, two or three struck me as meaning more than perhaps the speakers themselves realized at the time. Said one of the disputants, "Aye, but remember, sir, that Newfoundland is two centuries behind the times;" a strange admission from an old sea-dog, and a Roman Catholic at

that, who boasted elsewhere of the influence of Romanism on the island.

Another said, "Maybe ye're right, but thin there's a great difference between justice and law;" so there is, my man, thought I, and bad luck to them that have wrought this divorce between right and intellectual might.

A third, in reply to the observation, "Shure, but ivery man defers to his own opinion," replied, "And of coorse, for ivery man's mind is a kingdom to him." Now here was a man, who could not be accused of ever having read *Percy's Reliques*, or any extracts therefrom, giving utterance to this idea, in words almost identical with the first line of the beautiful piece well known to all lovers of English poetry, "My mind to me a kingdom is." The fact is, that the same thoughts in similar language often occur to different minds without collusion, in different ages and countries; and what critics who have not studied their own or others' mental phases choose to stigmatize as plagiarism, is of much less frequent occurrence than they represent. Indeed, I am inclined to think that very often this charge is made simply that the critic may display his own acquaintance with the passage he cites, in proof of the charges so lightly adduced by his officious pen.

But if there was one topic more discussed by these junk philosophers than another, it was the supernatural. Bushnell would have found them in full accord as to the reality of the supernatural and its relation to nature; and Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* contains nothing more startling than the weird, mysterious yarns which were nightly told from actual personal experience in the little crowded cabin of the *Clara*; told, too, in earnest tone to listeners who heard with bated breath, and, on occasion, corroborated the truth of the most impossible incidents. By attending with becoming gravity and an air of implicit faith, which, sooth to tell, almost turned sometimes into actual belief, I was permitted to hear the story of many a rare adventure or encounter with the powers of darkness. One of the narrators had fought an hour with the body of a deceased friend; another had been stopped on the public road to Waterford Bridge by a "sperrit"

in the shape of a black dog; another had been within an ace of recovering hidden "treasure" from a foundered frigate, while a fourth had assisted in drawing "an iron chist of treasure" to the water's edge, when the ghost of a man, who was killed and buried with it to keep watch over it, suddenly appeared and spirited it away, nevermore to be seen by mortal eye. Johnnie Feene, of course, had his quota of marvels to relate, all of them sufficiently entertaining. One of his stories recounted the experience of a friend who, four years previously, had left his family starving at Bay of Bulls village and gone to St. John in search of employment. Failing of this, he started for home, and was met after nightfall by a black dog, who addressed him, and then assuming human shape, informed him that he was an enchanted person fixed by a spell in a subterranean cavern near the Bay of Bulls, and that his enchantment could only be abated by the entrance of some one sufficiently bold to brave the guardians of the cave and carry hence the riches it contained.

Overjoyed at the suggestion, the fisherman gladly volunteered to accompany the enchanted stranger, who accordingly introduced him to a subterranean hall, vast and gorgeous with oriental magnificence, where the wealth of the Indies lay apparently at his disposal, and he had it in his power not only to relieve the poverty of his condition, but also to become the most opulent of Queen Victoria's subjects. But suddenly he was assailed by a troop of unwholesome ghouls, who so disturbed his resolution that he fled to the upper air, renouncing possession of the riches in his grasp, and leaving the enchanted man enchanted there forever.

Very naturally I was led to conclude that a more behaunted, bewitched, and ghost-ridden country nowhere then existed than this same Newfoundland, which seemed to be an outlying station of Pandemonium, as full of hidden treasures as the old haunts of Captain Kidd, as beset with enchantments as the brain of Don Quixote, as packed with ill-omened spirits as Alloway Kirk. The imagination of these prosaic storm-beaten old fishermen of Labrador teems with the feverish fancies of a nervous child; they are possessed by the



fervid phantasies of the warm-blooded Southron. The black dog figures in most of their legends, and is evidently the *bête noir* of the Newfoundlandic imagination.

But all this time we were sailing towards our destination slowly but steadily. The dashing tide-rips indicated that we were on the Georges, "the graveyard of Cape Ann," as those shoals are rightly regarded, and the fishing-schooners dotting the offing showed we were on the fishing-grounds. It is very strange that no light-ship has ever been stationed on these dangerous shoals; many a ship must have met her fate on Cultivator's Ledge, where the depth is but three feet at mean low tide. It is not too late for Government to put up a beacon there, and thus mitigate the perils of one of the sailor's worst foes. A southwester took us towards Sable Island, but the currents seemed to combine with calms to set us nearer a direct line with that island than was comfortable. Somehow the brig failed to make the desired northing, and two successive observations did not allay the difficulty. It happened about this time that I took a trick at the helm. We were running with the wind a little abaft of the starboard quarter, and I noticed that the vessel, being too much by the stern and carrying too weather a helm, from the pressure of her large mainsail, "griped," that is, had a tendency to fly into the wind, which rather aided in giving us a drift to the southward. On informing the captain of this he immediately took in the mainsail and gaff-top-sail, and kept the vessel away two points. The next observation indicated a very decided improvement in the ship's course, and on the following day we had the satisfaction of seeing in the southern horizon the low globular clouds called woolpacks, which in clear weather hang over the island and show where it lies when too distant to be visible.

Sable Island is the bugbear of the mariners coasting in its vicinity. It is so low that it cannot be descried until close at hand; is besides enveloped in dense fogs half the time, and is so beset with swift tides and currents as to make it a very treacherous spot. Simply a sand bank scarce elevated above the ocean level, its sands are constantly shifting and altering its shape; so easily, in fact, are its

sands blown to and fro, that shipmasters who are wrecked there are recommended to make no effort to escape, as the sand will at once begin to gather around the grounded vessel and form a breakwater that will enable the crew to escape at their leisure. So soft and yielding is the beach, that some years ago, on a quiet moonlight night, a vessel went ashore there so easily that none of the crew were aware when it was done; the watch were asleep, including the man at the wheel; the captain was in his bunk. And there she lay until daylight; then the master went on deck, and behold, his vessel was hopelessly aground on Sable Island! He afterwards received another ship, but contrived to leave her ribs also bleaching on the same unlucky spot, and it is almost needless to say was not again entrusted with a command. The island is inhabited only by a corps of government wreckers, who communicate with the mainland once a month, and two or three hundred wild ponies, bred from a stock wrecked there in colonial times.

From Sable Island we beat up abreast of Canso, and made Scatari Light at the extreme eastern end of Cape Breton, on the tenth evening. Louisburg, or what grass-covered mounds remain of that once famous fortress, lay hidden in the gloom to leeward, even its light being invisible. It was a black night, and unpleasantly calm considering the proximity of the shore, and that the tide was swinging us helplessly towards the rocks, against which we could hear more and more distinctly the deep rote of the long ocean swell. But about nine we heard a wind rushing over the water, which soon filled our sails, and sent us plunging towards Cape Race, three hundred and fifty miles away; and a race indeed we had of it, running before a stiff breeze under all sail, rolling gunwale under in the heavy following surges, the porpoises playing around the foaming bow with phosphorescent trail, and not rarely a huge whale starting up and spouting alongside. One fine morning a school of eight whales, good-sized fellows, passed close astern, remaining at the surface and tossing the smoke-like jets of spray into the air for some time.

Those who voyage in steamboats, while

they gain in comforts suitable to the invalid, lose on the other hand much of the zest and flavor of sea life. Not for them is the adventurous sensation imparted to one who roughs it in a sailing-vessel, and enjoys the variety which comes with the observing of seamanship in the trimming of sails and the management of a ship in a blow, with the opportunity offered of occasionally turning to and lending a hand to haul on a halyard or brace, or taking the wheel, and associating on such terms of easy familiarity with the captain and crew as to relieve one of the feeling that he is a mere bundle of human merchandise transported for a given sum from one port to another with all possible dispatch,—which is all very well for the man of business, but is not pleasure. In addition to this, the constant grumble of a steamer's machinery prevents a full appreciation of the solemn grandeur of the ocean, deadening the wash of the waves and the sublime chant of the wind in the rigging. For the voyager on the sailing-vessel is reserved that most weird of ocean sounds, the muttering and shrieking of Mother Cary's chickens,—those wandering gypsies of the sea, floating over the water through the gloom of a dark night, like the eldritch laughter of lost spirits. Only on a sailing-vessel can one realize in any degree what the navigators of other days have endured, and imagine, as he tosses on the buffeting surges, that he is bound with the intrepid Vasco to discover the Indies, with Columbus seeks to evoke land from an unknown void, with Magalhaens is encircling the globe, or with Raleigh or Sir Humphrey Gilbert is traversing the endless spaces of waves to discover eldorado or quaff at the fountain of youth.

On the thirteenth day out we sighted Cape Mary's, and stood all day along the southern coast of Newfoundland. Small fishing-schooners were numerous, noticeable for their black sails, dyed in oil and tar to make them durable, which entirely ruins the picturesque appearance usual to fishing craft, and aids to give a melancholy aspect to a shore that is already sufficiently barren and dismal. No other signs of life were visible from dawn until nightfall, except two or three fishing

huts, and the light-houses on Cape Pine and Cape Race. Having a leading wind and no fog, we passed within half a mile of the latter, so famous for its shipwrecks. It is altogether a very cheerful spot, invested with the most agreeable associations. In Trepassey Bay, close at hand, two ocean steamers were lost quite recently, and just beyond, scarce a mile north of the cape, we passed the graveyard on the cliff where the remains are buried of those whose bodies were recovered by divers, from the *Anglo-Saxon*, which struck while going at full speed in a fog, and went down at the foot of the beetling crags. The *City of Philadelphia* was lost not far from the same spot, as well as many other ill-fated vessels. It may not be generally known that since the loss of the *City of Boston* the boats of the Inman Line have orders to give Cape Race a wider berth than heretofore, and it is to be wished that the change might be adopted by all the lines whose boats now shoot at full speed far too near that fog-en-shrouded cape for the safety of the traveling public.

Under press of sail we glided up the eastern coast of the island, which welcomed us with a succession of chilling squalls from the high table-lands, which, with but one or two exceptions, is the formation of this part of Newfoundland. There was nothing inviting in the prospect. The rocky shore was like a huge wall falling sheer down most forbiddingly, seamed here and there by deep gulches, at the bottom of which two or three fishermen's huts might be discerned at long intervals. When we rounded Cape Spear, whose light is three hundred and seventy feet above the sea, the scene only became more grand and desolate. Before us towered Sugar Loaf like a stupendous bastion of Titanic mold, and the houses of St. John were visible as through a telescope at the end of a deep gulch or channel, scarce a cable's length in width, guarded on either hand by perpendicular cliffs rising from five hundred and fifty to seven hundred feet, a tremendous spectacle. A wheezing, consequential little tug came out and towed us through the channel into the snugest pocket of a harbor in the world, and laid us alongside the wharf of

the United States Consul, the owner of the brig.

St. John is a place of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants; it is built on a slope, and is a cross between an Irish and an English town, and, except as it thereby represents an anomaly belonging rather to the Old than New World, offers nothing especially worthy of note to one who has been in Great Britain. The streets abound with dogs almost as if it were a Turkish city, generally of mongrel breeds, and burdened by a billet of wood hung to the neck, which renders them harmless. So numerous are dogs in the habited regions, and so mischievous to the flocks, that the laws of the island permit any one to shoot them at sight. But while other curs are so common, individuals of the genuine Newfoundlandic stock are very scarce, and always fetch from eighty to one hundred dollars. The breed is consequently guarded with great care, but seems nevertheless to be dying out. No dog that is not entirely jet black, and has not the web-foot and dew-claw, is of the unmixed Newfoundland breed.

The port of St. John is small, but, as before observed, well sheltered, and presents in summer-time a bustling appearance, being crowded with vessels of all nations. On entering the passage to the harbor a pungent "ancient fishy smell" informs the stranger what is the trade of the island. The energies of the islanders are devoted to the seal and cod fisheries. Early in March the seal-hunters, as the sealing-vessels are called, put to sea, cutting a way out through the ice if necessary, and strike directly for the ice-fields in the Straits of Belle Isle, where the seals congregate in great numbers. From fifty to seventy-five men go in a sealer, their bunks being ranged gallery-like along the hold. Half the proceeds go to the crew, half to the owner or planter; £30 is a fair average per man, £36 being occasionally made in one trip, and two trips are sometimes taken in the season, which lasts until May. The sealers are usually hermaphrodite brigs, and are somewhat wedge-shaped in the floor, so that when nipped by the ice, they are raised up instead of being crushed, slipping back into the water when the ice parts. Nevertheless, serious mishaps

not rarely occur. Latterly a few screw steamers, carrying 150 to 200 men, have been introduced; their crews share only a third of the receipts, but the increased rapidity of locomotion enables them to gain equal profits with the other crews.

The best seals are those called whitecaps, harps, and hoods; the latter so named because the males, when attacked, protect their faces by a cartilaginous vizor, hard as India-rubber and impenetrable to the spear. Two men are requisite to kill these,—one to divert the attention of the seal, while the other thrusts the lance through the throat. The men employed in this business wear snow-spectacles, formed of blue glass, and protected on the sides by a fine net-work of wire, but even thus do not always escape a touch of snow-blindness, which is very common and painfully acute.

The cod fisheries of Newfoundland are more profitable even than seal-catching. Not only do her fishermen resort to the Banks, but all along the shore in her spacious bays they "till the farm that pays no fee," and the stages and flakes or platforms for drying the fish are to be seen at every hamlet, crossing above the street like vine trellises in Italy, bearing a fruit less fragrant and graceful, but not less useful—codfish destined for the nourishment of good Catholics the world over, so long as Tuesdays and Fridays and Lent continue sacred to cod. It is interesting, when walking in the suburbs of St. John of a pleasant day, to see the women and boys, who cure the fish while the men are gone to sea, driving carts into town from Quidy Widy, Empty Basket, and other little fishing ports, drawn by diminutive ponies and laden with salt fish ready to be shipped to distant lands. In other countries the peasantry flock to the shiretown with vegetables and fruits, the product of the gardens and vineyards; in Newfoundland it is codfish that the peasantry carry to the market town.

And yet, although the profits of the seal and cod fisheries are large, and all on the island are in some way connected with what is virtually its sole business, yet poverty of the most abject character is the rule among all but a very few. This business is under

the control of monopolists, and presents, by the way it is managed, an instructive example of what may result when the sense of mutual interest which should bind capital and labor is forgotten. Twelve men, most of whom reside in England and carry on the business through agents in Newfoundland, furnish the capital on which the fisheries are conducted; consequently a large portion of the profits does not remain in the country, but is taken abroad to be distributed elsewhere. But this is a minor evil compared with the iron clutch by which these capitalists hold every fisherman, as it were, by the throat, scarcely permitting him to draw breath without their leave. The truck system, so powerfully rebuked lately in Parliament, and working disastrously in some of the Pennsylvania mines, is in full force in Newfoundland. The capitalists, in return for the fish, pay the fishermen in kind, that is, furnish them with all the supplies for supporting their families or carrying on their vocation, so managing as to oblige them to draw in advance of the profits of the still ungathered crops of fish or seals,—a draft on the future,—and contrive that the account shall always so stand as to leave the poor fisherman, already rendered improvident by this practice, always in debt, and thus always in the power of the capitalist. In addition to this, the capitalists or their agents meet in a sort of club or Board of Trade room at stated periods, and arrange among themselves the values to be placed on the supplies furnished to the fishermen in their employ, and from these prices, be they never so high, there is no appeal, nor, from the situation of affairs, is there any remedy to be provided against the repetition of the extortion. Gradually, but surely, has this tremendous tyranny gained strength on the island, and, so long as they remain under the present government, shuts out all hope or power of improvement or progress in the condition of the islanders, or the development of the mineral and agricultural resources which Newfoundland undoubtedly possesses in a large degree in its northern and western sections.

The island has nearly the superficial area of New England, with yet a population of only a trifle over 150,000; and these, with

the exception of St. John and Harbor Grace, are doled out along the singularly indented and irregular coast in little settlements of half a dozen cabins, widely separated from each other; and even this meager civilization is confined to the seaboard. Immediately on striking inland, one comes to the primeval forests of dwarf spruces, which are about as destitute of traces of the supreme Caucasian race as if Columbus had never been born. Half a century ago, one white man with an Indian guide crossed from the eastern to the western coast, and wrote a valuable account of his trip and of the interior wilds; but no one has followed in his track, and the deer still migrate unmolested from north to south with the change of the seasons. The few Micmac Indians remaining live chiefly along the northern shore.

The Roman Catholics have, in former time, been in excess of the Protestants of the island, and, as elsewhere, have characteristically secured the most commanding site in St. John for their cathedral, which is the first object that meets the eye on entering the port, its imposing Italian architecture suggesting similar scenes in the Mediterranean, and its size and position leading a stranger to infer that opulence and numbers are monopolized by the Romanists; but, like all the Roman Catholic churches I have seen in the New World, the exterior is far more showy than the interior, which is cold and barn-like, finished off with crumbling stucco, and poorly ornamented with cheap copies after the Masters; not an inapt symbol, methought, as I scanned its chilled walls, of the organization which it represents—to outward observers imposing and alluring, but to those who inspect its internal system disappointing and repulsive.

The last census, however, showed that the Protestant element is gaining, and is now in a respectable majority, chiefly of the Church of England, but including a fair proportion of Scotch Presbyterians and Wesleyans. The Anglican Bishop of Newfoundland presides over the most extraordinary diocese in Christendom. The see may almost literally be termed the *sea*, for while it is the largest in limits in the world, it is almost entirely composed of water, and the good prelate dischar-



ges his episcopal duties by much traversing of the boisterous Atlantic. Newfoundland and the "vex Bermudas," with all the waters wide that roll between, are comprehended in this episcopate of many miles and few souls, unless we include soles that in the sea do dwell. A schooner-yacht is owned by his reverence, who in the summer visits and confirms his northern flocks, a third of the coast of Newfoundland being thus circumnavigated by this ghostly yachtsman once a year; the fourth summer he rests from these maritime visitations, and the winters he devotes to the spiritual necessities of the Bermudas, who evidently receive more than their share of the spiritual nourishment. A suffragan bishop resides at St. John, and missionaries, as they may well be called, are set over the fishing hamlets. They take charge of several each, and go from one to the other in fishing-boats, faithfully and patiently doling out the scant store of religion to the poor islanders, and, as one of their number observed to me, "endeavoring to make good Christians of them, or at least good churchmen."

It is supposed by many in the "States" that Newfoundland belongs to the New Dominion, while others, better informed as to that, but, as would seem, against the best interests of our country, which already embraces all the territory we can take care of for the present, are endeavoring to create a movement in favor of the annexation of that island to the United States. For Newfoundland it would doubtless prove at least an advance on her condition as it is now, split by rival factions and under the control of monopolists, who repress the energies of the people and prevent the natural growth of the multifarious resources of the island. There are two political parties there, strongly divided on the question of confederation with the New Dominion, a measure which could only result to the ultimate advantage of the islanders. So it is properly regarded by the best citizens, but they are unfortunately still in the minority; and such is the ignorance of the masses, that they are of course under the guidance of pestilent demagogues, those curses inevitably attendant on democracy in all ages, who, for the accomplishment of their selfish ends, give currency to

the most amazing stories against Canada, so incredible that we refrain from repeating them here, yet not too incredible for the credulity of those for whose benefit they are manufactured. The elections are attended by much excitement and corruption, and the intelligence and integrity of the legislature are not above suspicion. By annexing Newfoundland it is to be feared we should also annex a body of voters and pot-house politicians of a piece with the Tammany Sachems and their horde, "to vex Israel," and add another to the difficult problems which this nation is now trying to solve and digest, God only knows with what ultimate success.

There is some attempt at popular education on the part of the government, but, judging from the intelligence of the popular mind, wisdom will not die with the Newfoundlanders. There is a reading-room at St. John, for the free use of which we here tender our grateful acknowledgments; but communication with the outside world is at best but scanty. The United States press is represented in the book-stores by the most vulgar of the New York weeklies, which may account for the not unreasonable opinion expressed to me by a usually well-informed clergyman, that he supposed "the United States was governed entirely by mob law." The papers of St. John are of a contemptible character; the telegraphic news they contain is much garbled, and what seems extraordinary, considering the near vicinity of Heart's Content, the terminus of the cable, is obtained via Boston and Halifax, several days after date! Mail communication is maintained with Halifax, and the rest of the world thereby, twice a month, by steam-packet in summer, but only once a month during the winter season, owing to the ice; considering how rarely the mails have to be made up and distributed, the post-office might almost seem a sinecure, and yet it will excite a smile to learn that the postal officials recently complained of overwork!

After all, we found it pleasant to be quiet a while, and free from the turmoil and confusion, the constant hurry of events, the swift recurring rush of telegrams, the fever of life in the nineteenth century, and to live over a bit of "still life," as it was in some retired



English seafaring town fifty years ago. And while one can hardly consider Newfoundland, with its pale sunlight and sere plains and infrequent mails, altogether the place to live in, yet it is well worth a visit. Its aboriginal scenery, unexplored wastes, quaint capital, curious fishing ports, frowning coast, legend-

ary lore, hospitable folk, and blooming lassies with eyes of brimming blue, cheeks mantling with the roses of health, plump trim figures, and elastic step, present a variety of attractions adapted to interest and please the stranger, and store his memory with delightful recollections.

## THE CLOAK-CUBBY AND THE BLUE-ROOM.

### HOW WE LOST AUNT FANNY.

THE "General Association" was to hold its annual meeting at our church in A., and I, a hero-worshiper of nineteen years, was drawn to its first session by the announcement that Prof. K. would preach the opening sermon.

It was a hot June day, and as our house was more than two miles out of town, I was not a little dismayed when I came out of church, after service and a little supplemental gossip with Kittie Winter, our minister's daughter, to find that my forgetful father, who had gallantly convoyed me thither, had thoughtlessly driven home without me. This was not at all an unprecedented occurrence, as I was apt to linger, and he to forget me.

I knew that he would remember his offspring some time about midnight, and come to me forthwith for absolution, spoiling my scanty sleep with his untimely remorse; but, meantime, I must walk home.

So it happened that when at last I arrived, thoroughly heated, and dusty, and cross, I instinctively turned my steps toward Aunt Fanny's room,—a sort of cave Adullam where "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves" for aid and comfort, as did the unhappy Israelites to David's rocky den. But when I found the refuge vacant of its comforting genius, my present grievance seemed to swell and swell intolerably, while memory bestirred herself to heap on, one by one, every bit of awkwardness and distress which my poor, busy father's special weakness had inflicted on me in the past, until, under the accumulated

weight, my heart was becoming hardened like a millstone toward any probable exhibition of paternal penitence.

Fortunately, Aunt Fanny's gentle step was heard just then, and when her sweet face smiled upon me, my implacability was as frost before an April sun.

But I suppose you would like to know who "Aunt Fanny" is.

Aunt Fanny had been grandpapa's baby, and was his joy and pride till he died in her arms, five years ago. Then she came to us, to abide with us forever, as we fondly believed. The ground of this reliance was a certain "fatal facility" she had acquired in early life for parrying matrimonial assaults; and then, too, was she not now forty-eight years old?—So she said, and grandpapa's big Bible confirmed the saying.

Yet her brow was smoother than mine, and her limpid eyes with their fathomless depths of blue, were bordered with soft brown hair, far more childlike than mine. Now, as she came in, with her cheeks ("velvet-cheek" was one of my thousand pet names for her) tinged by the ardent sun, and her limp white sun-bonnet yielding in soft curves to the outline of her face, she seemed too lovely for anything, unless it were an incarnation of Raphael's *Madonna del Cardellino*.

I assaulted this gracious creature with "You dear old darling! how exasperatingly pretty and all serene you look; but what makes your cheeks so red?"

"Strawberries, Pusskins."

"Strawberries?" I said.

"Yes; I have been putting the Blue-room in order for any minister whom your father

might happen to bring home with him from town, and went into the garden for a few roses as a finishing touch. I wanted some of the blessed old cinnamons, which you know, dearie, I love best of all, so I ran down into the vegetable-garden whither Tom has banished them, and as I passed the strawberry-beds I saw the fruit was ripening fast. So I just came in and divided my roses between the Blue-room and my own, and then went back to the strawberries and picked fully a quart."

"But, Auntie, you never should have done it yourself in this heat."

"Oh, I don't mind extremes as you do, dear; and then you know I have a special tenderness for this fruit, and fancy that it likes to be gathered by a lady's fingers. I certainly couldn't have trusted Tom or Jane to coax from the vines the coy first-fruits of the season. I shall be as fresh as the berries after my bath. But, Puss, how flushed and tired you look!"

"Well I may, Auntie. Father forgot me, as usual," said I, half-crying, as my mischances came back to mind; "and I had to walk all the way home in this vile dust; just look at my pretty new suit."

"Poor child! But I can brush it nicely for you, while you put on this dressing-sack and lie on my lounge until tea-time."

"It is inconvenient at times" (I should think so!) "to have your father so oblivious of little things; but how thankful we ought to be that he has never by any chance forgotten a client or any business of importance."

"I don't know what you can call important business, Aunt Fanny," said I tartly, for I had come to bury Caesar, not to praise him, and my disrelish for this unseasonable magnanimity was just then stimulated by the cloud of dust which rose from my dress as I threw it off.

"Just look at that horrible dust! I should think taking decent care of his only child might well come under the head of 'business of importance'!"

My "David" shook—not me, as she ought to have done, but one of her finest handkerchiefs out of its soft folds, moistened it with her choicest *eau de Cologne*, and with gentle

touch subdued the rash choler which my father's forgetfulness had raised within me, as she cooled my half-grilled face and neck.

"Don't lie there, Puss," remonstrated Aunt Fanny, as, after giving her a penitentially grateful kiss, I threw myself on her lounge. "You are directly in the draught. I have opened the doors through the closet into the Blue-room, you see, and that gives us this delicious breeze. But you mustn't lie in full range of it. Keep still and I will trundle you back against the wall. There now, shut your eyes and say your multiplication-table till I come back."

She then disappeared through her dressing-room door, which opened on the opposite side of the room from the breezy closet. After a long absence she peeped in with my suit on her arm, both she and it looking as fresh as she had promised. "So you are not asleep? Then I'll brush my hair in here and have a little gossip. You haven't told me a word about the meeting. I suppose your father brought home no one with him, for I met him alone in the garden, and he talked of nothing but strawberries."

"Was Professor K. as grand as ever? Tell me all about it."

"Professor K. didn't preach, after all," said I, rather sleepily.

"Poor child! What a disappointment for you; it is no wonder you came home so disconsolate, if you had to listen to a dull substitute this hot day."

"But he wasn't dull at all, Auntie," said I, rousing a little. "My horrid tramp home had almost driven it out of my head, but it really was splendid, and he had such a magnificent gray moustache, and great kind eyes like yours, only black—blue-black, or brown-black,—and he isn't married at all, and Kittie Winter says there are all manner of romantic stories about him; but his sermon was just gorgeous, and if it weren't for Charley Coates, and you hadn't warned me so appallingly against marrying a minister—"

"For the minister's sake, Puss, you know," interrupted Aunt Fanny.

"I don't know but I should have surrendered unconditionally."

Aunt Fanny was so thoroughly acclimated

to my torrid rhetoric that she only smiled and brushed away at her soft locks.

"But you haven't told me all this time who preached, my dear; who is this new light that almost outshone our Charley?"

"Dr. —, let me see, Hooper? Yes, Hooper, and what is more, Clarence Hooper. Isn't that romantic?"

"Clarence Hooper! Goodness gracious me!"

As surely as I live it was immaculate Aunt Fanny who used these improper words; she denies it to this day, but she it was who said or rather shrieked them, in as shrill tones as her mellow voice could assume. Her face was all aflame—it could not be "strawberries" now; and her brush fell from her hand in her agitation.

I sprang up in a quiver of delight; "O Auntie, how jolly! Are you at the bottom of this splendid old fellow's romances? Is he one of the tens of thousands of your slain? Tell me all about it, there's a darling. You never will tell me anything nice. Mamma says every theologian at the Seminary felt himself foreordained to convert you out of Emersonianism, and into a wife for his own saintly self, and that you've had more offers than she ever heard of outside of a novel."

Aunt Fanny never even smiled in response to my vehemence. The color flickered on her cheeks and went out. Her eyes had a far-away dreamy expression; her lips were silent. Altogether she was a most exasperating image to confront an impetuous girl's curiosity.

"Say something, Aunt Fanny, if it is only 'boo.' What on earth has Clarence Hooper, S.T.D., ever done to you, or you to him, to cause such conduct as this?" cried I as I picked up her brush.

"I beg pardon, Fanny." (I am Aunt Fanny's namesake, though if they had only given her her nature, they might have called me Karenhoppuch.) "I hadn't heard his name for years, and it brought up a little incident of my youth."

"Now, Auntie, don't drive me crazy with your mystifying generalities, but give me every single particular; all the 'says I's' and 'says he's', and the 'hope we shall part as friends' at

the end, etc., etc. If you will," I added, with reckless bribery, "I'll 'do' your hair for you!"

Now Aunt Fanny delighted in this toilette service, and I rendered it less reluctantly to her than to any other mortal because of the exquisite softness and fineness of her hair; but, selfish sinner that I was, I held it in reserve as a final cajolery when I had an end to gain with her.

"Why, there is nothing to tell, my dear; only this: Mr. Hooper once did me a service for which I should like to have thanked him."

"Why didn't you thank him?"

"How foolish of you, child! I never saw him in my life."

"Goodness, gracious me!—You needn't look so at me, Aunt Fanny, you said it yourself only ten minutes ago—yes you did, with your own gracious lips. But now, please, put me out of my misery and explain yourself! Why didn't you write gratitude if you could not speak it?"

"But it was such a peculiar service, and I—I—I was so peculiarly situated at the time it was rendered, that that was out of the question. I could neither speak nor write my thanks, you know, under the circumstances."

"No, I don't know, Aunt Fanny. You talk as one of the foolish women talketh, and not like your own wise, orderly self. Now give me the brush, and begin at the beginning and end at the end, while I make your hair look heavenly. If you would only braid it in front at night—not frizz it, you know, but wave it a little—you would be perfectly bewitching."

"I'll send you into your own room, Fanny, if you treat your old aunt as if she were an idiot to be beguiled by flatteries."

"Sh—'sh. Stick to your text, my logic-teacher; Dr. Hooper is your text. Now begin: 'Once upon a time, when I was a beautiful young minister's daughter—I mean the beautiful young daughter of a minister—Dr. Hooper rescued me from a burning house by means of a pair of tongs two miles long, so that we never met; and as I was not in full toilette at the time, it being the witching hour of night, I never could muster the requisite indelicacy to say Thank you, sir.'"

I don't think she had heard a word I had

said, for when I peeped around into her face (I stood behind her, wielding the brush vigorously) to see the effects of my pertness, her eyes had lapsed into their dreaminess again, and she neither spoke nor looked the rebuke I deserved.

I changed my tactics, and gave a malicious twirl of the brush which summarily arrested her wandering thoughts, and seizing the opportunity, began again: "As you were saying, Auntie, once upon a time Dr. Hooper—"

"Well, you audacious tease, I suppose I shall have no peace until you hear just how little I have to tell; only please don't uproot any more of my sparse locks than is indispensable to the arrangement of a 'heavenly' coiffure! I remember very well that my hair was long and abundant enough the first and only time that I saw Mr. Hooper."

Eager as I was for the story, I interrupted her with the reminder that she had before said that she never saw him.

"No, did I? I should have said that I never had met him. I saw him once, and heard him talk at times during the space of two or three hours, but only took 'a limited view' of him, like the Marchioness, through a key-hole."

"You! Aunt Fanny! through—a—key—hole!"

"Yes," sighed she, with a fresh influx of "strawberries" to her cheeks and brow; "but really I didn't see that I could help it at the time, neither do I now."

"Aunt Frances Draper!" said I, impressively, "I am fast approaching a state in which I shall be dangerous to friends and foes alike. Will you oblige me by beginning your story, and going straight through it, 'whatever may oppose'? Now then,—

'One to begin,  
Two for show,  
Three to make ready,  
And four to go!'

"Once there was an amorous youth, yclept Clarence Hooper—"

"Not at all. I prefer to tell my own story. Once there was, on the contrary, an ill-conditioned youth who used to darken the dear old parsonage with his presence frequently during my younger days.

"He had been 'liberally educated,' as we say, but his nature was so essentially common that all his years in college and at the theological seminary had only given it a nigardly gloss, through which it was always betraying its vulgar self.

"Your grandfather was so loving and generous that he even embraced this man in his friendliness. Indeed he wished special courtesy to be shown this person whenever he came to the house,—which was often, as the seminary was only a few miles from us, and several of the students, and John Leggett among them, used frequently to walk over to the parsonage."

"John Leggett?" interrupted I; "you don't mean that roistering revivalist whom you wouldn't let me go and hear preach last winter, when he was making such a stir in A.?"

"The very same. Some remote connection of his had been father's friend, and this blinded the dear man's eyes. I doubt if he had the dimmest suspicion of how ineffectually offensive Mr. Leggett was to me.

"He could talk glibly of the holiest things. I remember how he used to ring the changes on 'spiritual' and 'spirituality,' and they have been tabooed terms with me ever since. He invariably pronounced any man whom he feared, envied, or misunderstood, 'unspiritual.'

"His own grossness was perhaps too deep-seated to challenge father's notice, and there was no particular overt act on which I could base a complaint; yet his mere presence made me cringe, and to give him my hand in welcome was absolute torture to me. I suppose that a woman must always be more sensitive to such impressions than a man, even one of delicate organization, can be.

"But this is not my story.

"One day, when I was—let me see—twenty-three or twenty-four years old, I was alone at home. Father was making pastoral calls, and our one servant had gone away to spend Christmas week.

"I had myself been down-town to make some purchases, as I was going to a party that evening. After putting the flowers I had brought in water, inspecting my ribbons, and

trying on my new slippers by the dining-room grate, as it began to grow dark, I made preparations for tea.

"Mrs. President Lott was visiting our opposite neighbors, and had just given me a recipe for muffins which I was ambitious to try.

"So, after setting the table in the dining-room (except eatables, on account of the heat), I made my muffins with great pains-taking, and committed them to the oven, where they were to stay precisely one-half hour, I remember, by the rule; and then, as father had not returned, it came into my head that I would dress my hair for the evening, while waiting for him. I ran up to my room, but as it was a very cold day, and the furnace not very active, I did a very improper thing, my dear, and suffered the consequences accordingly. I took my brushes and father's little shaving-glass down into the dining-room, and, after pushing the tea-table into the remotest corner, let my hair down, and soon had it in braiding order. In those days braids were very elaborate affairs, and smoothness was a great consideration, my child—"

"Now, Aunt Fanny, don't introduce irrelevant remarks, but let your eyes look right forward, as Solomon says, or I won't answer for the consequences to your blessed wig."

"—I was startled out of a day-dream with which I was beguiling the tedium of hair-dressing,—which was even then a burden to me,—by hearing father's latch-key in the street-door.

"I did not move at first, for father never would have thought that my dressing-sack wasn't a particularly elegant evening costume, and, besides, my hair was nearly done; but in a moment, to my dismay, I heard the voice of my *bête noir*, Mr. Leggett, in the hall, and an unfamiliar voice answering. I only needed to hear in addition father's pleasant tones, as he said, 'Come right into the dining-room, gentlemen, we shall find it warmest there,' to convince me that instant flight was necessary. There was no time to choose doors,—there were only seven opening out of that one small room!—so I caught at the nearest, and shut it behind me, leaving all my toilette articles at the mercy of the new-comers.

"Imagine my feelings when I found myself in the 'Cloak-cubby,' as we called it, a deep, dark closet, with no knob on the inner side of the door, and the key-hole minus its key, so that the door could only be opened from the outside! I was quite nervous and fanciful in those days, and should have thought myself suffocating if I had been shut in for five minutes, under ordinary circumstances. But then I was too excited and annoyed to think of my breathing apparatus.

"Every word of the conversation that followed is as fresh in my memory as if I had heard it to-day.

"Father began. 'Sit down by the fire, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home, while I look up our Fanny'—O father, father, how could you? 'Our Fanny' to that man!—'and we will all have tea as soon as possible, so that you need not hurry to the train. Why, what can the tea-table have done, that she has put it in the corner with its face to the wall?' he went on to say, as he rattled the innocent china back into position.

"Then out he went into the kitchen, and of course, not finding me, ran up and down stairs in the search. I even heard him in the cellar beneath me, and had an insane impulse to try and telegraph my situation to him. But he soon came up and said, 'I cannot think where she can be; her things are all here, but she may be across the street at Mr. Stacey's. If you will excuse me, I will run over there.'

"Off he went, and we three were left to our own devices.

"'This is a great joke,' said Mr. Leggett. 'I hope, if the old man can't find "Our Fanny," he'll at least manage to scare us up some supper.'

"'You use the lady's name very freely,' said the stranger, rather sharply.

"The voice pleased me, in spite of its sharpness—perhaps because of its sharpness—and I confess to you that at this point I mustered self-possession enough to put my eye to the key-hole in the hope of seeing the speaker. Mr. Leggett was sitting with his back to me, fearfully near, and Mr. Hooper, for it was he, opposite, so that his eyes, and very good honest eyes they were too, seemed to be piercing directly through my key-hole, al-



though they were actually only transfixing his impertinent companion.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" said Mr. Leggett. 'She's none too good to be spoken of, I hope, for all her high and mighty airs. You can't touch her with a ten-foot pole' (eight feet less would have been sufficient for the purpose at that moment). 'But what makes you so touchy about her? You don't know her.'

"I never shall know her, or any other lady, little enough or well enough not to object to such a free handling of her name, in her own house at least."

"Well, well, don't be huffy. She isn't worth quarreling about. We've got a first-rate chance to see how a blue-stocking keeps house."

"I never was that, my dear, but I was an omnivorous reader, and always credited with far more knowledge than I possessed."

"Here's her cloak and bonnet pitched into one corner, and the tea-table was pitched into another till her daddy straightened it. Have a lump of sugar, Hooper? Gracious! if here isn't her hair-brush with a couple of long hairs in it. I'll go halves with you. But there isn't much show for supper, is there?"

"The creature had set out on a voyage of discovery by this time, and I was in an agony of fear lest his vulgar curiosity shouldn't be limited to the room, but take him into the closets also, and lay open my retreat."

A sudden racket and a volley of expletives showed me that he had overturned my big work-basket, and the only consolation I had during all that awful afternoon was in the variety of its contents, and the length of time required to right them again; to say nothing of several resounding bumps which he got from table, sofa, and chairs, in his haste to put things in order before father's return, or my possible appearance. His running commentary would hardly have pleased the Professors any more than it did his hearers in the closet and without.

"Mr. Hooper occasionally remonstrated, and even declared that he would leave the house rather than stay in such company."

"Suddenly Mr. Leggett exclaimed, 'By Jiminy, that's a pretty little slipper, though!

How it must pinch her toes! I'll pocket one of 'em, sure as fate, and keep it in my room under a glass-case to make the fellows stare. Who'd have thought a blue-stocking could go into such a Cinderella slipper?'

"I am afraid Mr. Hooper used a too vigorous form of speech by way of preface as he cried out, 'John Leggett, take that shoe out of your pocket and put it where it belongs.'

"I shouldn't like anything better," said the wretch, "if 'our Fanny,' or your Fanny, if you prefer, would only trot in her little toeses."

"I am in earnest, sir; take out that shoe."

"Come, come, Hooper, what's the use of such a row? It's too good a joke to spoil. 'Twon't do you any harm."

"You shall not leave the house with it, I warn you."

"What in tunket are you making such a to-do about it for? Any girl would be tickled to death to have me use her things to ornament my room. What'll you give for the little twenty-tonty-tootsey yourself, now?"

"Five dollars," said Mr. Hooper, greatly to my surprise.

"Done," said the other; 'fork over.'

"This strange bargain seemed to be consummated, for I heard the slipper fall, and silence followed, which Mr. Hooper was the first to break."

"I want you to know, Mr. Leggett, that I bought you off, not because one must adapt his arguments to his opponent, but to spare Dr. Draper the knowledge of how basely his hospitality has been outraged, and myself the shame of being known as the companion, even for one afternoon, of such a one as you."

"Draw it mildly, young man," said the cowardly — Aunt Fanny hesitated for a substantive, but declined the torrent which I poured out in her service, and finally left the hiatus eloquently unfilled."

"Mildly! The longer I think of it, the more furious I am. I believe on my soul, what I suspected before, that you stole that daguerreotype of Miss Draper which you showed me the other night."

"Well, what of it? A picture's of no account. You were glad enough to look at it, and didn't you carry it off to your own room?"

"Yes, I am ashamed to say I did; but it was to get it away from profanation for a time. I ought to have known that a woman with such a face as that would never have given you her picture."

"You will think me a goose," said Aunt Fanny, parenthetically, "to tell you all these things; but they all rush back upon me, and I cannot stop to choose."

Whereupon I threatened her with dire punishment if she dared omit even a conjunction. Then she went on.

"The picture flatters her,—ambrotypes always do. She don't look handsome much, in my way of thinking; there isn't meat enough to her. Just take a look at her picture, so you can compare it with her if she comes in. I always carry it in my pocket here for the fun of it."

"Mr. Hooper must have snatched it, for I heard a struggle, though I did not dare look, and my champion cried out, 'I shall knock you down if you make it necessary, and tell Dr. Draper the whole story; but this picture you shall never touch again with my consent.'"

"Just then father came bustling in. 'Dear me! Haven't you seen Fanny yet? The Staceys knew nothing of her, but I went down to Mrs. Thompson's, and she said she saw her coming home more than an hour ago. Where can the child be?—But what an intolerable odor! Something must be burning;' and opening the kitchen-door, he inhaled in all its intensity the last expiring breath of my beautiful muffins, which I had poured into their rings with such proud expectation only an hour before!"

"The pungent odor penetrated my key-hole, so that I thought I should have strangled, while the others were forced to open doors and windows."

"Poor little father"—(Grandfather Draper's weight was plump two hundred pounds, but Auntie and he were such friends!) "then set himself to serve tea. I knew there was only the last end of a stale loaf in the house (the muffins were my *pièce de resistance* for tea), and that he finally found, with a large loaf of rich fruit-cake. He also made tea in the coffee-pot, which was fortunate, when you consider his rate of measurement—'a table-

spoonful for each person and one for the pot,' as he told me afterward, and very proud of his housewifery he was, too."

"You can hardly believe me, Puss, but there was not a quarter of that great fruit-cake left, and father declared he had not himself eaten a crumb of it. So these two theological students must have devoured the whole mass of indigestibility. I have no doubt Mr. Leggett took the lion's share, and, quite likely, filled his pockets besides."

"They did not remain long after tea. Father was obviously *distract* on account of my mysterious disappearance; Mr. Hooper scarcely spoke, but Mr. Leggett mumbled sanctimonious phrases, generally with his mouth full, winding up with a cold-blooded monologue on the state of the wicked after death, by way of a digestive."

"The moment the door closed behind the departing guests I shrieked 'Father!' with the little strength that remained to me, and fell against the door in a dead-faint."

"Of course he had to be told how I came there; but I spared him the story of what I had heard, only telling him that he must never ask me to receive Mr. Leggett as my guest again."

"But bless your dear heart! How selfish I am! I ought not to have let you stand there, brushing my hair all the time, when you were so weary and heated. Lie down quietly till tea-time, darling. No, not a single word more!"

"Yes, Auntie, I must just say that Dr. Hooper is a dear old love, and I should like to kiss him this very minute. Did he never come to your house again?"

"Yes, three or four times; but the Fates forbade our meeting. Once I was ill, and his other calls were made when I was not at home."

"O, Auntie, just look in the glass, and view the prospect o'er now; you are the very quintessence of cinnamon roses, your own dear self."

And so she was.

I had seized the opportunity given by her absorption in her own reminiscences to rob my own disheveled crimps of a pair of little topsies, and rolled her soft chestnut hair over

them, away from her full white temples, and crowned my work with a half-blown rose.

"How could you play such a trick on your sober old aunt, Pussy? People will think I have gone daft if I go down to church to-night with my hair in this girlish fashion. And what will your father and mother say when they see me maltreating the cinnamons by wearing them on my poor old pate?"

"Why, they'll say,

'She is the cinnamon rosy bright,  
And her poor types are they.'

"Don't you dare touch it! But did Dr. Hooper run off with your picture himself? I presume he wears it next his heart to this day. He has such a seraphic gesture when he throws back his head *so*, you know, and smites upon his breast, and I don't doubt he drives your image deeper in every time he does it!"

Auntie was finishing her toilette in her dressing-room by this time, so although I raised my voice, yet I doubt if she heard anything further than the opening question; at least she didn't reprove or reply to me, except to say when she returned, "The ambrotype was safe in my work-basket, and I have it now."

Just then came Jane's rap at the door, with the announcement that tea was on the table. I hastily exchanged Aunt Fanny's dressing-sack for a wrapper of my own, and soon joined the family in the tea-room.

Papa beamed upon me with the utmost innocence and tenderness, as if I were the very apple of his eye, which doubtless I am, though I should have been far luckier to have been his green bag.

His unconsciousness of having just broken that brittlest of divine laws, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," so exasperated me that I relapsed into sulkiness. Then mamma remarked that my dress was unbecoming the time and place.

However, after Aunt Fanny had eagerly pleaded in my behalf the fatigue of walking and hair-dressing—so graciously shielding papa that his tender sympathy for his child remained smoothly unruffled by any suspicion of himself as the unnatural cause of her woes—I was made much of, to the great improvement of my temper, and harmony reigned.

Aunt Fanny's muffins and strawberries

contributed not less than her eloquence, perhaps, to this result. I was mischievous enough to inquire, in regard to the former, if they were made from Mrs. President Lott's famous recipe.

Papa had just had his plate filled the second time with fruit, leaving perhaps three berry "manners" in the dish, when Aunt Fanny said to him laughingly, "It is well you found no delegate who 'had no objection to going into the country' to spend his nights, or we could have had only a dozen strawberries each."

Up sprang papa, with his usual dazed look when his impish memory has been playing its tricks, and cried out, "What on earth are you eating supper for without the minister, Bertha?"

Mother was so accustomed to this vicarious endurance that she calmly buttered her last muffin as she inquired, "Charles, dear, what minister?"

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Bertha. 'What minister?' Why, Dr. Hooper, who preached this afternoon the very best sermon I have heard in ten years."

Aunt Fanny and I gazed at each other somewhat anxiously, but had no apprehension as yet of the horrors of the situation.

I think we both cherished the hope that for once father's depravity had borne good fruit, and that he had left the honored guest on the church steps, or inadvertently spilled him out of the carriage on the way home.

As for mamma, she was moved to the depths of her hospitable soul, and said reprovingly, "Charles, Dr. Hooper hasn't been in the drawing-room all this time, has he?"

"No, no, no. He is up in the Blue-room.—Didn't you hear any stir in there before you came down, Frances?—Jane, go up and tell the gentleman tea is on the table. He had a head-ache and wanted to sleep it off before the evening session, so I took him right up to the Blue-room, as I told you when I came home."

"You couldn't have told me, Charles; I have just come in from poor Mrs. Howe's. I have been sitting at her bedside all the afternoon, so that sister Frances could have a little rest after her week's watching with her."

"It must have been Frances I told then, or some of you.—But where are you going, girls?" Aunt Fanny and I were alike "girls" to him.

"You will excuse me, please, Bertha," said Aunt Fanny, her face burning red, and fairly convulsed with mortification.

I too was vexed and frightened, but poor Auntie's agonized expression quieted me.

"I—I—I am not dressed, you know, mamma," stammered I.

"Dressed, child," said father, "what do you think a man like Dr. Hooper will care for a baby's second best bib and tucker? Don't you go away, Frances, *you* are fine enough I am sure, roses in your hair and all; and besides I told Hooper you were here and he said he had always wanted to meet your father's daughter. I introduced myself to him as Dr. Draper's son-in-law, you know."

Mother interrupted him with her commands. "I cannot spare either of you. Straighten the table as quickly as possible. Fanny, take away the strawberry-dishes. O Charles! you are really too thoughtless. We have eaten all those delicious berries!"

Papa sighed remorsefully as he devoured the last spoonful of fruit, and remarked,—

"Jane must have trouble in waking him, she is gone so long."

Talk of a drowning man's condensed memories! This cannot be compared with the mental processes which Aunt Fanny and I underwent during those moments of preparation. But papa had let in a ray of hope, and we exchanged a glance of relief by its aid.

Might not our dreaded neighbor of the Blue-room have taken an over-dose of hydrate of chloral? Or, still loyal to womanhood, as in his youth, might he not have fled the house, once more to spare Aunt Fanny?

Not a bit of it. Jane ushered him in, immaculately brushed like a sunny bridegroom prepared to run a race.

The audacious creature even wore in his buttonhole one of Aunt Fanny's own particular "cinnamons"!

I wondered how much he had heard?

The ordinary forms of social life must be gone through with under all conceivable cir-

cumstances, till merciful death releases us. So Aunt Fanny and I made our bows (very low, to hide our flaming cheeks) when Dr. Hooper was presented to us.

Mamma welcomed him at her left hand, and next myself, so that poor Aunt Fanny, alone on the opposite side of the table, had to confront not only my conscious face, but the Doctor's, which might express much or nothing, we knew not which.

So there the poor darling sat, the rose in her hair, smiling at its mate in his button-hole!

"I hope you have slept away your headache, Dr. Hooper," said father, adding mendaciously, "we thought we would not disturb you earlier than was absolutely necessary."

"I feel much refreshed," was the Doctor's non-committal answer, as he proceeded to devote himself to mother, in a way that won her heart.

He scarcely seemed to recognize the presence of Aunt Fanny and myself, fortunately for us, although he was courteously responsive to any table-service we were obliged to pay him.

Father was now so awfully wide-awake and present-minded as to be more dangerous than ever, since he was ignorant of any quicksands to be shunned.

He perpetually interrupted the conversation at the upper end of the table with irrelevant questions and remarks, so that Aunt Fanny and I winced apprehensively whenever he opened his lips.

"You love cinnamon roses too, Doctor, I see, as well as Frances and the rest of us. It is my favorite among all the glorious train. There was a great bush against Dr. Draper's parlor-window, where Bertha and I used to sit, and I always grow tender and sentimental when I see the blossom. You remember that bush, don't you, Frances?"

Frances thought she did, and Dr. Hooper echoed father's commendations warmly, and turned again to his hostess.

"Take another muffin, Dr. Hooper," persisted papa, with unprecedented attentiveness. "They are very harmless. We think no one can make such muffins as our sister here. Where did you get the recipe, did you

say, Frances? From some of the Presidents' wives, wasn't it?"

"The muffins are of Bridget's manufacture," said Aunt Fanny, almost tartly, while I choked in the attempt to dispose of some water and a nervous giggle at the same instant.

"Very nice, very nice!" said Dr. Hooper, obviously growing nervous himself, for he helped himself to two muffins at once, and then asked, "Do you go down to church this evening, Mr. Winthrop?"

"No, I am sorry to say; I have some writing which must be done. But my wife and sister will drive down with you."

Aunt Fanny opened her mouth and said, "I shall not g—," when mamma checked her by saying, "I promised Mrs. Howe,—an invalid neighbor, Dr. Hooper,—that I would go back to her immediately after tea, so that I shall be unable to go into town to-night; but Miss Draper will pilot you."

"You said, Dr. Hooper, you would like to go early, I believe, so I will order the horse at once," said papa.

"If you prefer to drive yourself, you and Frances can go in the pony phaeton, and I will send Thomas down on foot, so that he can take the horse from you at the church-door; or he can drive you both down in the beach-wagon."

"I should like to drive, if Miss Draper will trust herself to my horsemanship."

Miss Draper murmured something which, it is to be hoped, was as polite as it was unintelligible.

Papa, remarking that the pony was not at all exacting in her demands on the skill of the driver, excused himself from the table, that he might order her to be harnessed.

Instead of going into the back hall, as any other mortal would have done, and as he intended to do, this doomed man plunged into the china-closet, and, according to the eternal fitness of things, bumped his head resoundingly against a great salad-bowl which happened to overlap the shelf.

"Why, Charles!" cried mother, for once a little fretted at this glaring exhibition of his obliviousness; "one would think you might remember which was the hall-door in your own house."

Papa came out, looking comically rueful over the bump and the blunder, but mingled with his objurgations of his besetting sin the apologetic statement, "It is an idiotic room, any way, with doors enough to bewilder a more whole-witted man than I."

"Why, Charles, there are only four, and the room is quite large, I am sure." Now it was mamma's turn to harpoon us. "You know at home, in our little dining-room, there were actually seven doors—you remember, Fanny?"

"Were there, Bertha?" faltered that long-suffering darling.

"Why, of course there were. There were the parlor, study, kitchen, and hall-doors, beside the china-closet, the pamphlet-closet, and the Cloak-cubby. Now you remember, don't you?"

I think she did.

Dr. Hooper, Aunt Fanny, and myself all lifted our glasses simultaneously, as if to drink to the health of Grandpapa Draper's doors, and all strangled in the act.

Then we knew that he had heard.

When father had made a final exit through the legitimate outlet, mamma's perturbed spirit soothed itself by increased attention to her guest.

"Take a bit of cake, Dr. Hooper. Mr. Winthrop lauded the muffins, but gentlemen honestly care more for cake, I believe. This is fruit-cake. My sister gave it the name of the 'Theologues' Special,' years ago, and always insists upon making it when we expect clergymen to visit us."

"I never eat fruit-cake, madam, under any circumstances," cried Dr. Hooper, with such pronounced vehemence that even mamma realized that 'dangers were abroad' to which she had no clue, and deftly shifted the conversation to the safe ground of common acquaintance.

All things have an end, and so had that awful meal.

Aunt Fanny, pale and grim, went up to her room, at mamma's bidding, to prepare for the inquisitorial torture of her *tête-à-tête* drive with the majestic Doctor.

Could Aunt Fanny slam a door? I am inclined to think the accusing angel would



have pleaded extenuating circumstances in her behalf, even had the jar of double door-shutting been her fault, and not that of the breezy closet which had so perfidiously betrayed her confidence.

However caused, the effects reached even out to the piazza, whither 'we others' had adjourned, and the clangor was most grateful to my ears till I detected an appreciative twinkle in that tiresome Doctor's eye, which spoiled it all.

Immediately after Aunt Fanny left us, a messenger came from Mrs. Howe urging mamma's instant return, so that I was left alone to entertain our guest,—and very well I did it, I am convinced by my own recollection, aided by subsequent contributions from his. In a voice which I was conscious was ludicrously strained above its natural pitch, but which I could not at all control, I chattered on about I know not what, giving him no opportunity for reply.

Among other notable items, I am assured that I told Dr. Hooper, apropos of nothing, that "Ingratitude is the basest of human vices," and also that, in my opinion, the Millennium would not come until the celibacy of the clergy became a fixed fact; and from this latter position I am not inclined to recede.

At last the pony was driven around to the door, and I eagerly volunteered to summon the lingering victim; but father, with ill-timed consideration, said "No, no, child, you are tired enough, after your foolish walk, to sit still. I can call her from here perfectly well; she generally has the doors open through into the Blue-room in warm weather, hasn't she?"

This was his Parthian shot, which left me speechless, and brought Aunt Fanny down, looking paler, primmer, and grimmer than I could have believed possible to her calm, sweet nature.

Dr. Hooper solemnly handed her into the phaeton, seated himself by her side, and as they rode out of the gate together, I went off into a fit of hysterical laughter which lasted almost unrespired through the evening.

My curiosity to see in what mood and manner this Darby and Joan would come home overcame all my fatigue and early-to-bed

intentions. But eleven o'clock came before they did, and my first glimpse of Aunt Fanny's face—its pink bloom more than restored—satiated my curiosity in such an unlooked for and melancholy manner that there was no spirit left in me, and I meekly said "good night!" and vanished.

I was as sure at that instant of the awful fact that we had "lost Aunt Fanny" as I was the next morning, when she was guilty of the unprecedented offense of delaying breakfast a quarter of an hour, and at last came sauntering in from the garden, all unconscious of her crime, with fresh rose-buds in her hair, her hair in crimps, and Dr. Hooper's gray moustache in close proximity!

If this were the proper time and place, I should like to remark at length on the ways that are sinful of certain clergymen, who, ostensibly in attendance on meetings of the A. B. C. F. M., State and county C's. S. S. A. and Y. M. C. A.'s, absent themselves from the assemblies of their brethren, in secular devotion to Aunt Fannys and young Fannys. Dr. Hooper, for example, could furnish a far more trustworthy report of the topography of our particular suburb, than of the discussions which agitated his peers during the three days following his opening sermon.

Can you believe that that hitherto confiding, complaisant aunt of mine has never vouchsafed anything but the most barren generalities in regard to that evening drive, and her escort's defense against the charge of eavesdropping?

It must have been in prevision of this base requital of my tender beautifying of her person that fateful afternoon that I had remarked to Dr. Hooper on the superlative baseness of the vice of ingratitude.

And when a certain ceremony, solemnized at our house two months ago, had proclaimed on the house-tops what was spoken in the ear in closets long before, I ventured to say to the bridegroom: "Uncle Hooper, I suppose you overheard me some weeks ago declaring that I would like to kiss you. I hadn't the least idea at the time what misery you were going to bring upon us, nor what a wicked eaves-dropper you were at that very moment, or I should have expressed a very dif-

ferent desire very differently. But, if you will only tell me how you inveigled Aunt Fanny into forgiving you so quickly for lying in wait in the Blue-room while a pair of unwary babes were babbling about you, I will try to forgive you even to the extent of that aforesaid kiss." When I had so humiliated myself, what did he,—that base eaves-dropper and desolater of our household? Why, he smiled triumphantly, patted me cavalierly on the head, and said: "I think little Fanny should be fully satisfied to know that Aunt Fanny is satisfied," and kissed—Aunt Fanny.

"I am Sir Oracle, let no dog bark."

I have told you "how we lost Aunt Fanny," but how Dr. Hooper managed to secure

her is an awful mystery to this day. That he got her surreptitiously through a key-hole, so to speak, is evident, for there is every reason to believe that had they "met by chance, the usual way," our delegate would have eaten his meat with singleness of heart, even without Aunt Fanny for his *vis-à-vis*, attended conscientiously to his official duties, and finally adjourned to his bachelor quarters *sine die*.

Yes; the long and the short of the story is that we must forever mourn the loss of our angel of the household, and that it was papa's own particular iniquity of absent-mindedness which brought upon us all the miseries of her "taking off."

---

### THE RAJAH'S GIFT.

'Twas true the Rajah's self had gazed upon her  
From his tall war horse when he passed that way,  
And given a sign, well known to those about him,  
Concerning her—a red-lipped child at play;  
And then the years went by, but oft there came  
A princely gift in the great Rajah's name.

'Twas true she took one morn a fragrant blossom,  
Sent from a rash, admiring stranger's hand,  
And wore it once—the sweet and sole adorning  
Of her rich locks in many a braided band;  
And this was all—a thoughtless act at worst,  
But jealous eyes o'erwatched her from the first!

And ere the morrow's sun of Orient splendor  
Sank in the sea, appeared a dusky train,  
Attendant on the Rajah's trustiest minion;  
And thundering on o'er hill and vale and plain,  
He paused beside her, drew the fatal "kris"—  
"The Rajah sends you *this*—and *this*—and *this*!"

And at each word the keen blue steel has entered,  
With mortal thrust that unsuspecting heart!  
Which throbs its last amazed, affrighted beating,  
Not sooner than the murderous band depart  
To seek their lord, with abject mien and tread,  
And show how well his bloody errand sped!

---

## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 543.)

CHAPTER XLIII.—*Continued.*

"There is nothing in all that about the scabbard," said his father.

"Stop till we come to the history," he replied, and read on, as nearly as I can recall, to the following effect. I have never had an opportunity of copying the words themselves.

"This sword seems to have been expressly forged for Sir ———" (he read it *Sir So and So*) "whose initials are to be found on the blade. According to tradition, it was worn by him, for the first and only time, at the battle of Naseby, where he fought in the cavalry led by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. From some accident or other, Sir ——— found, just as the order to charge was given, that he could not draw his sword, and had to charge with only a pistol in his hand. In the flight which followed, he pulled up and unbuckled his sword, but while attempting to ease it, a rush of the enemy startled him, and, looking about, he saw a roundhead riding straight at Sir Marmaduke, who that moment passed in the rear of his retiring troops, giving some directions to an officer by his side, and unaware of the nearness of danger. Sir ——— put spurs to his charger, rode at the trooper, and dealt him a downright blow on the pot-helmet with his sheathed weapon. The fellow tumbled from his horse, and *Sir So and So* found his scabbard split half-way up, but the edge of his weapon unturned. It is said he vowed it should remain sheathed for ever.—The person who has now unsheathed it," added Brotherton, "has done a great wrong to the memory of a loyal cavalier."

"The sheath half-way split was as familiar to my eyes as the face of my uncle," I said, turning to Sir Giles. "And in the only reference I ever heard my great-grandmother make to it, she mentioned the name of Sir Marmaduke. I recollect that much perfectly."

"But how could the sword be there and here at one and the same time?" said Sir Giles.

"That I do not pretend to explain," I said.

"Here at least is written testimony of our possession of it," said Brotherton in a conclusive tone.

"How then are we to explain Mr. Cumbermede's story?" said Sir Giles, evidently in good faith.

"With that I cannot consent to allow myself concerned.—Mr. Cumbermede is, I am told, a writer of fiction."

"Geoffrey," said Sir Giles, "behave yourself like a gentleman."

"I endeavor to do so," he returned with a sneer.

I kept silence.

"How can you suppose," the old man went on, "that Mr. Cumbermede would invent such a story? What object could he have?"

"He may have a mania for weapons, like old Close—as well as for old books," he replied.

I thought of my precious folio. But I did not yet know how much additional force his insinuation with regard to the motive of my labors in the library would gain if it should be discovered in my possession.

"You may have remarked, sir," he went on, "that I did not read the name of the owner of the sword in any place where it occurred in the manuscript."

"I did. And I beg to know why you kept it back," answered Sir Giles.

"What do you think the name might be, sir?"

"How should I know? I am not an antiquarian."

"Sir *Wilfrid Cumbermede*. You will find the initials on the blade. Does that throw any light on the matter, do you think, sir?"

"Why, that is your very own name!" cried Sir Giles, turning to me.

I bowed.

"It is a pity the sword shouldn't be yours?"

"It *is* mine, Sir Giles—though, as I said, I am prepared to abide by your decision."

"And now I remember"—the old man resumed, after a moment's thought—"the other evening Mr. Alderforge—a man of great learning, Mr. Cumbermede—told us that the name of Cumbermede had at one time belonged to our family. It is all very strange. I confess I am utterly bewildered."

"At least you can understand, sir, how a man of imagination, like Mr. Cumbermede here, might desire to possess himself of a weapon which bears his initials, and belonged two hundred years ago to a baronet of the same name as himself—a circumstance which, notwithstanding it is by no means a common name, is not *quite* so strange as at first sight appears—that is, if all reports are true."

I did not in the least understand his drift; neither did I care to inquire into it now.

"Were you aware of this, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked his father.

"No, Sir Giles," I answered.

"Mr. Cumbermede has had the run of the place for weeks. I am sorry I was not at home. This book was lying all that time on the table in the room above, where poor old Close's work-bench and polishing-wheel are still standing."

"Mr. Brotherton, this gets beyond bearing," I cried. "Nothing but the presence of your father, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, protects you."

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles.

"Protects me, indeed!" exclaimed Brotherton. "Do you dream I should be by any code bound to accept a challenge from you? Not, at least, I presume to think, before a jury had decided on the merits of the case."

My blood was boiling, but what could I do or say? Sir Giles rose, and was about to leave the room, remarking only—

"I don't know what to make of it."

"At all events, Sir Giles," I said, hurriedly, "you will allow me to prove the truth of what I have asserted. I cannot, unfortunately, call my uncle or aunt, for they are gone; and I do not know where the servant who was with us when I took the sword away, is now. But, if you will allow me, I will call Mrs. Wilson to prove that I had the sword when I came to visit her on that occasion, and that on the morning after sleeping here I

complained of its loss to her, and went away without it."

"It would but serve to show the hallucination was early developed. We should probably find that even then you were much attracted by the armory," said Brotherton, with a judicial air, as if I were a culprit before a magistrate.

I had begun to see that, although the old man was desirous of being just, he was a little afraid of his son. He rose as the latter spoke, however, and going into the gallery, shouted over the balustrade:

"Some one send Mrs. Wilson to the library."

We removed to the reading-room, I carrying the scabbard, which Sir Giles had returned to me as soon as he had read the label. Brotherton followed, having first gone up the little turnpike stair, doubtless to replace the manuscript.

Mrs. Wilson came, looking more pinched than ever, and stood before Sir Giles with her arms straight by her sides, like one of the ladies of Noah's ark. I will not weary my reader with a full report of the examination. She had seen me *with* a sword, but had taken no notice of its appearance. I *might* have taken it from the armory, for I *was* in the library all the afternoon. She had left me there thinking I was a "gentleman" boy. I had *said* I had lost it, but she was sure *she* did not know how that could be. She was *very* sorry she had caused any trouble by asking me to the house, but Sir Giles would be pleased to remember that he had himself introduced the boy to her notice. Little she thought, etc., etc.

In fact the spiteful creature, propitiating her natural sense of justice by hinting instead of plainly suggesting injurious conclusions, was paying me back for my imagined participation in the impertinences of Clara. She had besides, as I learned afterwards, greatly resented the trouble I had caused of late.

Brotherton struck in as soon as his father had ceased questioning her.

"At all events, if he believed the sword was his, why did he not go and represent the case to you, sir, and request justice from you? Since then he has had opportunity enough. His tale has taken too long to hatch."

"This is all very paltry," I said.

"Not so paltry as your contriving to sleep in the house in order to carry off your host's property in the morning—after studying the place to discover which room would suit your purpose best."

Here I lost my presence of mind. A horror struck me lest something might come out to injure Mary, and I shivered at the thought of her name being once mentioned along with mine. If I had taken a moment to reflect, I must have seen that I should only add to the danger by what I was about to say. But her form was so inextricably associated in my mind with all that had happened then, that it seemed as if the slightest allusion to any event of that night would inevitably betray her; and in the tremor which, like an electric shock, passed through me from head to foot, I brunted out words importing that I had never slept in the house in my life.

"Your room was got ready for you, anyhow, Master Cumbermede," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It does not follow that I occupied it," I returned.

"I can prove that false," said Brotherton; but probably lest he should be required to produce his witness, only added,—*"At all events, he was seen in the morning, carrying the sword across the court before any one had been admitted."*

I was silent; for I now saw too clearly that I had made a dreadful blunder, and that any attempt to carry assertion further, or even to explain away my words, might be to challenge the very discovery I would have given my life to ward off.

As I continued silent, steeling myself to endure, and saying to myself that disgrace was not dishonor, Sir Giles again rose, and turned to leave the room. Evidently he was now satisfied that I was unworthy of confidence.

"One moment, if you please, Sir Giles," I said. "It is plain to me there is some mystery about this affair, and it does not seem as if I should be able to clear it up. The time may come, however, when I can. I did wrong, I see now, in attempting to right myself instead of representing my case to you. But that does not alter the fact that the sword was and

is mine, however appearances may be to the contrary. In the meantime, I restore you the scabbard, and as soon as I reach home, I shall send my man with the disputed weapon."

"It will be your better way," he said, as he took the sheath from my hand.

Without another word, he left the room. Mrs. Wilson also retired. Brotherton alone remained. I took no further notice of him, but followed Sir Giles through the armory. He came after me, step for step, at a little distance, and as I stepped out into the gallery, said in a tone of insulting politeness:

"You will send the sword as soon as may be quite convenient, Mr. Cumbermede? Or shall I send and fetch it?"

I turned and faced him in the dim light which came up from the hall.

"Mr. Brotherton, if you knew that book and those weapons as early as you have just said, you cannot help knowing that at that time the sword was *not* there."

"I decline to reopen the question," he said.

A fierce word leaped to my lips, but repressing it, I turned away once more, and walked slowly down the stair, across the hall, and out of the house.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### I PART WITH MY SWORD.

I MADE haste out of the park, but wandered up and down my own field for half an hour, thinking in what shape to put what had occurred before Charley. My perplexity arose not so much from the difficulty involved in the matter itself, as from my inability to fix my thoughts. My brain was for the time like an ever-revolving kaleidoscope, in which, however, there was but one fair color—the thought of Mary. Having at length succeeded in arriving at some conclusion, I went home, and would have despatched Styles at once with the sword, had not Charley already sent him off to the stable; so that I must wait.

"What *has* kept you so long, Wilfrid?" Charley asked as I entered.

"I've had a tremendous row with Brotherton," I answered.

"The brute! Is he there? I'm glad I was gone. What was it all about?"

"About that sword. It was very foolish of



me to take it without saying a word to Sir Giles."

"So it was," he returned. "I can't think how *you* could be so foolish!"

I could, well enough. What with the dream and the waking, I could think little about anything else; and only since the consequences had overtaken me, saw how unwisely I had acted. I now told Charley the greater part of the affair—omitting the false step I had made in saying I had not slept in the house; and also, still with the vague dread of leading to some discovery, omitting to report the treachery of Clara; for, if Charley should talk to her or Mary about it, which was possible enough, I saw several points where the danger would lie very close. I simply told him that I had found Brotherton in the armory, and reported what followed between us. I did not at all relish having now in my turn secrets from Charley, but my conscience did not trouble me about it, seeing it was for his sister's sake; and when I saw the rage of indignation into which he flew, I was, if possible, yet more certain I was right. I told him I must go and find Styles, that he might take the sword at once; but he started up, saying he would carry it back himself, and at the same time take his leave of Sir Giles, whose house of course he could never enter again after the way I had been treated in it. I saw this would lead to a rupture with the whole family, but I should not regret that, for there could be no advantage to Mary either in continuing her intimacy, such as it was, with Clara, or in making further acquaintance with Brotherton. The time of their departure was also close at hand, and might be hastened without necessarily involving much of the unpleasant. Also, if Charley broke with them at once, there would be the less danger of his coming to know that I had not given him all the particulars of my discomfiture: If he were to find I had told a falsehood, how could I explain to him why I had done so? This arguing on probabilities made me feel like a culprit who has to protect himself by concealment; but I will not dwell upon my discomfort in the half duplicity thus forced upon me. I could not help it. I got down the sword, and together we looked at it for the first and

last time. I found the description contained in the book perfectly correct. The upper part was inlaid with gold in a Greekish pattern crossed by the initials W. C. I gave it up to Charley with a sigh of submission to the inevitable, and having accompanied him to the park-gate, roamed my field again until his return.

He rejoined me in a far quieter mood, and for a moment or two I was silent with the terror of learning that he had become acquainted with my unhappy blunder. After a little pause, he said,

"I'm very sorry I didn't see Brotherton. I should have liked just a word or two with him."

"It's just as well not," I said. "You would only have made another row. Didn't you see any of them?"

"I saw the old man. He seemed really cut up about it, and professed great concern. He didn't even refer to you by name—and spoke only in general terms. I told him you were incapable of what was laid to your charge; that I had not the slightest doubt of your claim to the sword,—your word being enough for me—and that I trusted time would right you. I went too far there, however, for I haven't the slightest hope of anything of the sort."

"How did he take all that?"

"He only smiled—incredulously and sadly,—so that I couldn't find it in my heart to tell him all my mind. I only insisted on my own perfect confidence in you. I'm afraid I made a poor advocate, Wilfrid. Why should I mind his gray hairs where justice was concerned? I am afraid I was false to you, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense; you did just the right thing, old boy. Nobody could have done better."

"Do you think so? I am *so* glad! I have been feeling ever since as if I ought to have gone into a rage, and shaken the dust of the place from my feet for a witness against the whole nest of them! But somehow I couldn't—what with the honest face and the sorrowful look of the old man."

"You are always too much of a partisan, Charley; I don't mean so much in your actions—for this very one disproves that—but in your notions of obligation. You forget

that you had to be just to Sir Giles as well as to me, and that he must be judged—not by the absolute facts of the case, but by what appeared to him to be the facts. He could not help misjudging me. But you ought to help misjudging him. So you see your behavior was guided by an instinct or a soul, or what you will, deeper than your judgment."

"That may be—but he ought to have known you better than believe you capable of misconduct."

"I don't know that. He had seen very little of me. But I dare say he puts it down to kleptomania. I think he will be kind enough to give the ugly thing a fine name for my sake. Besides, he must hold either by his son or by me."

"That's the worst that can be said on my side of the question. He must by this time be aware that that son of his is nothing better than a low scoundrel."

"It takes much to convince a father of such an unpleasant truth as that, Charley."

"Not much, if my experience goes for anything."

"I trust it is not typical, Charley."

"I suppose you're going to stand up for Geoffrey next?"

"I have no such intention. But if I did, it would be but to follow your example. We seem to change sides every now and then. You remember how you used to defend Clara when I expressed my doubts about her."

"And wasn't I right? Didn't you come over to my side?"

"Yes, I did," I said, and hastened to change the subject; adding, "As for Geoffrey, there is room enough to doubt whether he believes what he says, and that makes a serious difference. In thinking over the affair since you left me, I have discovered further grounds for questioning his truthfulness."

"As if that were necessary!" he exclaimed with an accent of scorn.—"But tell me what you mean," he added.

"In turning the thing over in my mind, this question has occurred to me.—He read from the manuscript, that on the blade of the sword, near the hilt, were the initials of Wil-

frid Cumbermede. Now, if the sword had never been drawn from the scabbard, how was that to be known to the writer?"

"Perhaps it was written about that time," said Charley.

"No; the manuscript was evidently written some considerable time after. It refers to tradition concerning it."

"Then the writer knew it by tradition."

The moment Charley's logical faculty was excited, his perception was impartial.

"Besides," he went on, "it does not follow that the sword had really never been drawn before. Mr. Close even may have done so, for his admiration was apparently quite as much for weapons themselves as for their history. Clara could hardly have drawn it as she did, if it had not been meddled with before."

The terror lest he should ask me how I came to carry it home without the scabbard, hurried my objection.

"That supposition, however, would only imply that Brotherton might have learned the fact from the sword itself, not from the book. I should just like to have one peep of the manuscript to see whether what he read was all there?"

"Or any of it, for that matter," said Charley. "Only it would have been a more tremendous risk than I think he would have run."

"I wish I had thought of it sooner, though."

My suspicion was that Clara had examined the blade thoroughly, and given him a full description of it. He *might*, however, have been at the Hall on some previous occasion, without my knowledge, and might have seen the half-drawn blade on the wall, examined it, and pushed it back into the sheath; which might have so far loosened the blade, that Clara was afterwards able to draw it herself. I was all but certain by this time that it was no other than she that had laid it on my bed. But then why had she drawn it? Perhaps that I might leave proof of its identity behind me—for the carrying out of her treachery, whatever the object of it might be. But this opened a hundred questions not to be discussed, even in silent thought, in the presence of another.

"Did you see your mother, Charley?" I asked.

"No. I thought it better not to trouble her. They are going to-morrow. Mary had persuaded her—why, I don't know—to return a day or two sooner than they had intended."

"I hope Brotherton will not succeed in prejudicing them against me."

"I wish that were possible," he answered. "But the time for prejudice is long gone by."

I could not believe this to be the case in respect to Mary; for I could not but think her favorably inclined to me.

"Still," I said, "I should not like their bad opinion of me to be enlarged as well as strengthened by the belief that I had attempted to steal Sir Giles's property. You *must* stand my friend there, Charley."

"Then you *do* doubt me, Wilfrid?"

"Not a bit, you foolish fellow."

"You know, I can't enter that house again, and I don't care about writing to my mother, for my father is sure to see it; but I will follow my mother and Mary the moment they are out of the grounds to-morrow, and soon see whether they've got the story by the right end."

The evening passed with me in alternate fits of fierce indignation and profound depression, for, while I was clear to my own conscience in regard of my enemies, I had yet thrown myself bound at their feet by my foolish lie; and I all but made up my mind to leave the country, and only return after having achieved such a position—of what sort I had no more idea than the school-boy before he sets himself to build a new castle in the air—as would buttress any assertion of the facts I might see fit to make in after years.

When we had parted for the night my brains began to go about, and the center of their gyration was not Mary now, but Clara. What could have induced her to play me false? All my vanity, of which I had enough, was insufficient to persuade me that it could be out of revenge for the gradual diminution of my attentions to her. She had seen me pay none to Mary, I thought, except she had caught a glimpse from the next room of the little passage of the ring, and that I did not believe. Neither did I believe she had ever

cared enough about me to be jealous of whatever attentions I might pay to another. But in all my conjectures, I had to confess myself utterly foiled. I could imagine no motive. Two possibilities alone, both equally improbable, suggested themselves—the one, that she did it for pure love of mischief, which, false as she was to me, I could not believe; the other, which likewise I rejected, that she wanted to ingratiate herself with Brotherton. I had still, however, scarcely a doubt that she had laid the sword on my bed. Trying to imagine a connection between this possible action and Mary's mistake, I built up a conjectural form of conjectural facts to this effect—that Mary had seen her go into my room; had taken it for the room she was to share with her, and had followed her either at once—in which case I supposed Clara to have gone out by the stair to the roof to avoid being seen—or afterwards, from some accident, without a light in her hand. But I do not care to set down more of my speculations, for none concerning this either were satisfactory to myself, and I remain almost as much in the dark to this day. In any case the fear remained that Clara must be ever on the borders of the discovery of Mary's secret, if indeed she did not know it already, which was a dreadful thought—more especially as I could place no confidence in her. I was glad to think, however, that they were to be parted so soon, and I had little fear of any correspondence between them.

The next morning Charley set out to waylay them at a certain point on their homeward journey. I did not propose to accompany him. I preferred having him speak for me first, not knowing how much they might have heard to my discredit, for it was far from probable the matter had been kept from them. After he had started, however, I could not rest, and for pure restlessness sent Styles to fetch my mare. The loss of my sword was a trifle to me now, but the proximity of the place where I should henceforth be regarded as what I hardly dared to realize, was almost unendurable. As if I had actually been guilty of what was laid to my charge, I longed to hide myself in some impenetrable depth, and kept looking out impatiently for Styles's return. At

length I caught sight of my Lilith's head rising white from the hollow in which the farm lay, and ran up to my room to make a little change in my attire. Just as I snatched my riding-whip from a hook by the window, I spied a horseman approaching from the direction of the park gates. Once more it was Mr. Coningham, riding hitherward from the windy trees. In no degree inclined to meet him, I hurried down the stair, and arriving at the very moment Styles drew up, sprang into the saddle, and would have galloped off in the opposite direction, confident that no horse of Mr. Coningham's could overtake my Lilith. But the moment I was in the saddle, I remembered there was a pile of books on the window-sill of my uncle's room, belonging to the library at the Hall, and I stopped a moment to give Styles the direction to take them home at once, and, having asked a word of Miss Pease, to request her, with my kind regards, to see them safely deposited amongst the rest. In consequence of this delay, just as I set off at full speed from the door, Mr. Coningham rode round the corner of the house.

"What a devil of a hurry you are in, Mr. Cumbermede!" he cried. "I was just coming to see you. Can't you spare me a word?"

I was forced to pull up, and reply as civilly as might be.

"I am only going for a ride," I said, "and will go part of your way with you if you like."

"Thank you. That will suit me admirably. I am going Gastford way. Have you ever been there?"

"No," I answered. "I have only just heard the name of the village."

"It is a pretty place. But there's the oddest old church you ever saw, within a couple of miles of it—alone in the middle of a forest—or at least it was a forest not long ago. It is mostly young trees now. There isn't a house within a mile of it, and the nearest stands as lonely as the church—quite a place to suit the fancy of a poet like you! Come along and see it. You may as well go one way as another, if you only want a ride."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Only seven or eight miles across country: I can take you all the way through lanes and fields."

Perplexed or angry I was always disinclined for speech; and it was only after things had arranged themselves in my mind, or I had mastered my indignation, that I would begin to feel communicative. But something prudential inside warned me that I could not afford to lose any friend I had; and although I was not prepared to confide my wrongs to Mr. Coningham, I felt I might some day be glad of his counsel.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

##### CUMBERDEN CHURCH.

My companion chatted away, lauded my mare, asked if I had seen Clara lately, and how the library was getting on. I answered him carelessly, without even a hint at my troubles.

"You seem out of spirits, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "You've been taking too little exercise. Let's have a canter. It will do you good. Here's a nice bit of sward."

I was only too ready to embrace the excuse for dropping a conversation towards which I was unable to contribute my share.

Having reached a small roadside inn, we gave our horses a little refreshment; after which, crossing a field or two by jumping the stiles, we entered the loveliest lane I had ever seen. It was so narrow that there was just room for horses to pass each other, and covered with the greenest sward rarely trodden. It ran through the midst of a wilderness of tall hazels. They stood up on both sides of it, straight and trim as walls, high above our heads as we sat on our horses; and the lane was so serpentine, that we could never see farther than a few yards ahead; while, towards the end, it kept turning so much in one direction that we seemed to be following the circumference of a little circle. It ceased at length at a small double-leaved gate of iron, to which we tied our horses before entering the church-yard. But instead of a neat burial-place, which the whole approach would have given us to expect, we found a desert. The grass was of extraordinary coarseness, and mingled with quantities of vile-looking weeds. Several of the graves had not even a spot of green upon them, but were mere heaps of

yellow earth in huge lumps, mixed with large stones. There was not above a score of graves in the whole place, two or three of which only had gravestones on them. One lay open, with the rough yellow lumps all about it, and completed the desolation. The church was nearly square—small, and shapeless, with but four latticed windows, two on one side, one in the other, and the fourth in the east end. It was built partly of bricks and partly of flint stones, the walls bowed and bent, and the roof waved and broken. Its old age had gathered none of the graces of age to soften its natural ugliness, or elevate its insignificance. Except a few lichens, there was not a mark of vegetation about it. Not a single ivy-leaf grew on its spotted and wasted walls. It gave a hopeless, pagan expression to the whole landscape—for it stood on a rising ground from which we had an extensive prospect of height and hollow, corn-field and pasture and wood, away to the dim blue horizon.

"You don't find it enlivening, do you—eh?" said my companion.

"I never saw such a frightfully desolate spot," I said, "to have yet the appearance of a place of Christian worship. It looks as if there were a curse upon it. Are all those the graves of suicides and murderers? It cannot surely be consecrated ground."

"It's not nice," he said. "I didn't expect you to like it. I only said it was odd."

"Is there any service held in it?" I asked.

"Yes—once a fortnight or so. The rector has another living a few miles off."

"Where can the congregation come from?"

"Hardly from anywhere. There ain't generally more than five or six, I believe. Let's have a look at the inside of it."

"The windows are much too high, and no foothold."

"We'll go in."

"Where can you get the key? It must be a mile off at least, by your own account. There's no house nearer than that, you say."

He made me no reply, but going to the only flat gravestone, which stood on short thick pillars, he put his hand beneath it, and drew out a great rusty key.

"Country lawyers know a secret or two," he said.

"Not always much worth knowing," I rejoined, "if the inside be no better than the outside."

"We'll have a look, anyhow," he said, as he turned the key in the dry lock.

The door snarled on its hinges and disclosed a space drearier certainly, and if possible uglier, than its promise.

"Really, Mr. Coningham," I said, "I don't see why you should have brought me to look at this place."

"It answered for a bait, at all events. You've had a good long ride, which was the best thing for you. Look what a wretched little vestry that is!"

It was but a corner of the east end, divided off by a faded red curtain.

"I suppose they keep a parish register here," he said. "Let's have a look."

Behind the curtain hung a dirty surplice and a gown. In the corner stood a desk like the schoolmaster's in a village school. There was a shelf with a few vellum-bound books on it, and nothing else, not even a chair, in the place.

"Yes; there they are!" he said, as he took down one of the volumes from the shelf. "This one comes to a close in the middle of the last century. I dare say there is something in this now that would be interesting enough to somebody. Who knows how many properties it might make change hands?"

"Not many, I should think. Those matters are pretty well seen to now."

"By some one or other—not always the rightful heirs. Life is full of the strangest facts, Mr. Cumbermede. If I were a novelist now, like you, my experience would make me dare a good deal more in the way of invention than any novelist I happen to have read. Look there, for instance!"

He pointed to the top of the last page, or, rather, the last half of the cover. I read as follows:

#### MARRIAGES, 1748.

"Mr. Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll, of the Parish of —, second son of Sir Richard Daryll of Moldwarp Hall in the County of —, and Mistress Elizabeth Woodruffe were married by a license Jan<sup>y</sup>. 15."



"I don't know the name of Darryll," I said.

"It was your own great-grandfather's name," he returned. "I happen to know that much."

"You knew this was here, Mr. Coningham," I said. "That is why you brought me."

"You are right. I did know it. Was I wrong in thinking it would interest you?"

"Certainly not. I am obliged to you. But why this mystery? Why not have told me what you wanted me to go for."

"I will why you in turn. Why should I have wanted to show you now more than any other time what I have known for as many years almost as you have lived? You spoke of a ride—why shouldn't I give a direction to it that might pay you for your trouble? And why shouldn't I have a little amusement out of it if I pleased? Why shouldn't I enjoy your surprise at finding in a place you had hardly heard of, and would certainly count most uninteresting, the record of a fact that concerned your own existence so nearly? There!"

"I confess it interests me more than you will easily think—inasmuch as it seems to offer to account for things that have greatly puzzled me for some time. I have of late met with several hints of a connection at one time or other between the Moat and the Hall, but these hints were so isolated that I could weave no theory to connect them. Now I dare say they will clear themselves up."

"Not a doubt of that, if you set about it in earnest."

"How did he come to drop his surname?"

"That has to be accounted for."

"It follows—does it not?—that I am of the same blood as the present possessors of Moldwarp Hall?"

"You are—but the relation is not a close one," said Mr. Coningham. "Sir Giles was but distantly related to the stock of which you come."

"Then—but I must turn it over in my mind. I am rather in a maze."

"You have got some papers at the Moat?" he said—interrogatively.

"Yes; my friend Osborne has been looking over them. He found out this much—

that there was once some connection between the Moat and the Hall, but at a far earlier date than this points to, or any of the hints to which I just now referred. The other day, when I dined at Sir Giles's, Mr. Alderforge said that Cumbermede was a name belonging to Sir Giles's ancestry—or something to that effect; but that again could have had nothing to do with those papers, or with the Moat at all."

Here I stopped, for I could not bring myself to refer to the sword. It was not merely that the subject was too painful: of all things I did not want to be cross-questioned by my lawyer-companion.

"It is not amongst those you will find anything of importance, I suspect. Did your great-grandmother—the same, no doubt, whose marriage is here registered—leave no letters or papers behind her?"

"I've come upon a few letters. I don't know if there is anything more."

"You haven't read them, apparently."

"I have not. I've been always going to read them, but I haven't opened one of them yet."

"Then I recommend you—that is, if you care for an interesting piece of family history—to read those letters carefully, that is, constructively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—putting two and two together, and seeing what comes of it; trying to make everything fit into one, you know."

"Yes. I understand you. But how do you happen to know that those letters contain a history, or that it will prove interesting when I have found it?"

"All family history ought to be interesting—at least to the last of his race," he returned, replying only to the latter half of my question. "It must, for one thing, make him feel his duty to his ancestors more strongly."

"His duty to marry, I suppose you mean?" I said with some inward bitterness. "But to tell the truth, I don't think the inheritance worth it, in my case."

"It might be better," he said, with an expression which seemed odd beside the simplicity of the words.

"Ah! you think then to urge me to make

yellow earth in huge lumps, mixed with large stones. There was not above a score of graves in the whole place, two or three of which only had gravestones on them. One lay open, with the rough yellow lumps all about it, and completed the desolation. The church was nearly square—small, and shapeless, with but four latticed windows, two on one side, one in the other, and the fourth in the east end. It was built partly of bricks and partly of flint stones, the walls bowed and bent, and the roof waved and broken. Its old age had gathered none of the graces of age to soften its natural ugliness, or elevate its insignificance. Except a few lichens, there was not a mark of vegetation about it. Not a single ivy-leaf grew on its spotted and wasted walls. It gave a hopeless, pagan expression to the whole landscape—for it stood on a rising ground from which we had an extensive prospect of height and hollow, corn-field and pasture and wood, away to the dim blue horizon.

"You don't find it enlivening, do you—eh?" said my companion.

"I never saw such a frightfully desolate spot," I said, "to have yet the appearance of a place of Christian worship. It looks as if there were a curse upon it. Are all those the graves of suicides and murderers? It cannot surely be consecrated ground."

"It's not nice," he said. "I didn't expect you to like it. I only said it was odd."

"Is there any service held in it?" I asked.

"Yes—once a fortnight or so. The rector has another living a few miles off."

"Where can the congregation come from?"

"Hardly from anywhere. There ain't generally more than five or six, I believe. Let's have a look at the inside of it."

"The windows are much too high, and no foothold."

"We'll go in."

"Where can you get the key? It must be a mile off at least, by your own account. There's no house nearer than that, you say."

He made me no reply, but going to the only flat gravestone, which stood on short thick pillars, he put his hand beneath it, and drew out a great rusty key.

"Country lawyers know a secret or two," he said.

"Not always much worth knowing," I rejoined, "if the inside be no better than the outside."

"We'll have a look, anyhow," he said, as he turned the key in the dry lock.

The door snarled on its hinges and disclosed a space drearier certainly, and if possible uglier, than its promise.

"Really, Mr. Coningham," I said, "I don't see why you should have brought me to look at this place."

"It answered for a bait, at all events. You've had a good long ride, which was the best thing for you. Look what a wretched little vestry that is!"

It was but a corner of the east end, divided off by a faded red curtain.

"I suppose they keep a parish register here," he said. "Let's have a look."

Behind the curtain hung a dirty surplice and a gown. In the corner stood a desk like the schoolmaster's in a village school. There was a shelf with a few vellum-bound books on it, and nothing else, not even a chair, in the place.

"Yes; there they are!" he said, as he took down one of the volumes from the shelf. "This one comes to a close in the middle of the last century. I dare say there is something in this now that would be interesting enough to somebody. Who knows how many properties it might make change hands?"

"Not many, I should think. Those matters are pretty well seen to now."

"By some one or other—not always the rightful heirs. Life is full of the strangest facts, Mr. Cumbermede. If I were a novelist now, like you, my experience would make me dare a good deal more in the way of invention than any novelist I happen to have read. Look there, for instance!"

He pointed to the top of the last page, or, rather, the last half of the cover. I read as follows:

#### MARRIAGES, 1748.

"Mr. Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll, of the Parish of —, second son of Sir Richard Daryll of Moldwarp Hall in the County of —, and Mistress Elizabeth Woodruffe were married by a license Jan<sup>y</sup>. 15."

"I don't know the name of Daryll," I said.

"It was your own great-grandfather's name," he returned. "I happen to know that much."

"You knew this was here, Mr. Coningham," I said. "That is why you brought me."

"You are right. I did know it. Was I wrong in thinking it would interest you?"

"Certainly not. I am obliged to you. But why this mystery? Why not have told me what you wanted me to go for."

"I will why you in turn. Why should I have wanted to show you now more than any other time what I have known for as many years almost as you have lived? You spoke of a ride—why shouldn't I give a direction to it that might pay you for your trouble? And why shouldn't I have a little amusement out of it if I pleased? Why shouldn't I enjoy your surprise at finding in a place you had hardly heard of, and would certainly count most uninteresting, the record of a fact that concerned your own existence so nearly? There!"

"I confess it interests me more than you will easily think—inasmuch as it seems to offer to account for things that have greatly puzzled me for some time. I have of late met with several hints of a connection at one time or other between the Moat and the Hall, but these hints were so isolated that I could weave no theory to connect them. Now I dare say they will clear themselves up."

"Not a doubt of that, if you set about it in earnest."

"How did he come to drop his surname?"

"That has to be accounted for."

"It follows—does it not?—that I am of the same blood as the present possessors of Moldwarp Hall?"

"You are—but the relation is not a close one," said Mr. Coningham. "Sir Giles was but distantly related to the stock of which you come."

"Then—but I must turn it over in my mind. I am rather in a maze."

"You have got some papers at the Moat?" he said—interrogatively.

"Yes; my friend Osborne has been looking over them. He found out this much—

that there was once some connection between the Moat and the Hall, but at a far earlier date than this points to, or any of the hints to which I just now referred. The other day, when I dined at Sir Giles's, Mr. Alderforge said that Cumbermede was a name belonging to Sir Giles's ancestry—or something to that effect; but that again could have had nothing to do with those papers, or with the Moat at all."

Here I stopped, for I could not bring myself to refer to the sword. It was not merely that the subject was too painful: of all things I did not want to be cross-questioned by my lawyer-companion.

"It is not amongst those you will find anything of importance, I suspect. Did your great-grandmother—the same, no doubt, whose marriage is here registered—leave no letters or papers behind her?"

"I've come upon a few letters. I don't know if there is anything more."

"You haven't read them, apparently."

"I have not. I've been always going to read them, but I haven't opened one of them yet."

"Then I recommend you—that is, if you care for an interesting piece of family history—to read those letters carefully, that is, constructively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—putting two and two together, and seeing what comes of it; trying to make everything fit into one, you know."

"Yes. I understand you. But how do you happen to know that those letters contain a history, or that it will prove interesting when I have found it?"

"All family history ought to be interesting—at least to the last of his race," he returned, replying only to the latter half of my question. "It must, for one thing, make him feel his duty to his ancestors more strongly."

"His duty to marry, I suppose you mean?" I said with some inward bitterness. "But to tell the truth, I don't think the inheritance worth it, in my case."

"It might be better," he said, with an expression which seemed odd beside the simplicity of the words.

"Ah! you think then to urge me to make

money; and for the sake of my dead ancestors increase the inheritance of those that may come after me? But I believe I am already as diligent as is good for me—that is, in the main, for I have been losing time of late.”

“I meant no such thing, Mr. Cumbermede. I should be very doubtful whether any amount of success in literature would enable you to restore the fortunes of your family.”

“Were they so very ponderous, do you think? But in truth I have little ambition of that sort. All I will readily confess to is a strong desire not to shirk what work falls to my share in the world.”

“Yes,” he said, in a thoughtful manner—“if one only knew what his share of the work was.”

The remark was unexpected, and I began to feel a little more interest in him.

“Hadn’t you better take a copy of that entry?” he said.

“Yes—perhaps I had. But I have no materials.”

It did not strike me that attorneys do not usually, like excisemen, carry about an ink-bottle, when he drew one from the breast-pocket of his coat, along with a folded sheet of writing-paper, which he opened and spread out on the desk. I took the pen he offered me, and copied the entry.

When I had finished, he said—

“Leave room under it for the attestation of the parson. We can get that another time, if necessary. Then write under it, ‘Copied by me’—and then your name and the date. It may be useful some time. Take it home and lay it with your grandmother’s papers.”

“There can be no harm in that,” I said, as I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. “I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me here, Mr. Coningham. Though I am not ambitious of restoring the family to a grandeur of which every record has departed, I am quite sufficiently interested in its history, and shall consequently take care of this document.”

“Mind you read your grandmother’s papers, though,” he said.

“I will,” I answered.

He replaced the volume on the shelf, and we left the church; he locked the door and

replaced the key under the gravestone; we mounted our horses, and after riding with me about half the way to the Moat, he took his leave at a point where our roads diverged. I resolved to devote that very evening, partly in the hope of distracting my thoughts, to the reading of my grandmother’s letters.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### MY FOLIO.

WHEN I reached home I found Charley there, as I had expected.

But a change had again come over him. He was nervous, restless, apparently anxious. I questioned him about his mother and sister. He had met them as planned, and had, he assured me, done his utmost to impress them with the truth concerning me. But he had found his mother incredulous, and had been unable to discover from her how much she had heard; while Mary maintained an obstinate silence, and, as he said, looked more stupid than usual. He did not tell me that Clara had accompanied them so far, and that he had walked with her back to the entrance of the park. This I heard afterwards. When we had talked a while over the sword-business—for we could not well keep off it long—Charley seeming all the time more uncomfortable than ever, he said, perhaps merely to turn the talk into a more pleasant channel—

“By the way, where have you put your folio? I’ve been looking for it ever since I came in, but I can’t find it. A new reading started up in my head the other day, and I want to try it both with the print and the context.”

“It’s in my room,” I answered. “I will go and fetch it.”

“We will go together,” he said.

I looked where I thought I had laid it, but there it was not. A pang of foreboding terror invaded me. Charley told me afterwards that I turned as white as a sheet. I looked everywhere, but in vain; ran and searched my uncle’s room, and then Charley’s, but still in vain; and at last, all at once, remembered with certainty that two nights before I had laid it on the window-sill in my uncle’s room. I shouted for Styles, but he was gone home with the mare, and I had to wait, in little short

of agony, until he returned. The moment he entered, I began to question him.

"You took those books home, Styles?" I said, as quietly as I could, anxious not to startle him, lest it should interfere with the just action of his memory.

"Yes, sir. I took them at once, and gave them into Miss Pease's own hands; at least I suppose it was Miss Pease. She wasn't a young lady, sir."

"All right, I daresay. How many were there of them?"

"Six, sir."

"I told you five," I said, trembling with apprehension and wrath.

"You said four or five, and I never thought but the six were to go. They were all together on the window-sill."

I stood speechless. Charley took up the questioning.

"What sized books were they?" he asked.

"Pretty biggish—one of them quite a large one—the same I've seen you, gentlemen, more than once, putting your heads together over. At least it looked like it."

Charley started up and began pacing about the room. Styles saw he had committed some dreadful mistake, and began a blundering expression of regret, but neither of us took any notice of him, and he crept out in dismay.

It was some time before either of us could utter a word. The loss of the sword was a trifle to this. Beyond a doubt the precious tome was now lying in the library of Moldwarp Hall—amongst old friends and companions, possibly—where years might elapse before one loving hand would open it, or any eyes gaze on it with reverence.

"Lost, Charley!" I said at last.—"Irrecoverably lost!"

"I will go and fetch it," he cried, starting up. "I will tell Clara to bring it out to me. It is beyond endurance this. Why should you not go and claim what both of us can take our oath to as yours?"

"You forget, Charley, how the sword affair cripples us—and how the claiming of this volume would only render their belief with regard to the other the more probable. You forget, too, that I *might* have placed it in the chest first, and above all that the

name on the title-page is the same as the initials on the blade of the sword,—the same as my own."

"Yes—I see it won't do. And yet if I were to represent the thing to Sir Giles?—He doesn't care for old books——"

"You forget, again, Charley, that the volume is of great money-value. Perhaps my late slip has made me fastidious—but though the book be mine—and if I had it, the proof of the contrary would lie with them—I could not take advantage of Sir Giles's ignorance to recover it."

"I might, however, get Clara—she is a favorite with him, you know——"

"I will not hear of it," I said, interrupting him, and he was forced to yield.

"No, Charley," I said again; "I must just bear it. Harder things *have* been borne, and men have got through the world and out of it notwithstanding. If there isn't another world, why should we care much for the loss of what *must* go with the rest?—and if there is, why should we care at all?"

"Very fine, Wilfrid! but when you come to the practice—why, the less said the better."

"But that is the very point: we don't come to the practice. If we did, then the ground of it would be proved unobjectionable."

"True;—but if the practice be unattainable——"

"It would take much proving to prove that to my—*dissatisfaction*, I should say; and more failure besides, I can tell you, than there will be time for in this world. If it were proved, however—don't you see it would disprove both suppositions equally? If such a philosophical spirit be unattainable, it discredits both sides of the alternative on either of which would it have been reasonable."

"There is a sophism there, of course, but I am not in the mood for pulling your logic to pieces," returned Charley, still pacing up and down the room.

In sum, nothing would come of all our talk but the assurance that the volume was equally irrecoverable with the sword, and indeed with my poor character—at least in the eyes of my immediate neighbors.



## CHAPTER XLVII.

## THE LETTERS AND THEIR STORY.

As soon as Charley went to bed, I betook myself to my grandmother's room, in which, before discovering my loss, I had told Styles to kindle a fire. I had said nothing to Charley about my ride, and the old church, and the marriage-register. For the time, indeed, I had almost lost what small interest I had taken in the matter—my new bereavement was so absorbing and painful; but feeling certain when he left me that I should not be able to sleep, but would be tormented all night by innumerable mental mosquitoes if I made the attempt, and bethinking me of my former resolution, I proceeded to carry it out.

The fire was burning brightly, and my reading lamp was on the table, ready to be lighted. But I sat down first in my grandmother's chair and mused for I know not how long. At length my wandering thoughts rehearsed again the excursion of Mr. Coningham. I pulled the copy of the marriage-entry from my pocket, and in reading it over again, my curiosity was sufficiently roused to send me to the bureau. I lighted my lamp at last, unlocked what had seemed to my childhood a treasury of unknown marvels, took from it the packet of yellow, withered letters, and sat down again by the fire to read, in my great-grandmother's chair, the letters of Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll—for so he signed himself in all of them—my great-grandfather. There were amongst them a few of her own in reply to his—badly written and badly spelt, but perfectly intelligible. I will not transcribe any of them—I have them to show if needful—but not at my command at the present moment;—for I am writing neither where I commenced my story—on the outskirts of an ancient city, nor at the Moat, but in a dreary old square in London; and those letters lie locked again in the old bureau, and have lain unvisited through thousands of desolate days and slow creeping nights, in that room which I cannot help feeling sometimes as if the ghost of that high-spirited, restless-hearted grandmother of mine must now and then revisit, sitting in the same old chair, and wondering to find how far it has all receded from her—wondering also to think what a

work she made, through her long and weary life, about things that look to her now such trifles.

I do not then transcribe any of the letters, but give, in a connected form, what seem to me the facts I gathered from them; not hesitating to present, where they are required, self-evident conclusions as if they were facts mentioned in them. I repeat that none of my names are real, although they all point at the real names.

Wilfrid Cumbermede was the second son of Richard and Mary Daryll of Moldwarp Hall. He was baptized Cumbermede from the desire to keep in memory the name of a celebrated ancestor, the owner in fact of the disputed sword—itself alluded to in the letters,—who had been more mindful of the supposed rights of his king than the next king was of the privations undergone for his sake, for Moldwarp Hall at least was never recovered from the roundhead branch of the family into whose possession it had drifted. In the change, however, which creeps on with new generations, there had been in the family a reaction of sentiment in favor of the more distinguished of its progenitors; and Richard Daryll, a man of fierce temper and overbearing disposition, had named his son after the cavalier. A tyrant in his family, at least in the judgment of the writers of those letters, he apparently found no trouble either with his wife or his eldest or youngest son; while, whether his own fault or not, it was very evident that from Wilfrid his annoyances had been numerous.

A legal feud had for some time existed between the Ahab of Moldwarp Hall and the Naboth of the Moat, the descendant of an ancient yeoman family of good blood, and indeed related to the Darylls themselves, of the name of Woodruffe. Sir Richard had cast covetous eyes upon the field surrounding Stephen's comparatively humble abode, which had at one time formed a part of the Moldwarp property. In searching through some old parchments, he had found, or rather, I suppose, persuaded himself he had found sufficient evidence that this part of the property of the Moat, then of considerable size, had been willed away in contempt of the entail

which covered it, and belonged by right to himself and his heirs. He had therefore instituted proceedings to recover possession, during the progress of which their usual bickerings and disputes augmented in fierceness. A decision having at length been given in favor of the weaker party, the mortification of Sir Richard was unendurable to himself, and his wrath and unreasonableness, in consequence, equally unendurable to his family. One may then imagine the paroxysm of rage with which he was seized when he discovered that, during the whole of the legal process, his son Wilfrid had been making love to Elizabeth Woodruffe, the only child of his enemy. In Wilfrid's letters, the part of the story which follows is fully detailed for Elizabeth's information, of which the reason is also plain—that the writer had spent such a brief period afterwards in Elizabeth's society, that he had not been able for very shame to recount the particulars.

No sooner had Sir Richard come to a knowledge of the hateful fact, evidently through one of his servants, than, suppressing the outburst of his rage for the moment, he sent for his son Wilfrid, and informed him, his lips quivering with suppressed passion, of the discovery he had made; accused him of having brought disgrace on the family, and of having been guilty of falsehood and treachery; and ordered him to go down on his knees and abjure the girl before heaven, or expect a father's vengeance.

But evidently Wilfrid was as little likely as any man to obey such a command. He boldly avowed his love for Elizabeth, and declared his intention of marrying her. His father, foaming with rage, ordered his servants to seize him. Overmastered in spite of his struggles, he bound him to a pillar, and taking a horse-whip, lashed him furiously; then, after his rage was thus in a measure appeased, ordered them to carry him to his bed. There he remained, hardly able to move, the whole of that night and the next day. On the following night he made his escape from the Hall, and took refuge with a farmer-friend a few miles off—in the neighborhood, probably, of Umberden church.

Here I would suggest a conjecture of my

own—namely, that my ancestor's room was the same I had occupied, so—fatally, shall I say?—to myself, on the only two occasions on which I had slept at the Hall; that he escaped by the stair to the roof, having first removed the tapestry from the door, as a memorial to himself and a sign to those he left; that he carried with him the sword and the volume—both probably lying in his room at the time, and the latter little valued by any other. But all this, I repeat, is pure conjecture.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he communicated with Elizabeth, prevailed upon her to marry him at once at Umberden church, and within a few days, as near as I could judge, left her to join, as a volunteer, the army of the Duke of Cumberland, then fighting the French in the Netherlands. Probably, from a morbid fear lest the disgrace his father's brutality had inflicted should become known in his regiment, he dropped the surname of Daryll when he joined it; and—for what precise reasons I cannot be certain—his wife evidently never called herself by any other name than Cumbermede. Very likely she kept her marriage a secret, save from her own family, until the birth of my grandfather, which certainly took place before her husband's return. Indeed I am almost sure that he never returned from that campaign, but died fighting, not unlikely at the battle of Laffeldt; and that my grannie's letters, which I found in the same packet, had been, by the kindness of some comrade, restored to the young widow.

When I had finished reading the letters, and had again thrown myself back in the old chair, I began to wonder why nothing of all this should ever have been told me. That the whole history should have dropped out of the knowledge of the family would have been natural enough, had my great-grandmother, as well as my great-grandfather, died in youth; but that she should have outlived her son, dying only after I, the representative of the fourth generation, was a boy at school, and yet no whisper have reached me of these facts, appeared strange. A moment's reflection showed me that the causes and the reasons of the fact must have lain with my uncle. I could not but

remember how both he and my aunt had sought to prevent me from seeing my grannie alone, and how the last had complained of this in terms far more comprehensible to me now than they were then. But what could have been the reasons for this their obstruction of the natural flow of tradition? They remained wrapt in a mystery which the outburst from it of an occasional gleam of congenial light only served to deepen.

The letters lying open on the table before me, my eyes rested upon one of the dates—the third day of March, 1747. It struck me that this date involved a discrepancy with that of the copy I had made from the register. I referred to it, and found my suspicion correct. According to the copy, my ancestors

were not married until the 15th of January, 1748. I must have made a blunder—and yet I could hardly believe I had, for I had reason to consider myself accurate. If there *was* no mistake, I should have to reconstruct my facts, and draw fresh conclusions.

By this time, however, I was getting tired and sleepy and cold; my lamp was nearly out; my fire was quite gone; and the first of a frosty dawn was beginning to break in the east. I rose and replaced the papers, reserving all further thought on the matter for a condition of circumstances more favorable to a correct judgment. I blew out the lamp, groped my way to bed in the dark, and was soon fast asleep, in despite of insult, mortification, perplexity, and loss.

(To be continued.)

---

### IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

It seems to be growing dark.

The train is running slow,

But the car-wheels rumble so!

I'm in such a haste to get home!

For my wife has a terrible pain in her head,  
And may not live till I come.

Who is that, there at the foot of my bed?  
And there on the mantel, click, click, click—  
I wonder if I've been sick?

I don't feel anything much like pain,  
But, now I remember, the other day  
A windmill got in my head some way,  
And its fans wheel round and round in my brain.

Why, what have I done? You needn't smile!  
I take queer notions once-in-a-while,  
But you see I'm perfectly sane;  
And, come to think of it again,  
It wasn't a windmill, after all:  
Only some sand got into my blood.  
It's been rushing along my veins for hours,  
And it grates and grinds and rubs and scours,  
Till now, it wouldn't be strange to find  
It had worn some holes in my mind.  
How did it get there? Sure enough!  
But it's very volatile stuff,

And I think I got it in my food.  
Why yes! of course! the other day  
They gave me a piece of toasted brick;  
And for hours and hours, I should think, it lay  
In my stomach, and felt so hard and rough,  
'Twould have made a well man sick.

Just look at those awkward curtain strings,  
• They hang to one side, and the curtain's awry.  
Couldn't you fix them if you should try?  
What makes them so careless about such things?

Some laudanum for me to take!  
Ha! ha! But that is an odd mistake.  
The sick man's there at the foot of the bed;  
And he groans and tosses and tumbles about—  
I really wish you would take him out;  
For, you see, he is out of his head,  
And when a man's head is a little light,  
It's queer what silly speeches he'll make;  
And with this and that he has kept me awake  
For more than half of the night.

And another thing, let me tell you, I—  
Stoop, and let me speak in your ear,  
I wouldn't for anything have *him* hear—  
THAT MAN IS GOING TO DIE!

I could sleep, perhaps, but that terrible clock  
Rings like a wood-chopper's axe in the wood;  
And the blood in my veins pounds on with a shock  
Like sea-waves breaking against the rock.

I don't understand you; what did you say?  
I can't any longer see your face,  
And your eyes seem a million miles away.  
I think I am going—to sleep—  
Call me—at five—in that case.

What wonderful shadows, heavy and deep,  
Spin round each other, and crawl and creep!  
They vanish and gather, they pause and glide,  
And dash into mist as they break on me,  
Widening out in quivering rings,  
While low and lower, I slip and slide  
In the fathomless depths of an unknown sea,—  
A region of shapeless, nebulous things,  
A boundless, soundless ocean of air.  
I lose the notion of change and place,  
My body becomes a point in space,  
While I—I seem to be everywhere!

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THE Christian gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article died at Lucerne, in Switzerland, August 26, of typhoid fever, at the age of fifty years. It is hard to speak the fitting eulogy of such a man, because those who did not know him well while living will deem such eulogy extravagant, and those who did will deem the most extravagant praise incompetent and tame. His acquaintances were his friends, and his friends were his brothers. Kind, genial, hearty, faithful, noble and true, he held no relation in life which he did not illustrate with eminent virtues and graces, and no position that he did not adorn with manliness and honor. His associates in business lament his loss as if he had been their father or their elder brother, and his family mourn for him as one who united the strength of paternal affection for them with the ardent, tender, and wholly devoted love of a mother.

Few publishers, as matters go in America, have been able to bring to their business the education and culture which enabled Mr. Scribner to achieve his large success. Indeed, his education was for the law; but he entered early into the publishing business with Isaac D. Baker, and from 1846 until the day of his death, through several changes of business partnership, his history as a publisher has been one of steady growth, so that at last he found himself at the head of one of the largest and most important publishing houses in the United States.

The relations that existed between him and those authors for whom he published were the most cordial that can be imagined. Every author who had these relations with him must feel personally bereft by his death, for he was social and brotherly and considerate, almost beyond parallel. The hand that writes this article will ache with its sense of emptiness through life for lack of the strong grasp that told of a friendship stronger than life and more enduring. Willis, Morris, Headley, Mitchell, Dr. Bushnell, President Porter, the Alexanders, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Shedd—these and multitudes of others found their way to the public through him; and writers universally felt that his name was a most honorable indorsement. When this magazine was projected, his name was given to it as the most hearty expression which his business associates could make of the honor in which they held him, and the title will be continued as a living monumental tribute to his memory. His relations with English authors were very pleasant, many of whom he knew personally during his frequent visits to the old world.

Mr. Scribner's literary judgment was remarkable in many ways. Probably no other publisher living, who has done an equal amount of business, has done it with fewer mistakes. His kindness of heart sometimes led him to undertake projects that his judgment condemned, but he never felt certain of a book that did not succeed. His instincts and insight were very re-

markable. His knowledge of the public taste and the public want was so complete, and his insight into a new book so quick, that he seemed to know at once what could be done with everything that was offered. While disliking the details of business, and shunning contact with the asperities of trade, his ideas and plans of business were large, far-sighted, and comprehensive and liberal in a very eminent degree.

In our November number we propose to present our readers with his portrait, as the frontispiece of the new volume. In the mean time let us remember him as he sat on a memorable evening, a year ago, at the head of his own table with those who were interested in this magazine—publishers, editors and writers before and around him, radiant with hope and hearty hospitality. There he sits in our memory still, and presides over us all at our monthly banquets.

## SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

A MISCHIEF-BREEDING mistake is made when pastors and people fail to establish and maintain between each other a business relation just as independent of the spiritual as it is possible to make it. The physician may be, and in multitudes of instances is, the dearest family friend; but he lives by his profession, and his services have a recognized money value which he expects to receive without a question. He would prefer, perhaps, to render his services without reward, especially to those whom he loves; but he has mouths to feed and provision to make for rainy days, and for the days of helplessness that come at last to all. So, though love and sympathy, and self-denial for love and sympathy's sake may have actuated him in all his daily round of duty, he goes home at night, takes down his blotter, and enters his charges as formally as if he had been selling farm-produce or tin-ware.

There is a feeling in many parishes that it is a gift by whatsoever any pastor may be profited by them,—that a pastor earns nothing, and that in all things he is the beneficiary of the parish. To make this matter a thousand times worse, there are pastors not a few who take the position to which the parishes assign them, and assist in perpetuating the mistake. They are men whose hands are always open to receive whatever comes; who delight in donation parties, and who grasp right and left, with insatiable greed, at gifts. They become so mean-spirited that they do not like to pay for anything, and do not really think it right that they should be called upon to pay for anything. They are sponges upon their people and the community. Wherever they happen to be, they "lie down" on the brethren. There is nothing of value that they are not glad to receive, and there is nobody that they are not glad to be indebted to for favors. Sometimes they are extravagant, and have a graceless way of getting into debt, out of which they are helped yearly, and out of which they expect to be helped yearly. The abject meanness into which a pas-



tor can sink, and the corresponding and consequent powerlessness into which he can descend, find too frequent illustration among the American ministry. It is shocking and sickening that there are some men who seem forced by their parishes to live in this way, and it is still more disgusting to find men who seem tolerably comfortable and contented while living in this way. If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, they should be paid with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for the money he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important. Of what possible use in a pulpit can any man be whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and dirty economies? Every month, or every quarter-day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation to anybody, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction. Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. The office of such a man does not rise in dignity above that of a court-fool. He is the creature of the popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devotes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him.

Good, manly pastors and preachers do not want gifts: they want wages. It is not a kindness to eke out insufficient salaries by donation parties and by benefactions from the richer members of a flock. It is not a merit, as they seem to regard it, for parishes or individuals to do this. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which they are too mean to pay in a business way. The pastor needs it and they owe it, but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place him in an awkward and a false position. The influence of this state of things upon the world that lies outside of the sphere of Christian belief and activity is bad beyond calculation. We have had enough of the patronage of Christianity by a half-scoffing, half-tolerating world. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay, in a business way, for its ministry.

#### THE DIFFICULTY WITH DICKENS.

THE writer who praised Hawthorne's religion (at the expense of all church-going Christendom), by representing it to be so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, has been bothered, it appears, by some private questionings about the Christianity of Mr. Dickens, and has undertaken for the last time to answer such questionings. We are sorry that the lamented novelist is thus summarily judged, because it is possible that his eulogist may obtain suggestions from other pens that will materially assist him in putting the public mind to rest, and in establishing his own position. It is the misfortune of Mr. Dickens' defender that he lives only in a New England atmosphere, where, from time immemorial, the character of a man's faith has decided his reputation for Christianity. There are, however, even in New England, some who think that a man can make a profession of religion in a better place than in his last will and testament, and that there are higher evidences of Christianity than the use of the life of Jesus for artistic purposes. There are even in New England some who look to a man's life and works for evidences of his Christianity, and a few of these are reported to live in and around Boston. Indeed, until we saw this article, we had supposed that the writer was one of that number. "Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?" is the question which he attempts to answer. Now we beg the privilege of suggesting that it is not of the slightest consequence to the world or to Christianity whether Mr. Dickens believed in our Saviour's life and teachings or not. He could do that without having the belief of the least advantage to himself or his fellow-men. The devils believe—and—tremble. Have we any certificate that Mr. Dickens trembled? It should have gone as far as that, at least.

No; if Mr. Dickens was a Christian—and this after all is the real question that the world cares for—there must be better evidences of the fact than appears in the defense under consideration. If he was a Christian, he was fond during his life of Christian people. With as hearty a hatred of sectarianism and bigotry and cant as Mr. Dickens himself ever entertained, we declare in all candor that there are men and women in the world who are informed and moved by the spirit of the Master. They love mankind for His sake. They devote their lives and labors, and yield their hearts' best love to Him. They are pure and sweet and good. They live lives of prayer and benevolence. If Mr. Dickens was a Christian, he loved the society of these people, and was supremely interested in their aims and ends of life. When between these and those who so often invited him to the convivial table he was called upon to choose, he made a Christian choice. So his defender should not have been content to tell what Mr. Dickens believed, but he should have shown by his sympathies with Christian people that he possessed the Christian spirit. He should have shown how he always labored heart and hand with the Christian Church in every good work; how for that religion

which is the hope of the world he spent money and sacrificed time and talents, that its benign influence might be spread among the nations of the earth and the ignorant multitudes of his own nation. His ardent sympathy with Christian missions should have been brought forward, and his love and respect for Christian ministers, as displayed in his novels. If all this had been done, the question would have been more nearly settled than it is.

It may be suggested again that Mr. Dickens' friendliness to Christian reforms would do much, when properly presented, to establish his Christian character before the world.

In the long period of his literary life, during which he had the ear and the heart of the English-reading world, a million men and women—more or less—in Great Britain sank into the miserable grave of the drunkard. The liquor-fiend desolated the kingdom. He burnt up the health and the prosperity of the nation. He instigated murder, robbery, and all forms of cruel violence. He beat women and maimed little children, even before they were born. He assumed all seductive forms, and tempted the young to their ruin. Everywhere his work was degradation, desecration, and destruction. No pen can record—nay, no imagination can picture—the evils—the loathsome horrors—inflicted upon the British nation during those thirty years, by the demon of strong drink. To show how valiantly, how persistently, and how powerfully Mr. Dickens worked to stem the tide of intemperance in his own and other lands, to repeat his words of cheer to all who labored for the suppression of the great curse, to present his immaculate example of abstinence for the sake of one of the least of those who possibly might be helped by it, to picture the noble characters he has left upon his printed pages to represent his ideal temperance reformers—this would certainly be better than to tell what he believed, and would go to show something of the practical power of his belief.

Still again: Mr. Dickens lived during a period when the sanctities of Christian marriage were assailed by pretended revelations and infidel philosophies and bold beastliness. He belonged to a guild whose members had been conspicuously unhappy in their marriage relations. Hundreds of literary men and literary women had separated from their companions, and brought disgrace upon themselves, their class, and the sacred institution whose bonds they so lightly snapped asunder. To such lengths had one of them gone, that, after absorbing the lovely youth of his wife—nay, after having lived with her for twenty years, and seen pillowed in her maternal arms his large family of beautiful children, he decided that her nature was incompatible with his own, and that they must separate—a decision which seems so sadly cruel that we can find no words to give it fitting characterization. To be able to say that in such a time as this Mr. Dickens, though sorely tempted by his own temperance and by the circumstances in which he found himself, stood

with Christian resignation and Christian honor by his vows, would be grand indeed, and would do much to relieve his eulogist of future questions relating to the Christian character of his subject. We marvel that means of vindication so close at hand as these should have been entirely overlooked.

For thirty years we have been an interested reader and a devoted admirer of Charles Dickens. We believe we have appreciated his rare genius and all his good and noble impulses. Kind things have been said of him and his memory in this magazine, and it is only when his self-appointed champions insist on holding him up before the American people as a Christian saint that we feel compelled to protest. If Christianity is something to be bottled up in a last will and testament, or only used for the purposes of art and literature, it is very cheap stuff and is not really worth making much ado about. If it is something which softens, purifies, and elevates character, and reforms and regulates life, it is not at all necessary to inquire what a man believes. If Mr. Dickens yielded his life to the supreme control of Christian motives he was a Christian man; and, for the life of us, we do not see how he could have been otherwise. Nor do we see how we can do better in the attempt to determine this—and we are not responsible for this attempt—than to examine with the eye of common sense the manifestations and outcome of his life.

#### THE IMPROVED AMERICAN.

THOSE Americans who have traveled over Europe during the past three or four years, expecting to be shocked by the vulgar display of their countrymen and countrywomen, and shamed by their gaucheries, have been pleasantly surprised to find their expectations unrealized. The American in Europe is now a quiet person, who minds his own business, takes quickly to the best habits of the country in which he finds himself, pays his bills, and commands universal respect. The vulgar displays on the continent are now made mainly by men who were born there, and who, having made money in America, have returned to their early homes to show themselves and their wealth. These people do more to bring America into disrepute in Germany than all the native Americans have ever done; and many of them, we regret to say, have been sent there by the American government as consuls and other governmental agents whose end in securing such appointments was simply that of commanding respect and position in communities in which neither they nor their friends had ever had the slightest consideration. In railway carriages and diligences and steamers the American is always a courteous and well-behaved person, who bears with good-nature his full share of inconveniences, is heartily polite to ladies of all nationalities, is kind to children, and helpful to all. He and his wife and daughters are invariably more tastefully and appropriately dressed than their English fellow-travelers, and at the *table d'hôte* their manners are irreproachable, while very little that is pleasant

can be said of the "table manners" of the subjects of the Kaiser William. In brief, the traveling American is greatly improved, and it is time that he were relieved of the lampoons of ill-natured correspondents and penny-a-liners, and placed where he belongs—among the best bred of all those who are afloat upon the tide of travel.

Again, those who have visited the various American watering-places during the past season, have not failed to remark that a great change has occurred among the summer pleasure-seekers. At Newport and Saratoga the efforts at vulgar display, which were frequent during the last years of the war and the first of peace, have been entirely wanting. A "stunning toilet" was never trailed through the halls and parlor of the Ocean House but once, by the same person, during the past season. The eminent respectability and quietness of the surroundings were such a rebuke that the wearer disappeared the next morning, or subsided into the universal tone. The vulgar love of the dance and the display which it involves, in all the popular places of resort, have almost entirely disappeared. With the most inspiring bands of music there has been no dancing during the season, except at the small family hotels' in out-of-the-way places. Bathing, driving, walking, rowing, sailing, bowling, and croquet, and pic-nic have given a healthful tone to the sea-side and inland places of recreation, and dress and dancing have been at a discount. People speak of this change as if it were a fashion of the year, but in truth it is the evidence of an improvement in the national character and life. We are less children and more men and women than we were—finer and higher in our thoughts and tastes.

There are other signs of improvement in the American, and these relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful woman in the world. This she is and has been for twenty-five years, without a doubt; and as the circumstances of her life become easier, her labor less severe, and her education better, she will be more beautiful still. America never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she possesses to-day, and there is no doubt that the style of beauty is changing to a nobler type. The characteristic American woman of the present generation is larger than the characteristic American woman of the previous generation. It comes of better food, better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their motherly functions. We venture to say that the remark has been made by

observers thousands of times during the past summer, at the various places of resort, that they had never seen so many large women together before. Indisputably they never had.

The same fact of physical improvement is not so apparent among the men, and the cause is not too far off to be found. It need not be alluded to, however, until something has been said about the reasons of the superior beauty of American women over those of other Christian nationalities. The typical American woman is not, and never has been, a beer-drinking or a wine-drinking woman; and to this fact mainly we attribute her wealth of personal loveliness. In America it has always been considered vulgar for a woman to be fond of stimulating liquors in any form, and horribly disgraceful for her to drink them habitually. As a rule, all over the country the American woman drinks nothing stronger than the decoctions of the tea-table, and those she is learning to shun. She is a being raised to maturity without a stimulant, and as this is the singular, distinguishing fact in her history, when we compare her with the woman of other nations, it is no more than fair to claim that it has much to do with her pre-eminence of physical beauty.

This will appear still more forcibly to be the case when we find that physical improvement in the American man is not so evident as it appears to be in his wife and sister. The American man is better housed, better clothed, and better fed than formerly, but his habits are not better. Our students are done with bran-bread and scant sleep, and are winning muscle and health in the gymnasium; but they smoke too much. The young men in business everywhere understand the laws of health and development better than the generation that preceded them, but they drink too much. This whole business of drinking is dwarfing the American man. It stupefies the brain and swells the bulk of the Englishman and the German, but it frets and rasps and whittles down the already overstimulated American. The facts recently published concerning the enormous consumption of liquor in America are enough to account for the disparity between the degrees of physical improvement that have been achieved respectively by the two sexes. The young American who drinks habitually, or who, by drinking occasionally, puts himself in danger of drinking habitually, sins against his own body beyond the power of nature to forgive. He stunts his own growth to manly stature, and spoils himself for becoming the father of manly men and womanly women. The improved American will not drink, and he will not be improved until he stops drinking.

## THE OLD CABINET.

ONE bright Sunday morning of last July we formed part of the long procession that is to be seen on every pleasant Sabbath of the summer winding its way southward, over the Lebanon Hills, toward the Shaker Settlement. As far as the eye could reach, looking back or straining forward, the road was filled with carriages,—some of them we might have noticed at Central Park a little earlier in the season,—while here and there loomed a country stage fairly brimming with passengers. We knew very well when we had reached the Shaker village by the big, white, factory-like dwelling-houses, with plaited curtains at the windows. The road in front of the meeting-house was as crowded with carriages as Fourteenth street on a Kellogg night; and here, *not* as at the Academy, we men-goats were divided from the women-sheep,—the former entering by a door on the left; the latter passing in on the right, and all being seated by a Shaker usher upon benches ranged one above the other, extending along the road side of the house.

Upon the bench next to the front, staring at the wide painted arch of the ceiling, at the shiny smooth floor, at the large long windows, through the blinds of which the light quivered painfully, and at the vacant benches along the opposite walls—there we sat, with an awful feeling at the heart, wondering what strange thing would happen. And while we stared a door opened on the left, and in trooped a company of—what shall we call them? It was as if Gabriel had blown his horn over just one select little moss-grown grave-yard—and only the women had heard and arisen. Dear ghosts of our grandmothers!—they flitted before us so pale, so sweet, so daintily arrayed for this their resurrection morn!

Then opened another door, and the Shaker brethren stalked in on tiptoe in solemn, grotesque procession—occupying seats opposite the sisters.

At first a pause, but presently the worshipers arise and walk about indifferently—till, in an instant, the moving mass crystallizes into definite form: the sisters and brothers ranged in rows facing each other, the sexes separated near the farther wall by but little space, while the dividing avenue widens out toward the visitors like the letter V. Just to see that company standing there with folded hands! The sisters with their white caps, spotless white kerchiefs crossed upon immaculate bosoms, folded handkerchiefs hanging over prim arms, drab skirts in serene, cast-iron plaits, and high-heeled shoes. The brethren in their sombre, brown-gray suits, long coats, large white turn-down collars, and hair cut straight across the forehead.

Now a brother at the other end of the vis-à-vis—an old fellow with a Duke of Wellington face—steps forward and begins to speak in a subdued, hesitating monotone. He tells what a privilege it is to dwell thus in unity and peace, with all occasions for strife removed; and as he warms a little with his theme his body sways backward and forward, and at every few

words he lifts himself on his toes and comes down upon his heels with a jerk. After the Duke has been delivered of his burden, another and another step out from the men's side, and utter a few sing-song sentences of experience or exhortation—declaring how blessed this oneness of the faithful—praying that they all may be enabled to continue in the angel life. Sitting with closed eyes you might think, for all the world, that you were in an old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting, just before it had reached the hallelujah-point.

Again they wander around and again take sudden shape. This time the whole company stand in rows with their backs to the world's people—all save a single line stretching along the wall, with their faces toward their companions and us.

Another pause, a low, eldritch wail; a few slow twanging notes in solo; a swift, shrilling chorus—and the multitude has started into motion. Those in the single line along the wall hold out their hands, palms up, and beckon, in time with the singing; the same time is kept, both with hands and feet, by the great company of worshipers,—two steps forward toward the wall, then three quick tramps,—right about face,—backward and forward,—now and then five or six sharp claps of the hand, and above all that wild, exultant melody,—“on and on and ever on,” with never a pause between the verses. No bass nor alto. The deep voices of the men, following the air on the lower octaves, make a strange, surging undertone. Shriller and shriller rises the chorus; the dancers sway from side to side; you think you see a brighter glisten in their down-cast eyes, and the faces of some are lit with an inward ecstasy. Others move with a jaunty swing and kick, as if there were a mischievous twinkle under the mask of their stolid features.

“What solemn feelings rise,  
And flow through every sense!  
Who can behold without surprise  
The passing great events?  
This is a glorious day  
Which God hath ushered in;  
And now, his power He doth display,  
To save the soul from sin.

“And we are truly blest,  
With blessings many fold;  
Of many treasures we're possessed,  
More precious far than gold.  
We are blest in many ways,  
We are blest in many things;  
And we enjoy far happier days  
Than princes, lords, or kings.

“Christ is our heavenly head:  
We are fed with angels' food;  
We've all that we can ask or need,  
To make us truly good.  
Then, why should we delay,  
Or any coldness feel?  
Why not press forward on our way,  
With courage, faith, and zeal?

"Let us renew those bands,  
Which bind us to obey  
The Holy Spirit, whose commands,  
Will keep us in the way.  
If we are not secured,  
By truth's pure golden chain,  
We are exposed to be allured,  
And drawn to sin again.

"But, if we still pursue  
The way so bright and pure,  
And persevere till we get through  
And heavenly life secure;  
Then we shall feel and know,  
What now by faith we view;  
A rest, where living waters flow,  
And joy's forever new."

In an instant all is still. Then out of one more scene of apparently inextricable confusion is evolved, with military precision, another figure: a central group, a circle around this, and another circle including all. The pitch is given, the hymn is started, and the circles move in opposite directions, with bewildering effect. The outer circle is so large that the Shaker plaits and homespun brush, in passing, against worldly flounces and broadcloth.

O those lovely old women demurely skipping by with that queer flopping of the hands—what are they doing here? Why aren't they crooning over the cradles of their grandchildren, or brightening homely firesides with the light of their sweet, motherly old faces. The pink-checked girl that just went past, did you notice (or was it only our imagination) that wistful glance toward the world's girls on the benches? What wizened, hopeless faces are these that follow!

And the men—representatives of all classes and kinds! Wellingtons, Benjamin Franklins, French Revolutionists of the Robespierre type; a dreamy-eyed Robert Falconer; a comfortable old Methodist presiding elder; a Continental soldier; and once in a while a countenance almost idiotic.

There were other dances. In the midst of one exercise a cry went up that made us start: "O, I'm glad I can live the angel life here below!" piped a small brother on the left. He went off into a nervous paroxysm and stood shaking for what seemed many minutes with fearful violence. But none of the worshipers appeared at all disturbed by the eccentricity of the little brother who loved the angel life. From what we heard afterwards, we suppose they were used to him.

After a while the backless benches—which had been piled at each end of the room—were brought out and the brothers and sisters sat down facing each other, with their handkerchiefs spread over their knees.

Then a dark-browed brother, with a very dignified bearing, and a sadness in his large eyes, came forward and took up his position in front of us poor sinners. So we poor sinners turned and looked upon ourselves. It was a contrast striking enough. There all was "gray and melancholy" as the ocean waste. Here bloomed a terraced parterre of richest flowers. But to the eyes of that stern prophet as he stood gazing full upon us, the contrast was deeper, more portentous, pitiful.

He thanked us for the respect we had shown their worship; he told how this little band was striving to imitate Christ; to follow the example of the early church; to live the angel life, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. He flashed into eloquence when he pointed to the sin and misery within the shadow of our splendid cathedrals; his lip curled with scorn as he spoke of our preaching peace with the bullet. Others of the brethren made short addresses in a similar strain, after which the service was declared ended.

Wasn't the dancing funny? and how could we keep from laughing? It was the funniest thing that ever we beheld—and we never, in our lives, felt less inclined to laughter. If the greatest jokers of all ages had united in devising the most consummely comical exhibition that could by any means be devised; if they had invented the quaintest costumes in the world and hung them upon the most outlandish set of people under the canopy; if they had succeeded in inducing these people to comport themselves in the most ridiculous manner possible, they could not have produced a divertissement more exquisitely absurd than the Shaker dance. And yet there was a wonderful pathos and charm about it—something of the same atmosphere that makes Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle a "thing of beauty and a joy forever,"—though many go away from the play, as well as from the service, with a memory only of the fun.

But besides the tender quaintness of it, there was an unutterable sadness—a horrible sense of error and misdirection. O, the least melancholy sight of all, that poor idiot face—those long, imbecile fingers, with their weary, pathetic beckoning.

This does not oppress you so strongly while you are under the influence of the spell. It is when you are riding home through God's green and lovely world, and the birds chirp and flit among the branches over your heads,—God's own world, full of all harmonies of sound and color. Then the Shaker song rings in your memory, uncanny, mournful,—the Shaker life, with its selfish self-denial, stands before you, barren, false, ungodly.



## HOME AND SOCIETY.

## BEST PARLORS.

PEOPLE just returned from Europe are apt to say (and to be laughed at for saying), "You can't think how it strikes us that there is no 'society' here at home. There are balls enough, and dinners; we drink tea with our relations, and in the country partake of fifteen kinds of cake at the sewing-circle. But of 'society,' as the word is understood abroad, there is none,—no habit of reunion—no necessity for social life. People enough there are, and nice people too, but they are all so dreadfully busy. They accept an occasional party as dire necessity, and repay the obligation at stated intervals, as they settle their butcher's bill. But they do not even pretend to find pleasure in it. Each family is entrenched within itself, and sits habitually with drawbridge up, and doors barred to the outer world. And yet 'tis pity, with such good material for better things. There are 'bricks' enough and to spare in our highly-favored land, but mortar is wanting to make them adhere together."

Such is the wail which breaks from many a returned traveler. And though we may scold and resent, it were vain to deny some reason at the bottom of these Jeremiads. Something *is* lacking,—which those of us unacquainted with Paris *salons* miss. Our homes are the narrower that they do not more easily open to receive outsiders, not every day nor all days perhaps—due space must be left for family privacies—but frequently, liberally, and without effort.

No formal entertainment and invitation should be needful. Let it once be understood that a pleasant family are regularly at home on certain evenings of the week and happy to see their friends, and the rest follows as a matter of course. People come for the pleasure of coming—come to meet other people—come to enjoy the atmosphere which any home worthy the name diffuses over a far wider circle than that which daily gathers about its hearth-stone. And there is real education and growth, especially for the young, in society like this; none whatever in a yearly ball, heralded by printed cards and Delmonico's *menu*, and wound up by a flourish of trumpets in the *Social Slop-Jar*.

These evening reunions were the animus of the Paris *salon* in the days of its glory. Society was compacted and welded into form by constant attrition. "How can I fail to know him well," said the old Marquise, "when for twenty-six years I have passed five evenings a week in his society?"

But how if the mistress of the *salon* had spent her time habitually in the basement dining-room, and only when the bell rang to answer visitors, had hurried upstairs to change her cap and send a maid to light the gas? Would these pleasant little circles have been so apt to convene? And precisely here it is that the "best parlor" question comes in.

Almost every American house possesses one of these

dreadful altars, erected to what unknown goddess it is impossible to guess. It is a *Bogy*, before whom from time to time people burn gas in chandeliers of fearful design;—to whom are dedicated flagrant carpets, impossible oil paintings, furniture too gorgeous for common day and shrouded therefrom by customary Holland. Musty smells belong to this Deity, stiffness, angles, absence of sunlight. The visitor, entering, sees written above the portal: "Who enters here abandons—conversation." What is there to talk about in a room dark as the Dombaniel, except where one crack in a reluctant shutter reveals a stand of wax flowers under glass, and a dimly descried hostess, who evidently waits only your departure to extinguish that solitary ray? The voice instinctively hushes; the mind finds itself barren of ideas. A few dreary commonplaces are exchanged, then a rise, a rustle, the door is gained and the light of the blessed sun; you glance up in passing—flap goes the blind, inner darkness is again resumed, *Bogy* has it all his own way, and you thank your stars that you have done your duty by the Browns for at least a twelvemonth!

And yet, upon this dismal apartment, which she hates and all her acquaintances hate, poor Mrs. Brown has lavished time and money enough to make two rooms charming. For ugly things cost as much as pretty ones,—often more. And costly ugliness is, as Mrs. Brown would tell you, a "great responsibility to take care of." What with the carpet which mustn't get faded, the mirrors which mustn't get fly-specked, the gilding which mustn't be tarnished, there is nothing for it but to shut the room up to darkness and all dull influences. And as families are like flies and *will* follow the sun, the domestic life comes to be led anywhere rather than in the best parlor, and the "taboo" which Mrs. Brown proclaims is easily enforced.

And yet this very Mrs. Brown is quick to recognize the difference when in other people's homes she is shown a cosy and pleasant room. She sits on a chintz sofa in her velvet and ermine, and glances half enviously at the tinted walls hung with photographs, at the sparkling little fire in the grate, the windows gay with sun and green things, the book-cases and tables loaded with volumes. "How I admire an open fire," she says. "But doesn't it make a great deal of dust? And your plants, too—I can't think how you make them grow so well in a *parlor*."

"A little Croton and plenty of sun is all the secret," she is told.

"Oh, but how dreadfully faded your carpet must get," she goes on. "Such quantities of books, too. Well, I should like to have such things!"

It does not occur to the good lady that for the price of one of those useless mirrors which cost her such anxiety and rubbing with chamois-skin, a choice company of poets, philosophers, and sages could be won to sit forever at her side, informing her with their wisdom.

Or that for a tithe of the same her fireless grate would sparkle with Cannel coal for a winter long. Her furniture, her carpets, the dullness of her home, are encumbrances truly, but encumbrances which she bears willingly and would not be without.

And people having the right to live pretty much as they please, so long as they violate no law of the land, it would matter little, except that there are so many Browns and so many best parlors, that society is seriously affected thereby. For a system which necessitates great and troublesome changes in family arrangement whenever a guest comes, tends to narrowness and inhospitality. If the covers must be taken off the furniture, the plated spoons go up stairs and the silver ones come down, the best china be lifted from a top shelf, upon the arrival of each friend, be sure that friend will seldom arrive. Only when what Mrs. Stowe calls "a good liberal average" is established as a rule over all houses, will hearty interchange of social courtesies begin, and the communion of friends, face to face, be regarded as a pleasure rather than a toil.

To those of us who have been tasting the summer in the sweet breadth and freedom of the country, our homes will seem dull and straitened enough as we re-enter them. Now is the time, before the old habitual scales blind our eyes, to look about with anointed vision, and see how these homes can be brightened and broadened—made more like that lovely out-door home to which Nature welcomes each new-comer. Above all, let us cast out the "Best Parlor." To the sacred enclosure once called by that name, let us bring our daintier tasks of letter-writing, needle-work, study. Let the walls be beautified with every simple ornament within our reach—the windows opened to receive the sun, and vines and roses set to catch his shining. And over the door once sacred to "Bogy" let us write "Welcome." And so the last shadow of the Bogy will depart, and our homes be very homes indeed.

"From turret to foundation stone."

#### FOREST FURNISHINGS.

BUT before returning to these homes of ours, it behooves us to open our hands for those last gifts which Nature, pitiful as it were over the dull days to come, holds out to our acceptance. "Don't talk to me of ugly rooms and narrow purses," she seems to say; "here are my store-houses full of furniture to be had for nothing. Walk in, pick and choose; I love to give to those who know how to take. Carry off what you like and much as you like, and let your homes be, if possible, as pretty as I make mine."

So hearkening the sweet invitation, in we go. The door is open (when, indeed, is it ever shut?), the shelves are filled with treasures. No one watches us—none search our pockets as we go away. Let us see what we can find.

A great roll of birch-bark first, out of which as many things can be made as from the cocoa-nut tree. It shall give us simple baskets to hold our ferns and pressed leaves, dainty ones braided with ribbon for

needle-work or netting; a passe-partout to enclose a woodland sketch, drawing-board for some small vignettes in pen and ink, napkin-rings of all devices, Cologne-stands, handkerchief cases. Patience and ribbon will fail ere we exhaust the variety.

Next a spreading fungus of the "bracket" species catches our eye as it grows in the side of a tree-trunk. This shall be nailed above a rustic table we wot of, and upon it shall stand a wine-glass full of rich, black earth, in which a maiden-hair shall rear and nod its delicate fronds.

And now we come to beds of many-hued mosses, gold-flecked, scarlet-tipped, pale green, deep green, umber-brown. Here we make a long pause. Carefully we lift them in soft masses, and with them all sorts of forest treasures: michella, cranberry-vine, tiarellas with leaves of frosted silver, tiny ferns, Linnea sprays, which, planted in an ox-muzzle basket, and a wooden bowl stained and varnished, shall ornament our two south windows, and twinkle with life and growth when all the world is white with snow.

What is the gray sphere on that low bush? A hornet's-nest, by all that is lucky. Its quarrelsome colony have long since departed and left it to us. This we must have, and a mossy bough to hold it. Far away in the city we are aware of some southern moss which will serve as further drapery. It will be a troublesome thing to carry, certainly; but never mind—a perfect hornet's-nest is too great a "find" to be neglected.

Then a basketful of lichens and dry mosses for the window-box, and a handful of cup-moss, of which a glowing bank reveals itself upon an old log. And oh, treasure of treasures! here are rose-fungi, pansy-shaped, veined like rarest agates. Lift the exquisite things with careful—careful fingers.

Now we plunge into a whirlpool of color. The woods are all so ablaze with reds and crimsons, with orange, purple, paly gold, that the dazzled eye cannot for a while select. We dip and dive, we break large boughs and little boughs, we shriek and exclaim. No careful pressing shall they have, but simply dried under a weight, and, mixed with fresh ground pine, they will make our rooms all glorious at Christmas.

Blessed Christmas! Thinking of the day we cannot heap our hands too full of leaves, or of the bright brown fir-cones which go so beautifully with them. How either is to be carried home we know not—have them we must.

And so, perplexed at the burden of our riches, we slowly journey toward. But when all is safely housed, and each treasure has taken its appointed place on wall, and shelf, and bracket, then our reward comes. Summer sits by our side and charms Winter away; and when after long months her robes grow dusty, and the sweet smile fades from her face, lo! open window and robin's-song proclaim that Spring is at the door; and in freshest garb dear Summer comes back, and we dream that it was but a dream that she ever left us.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

FRENCH LITERATURE is just now threatened with a shower of memoirs from notabilities who are endeavoring to justify their course in the respective complications in which they were but recently involved. Those of Ollivier are promised immediately. The ex-Minister is in retirement at the foot of Mont Blanc, busily engaged in the hopeless task of purifying his ministerial Augean stable. Benedetti is similarly employed in the Island of Corsica, and there fails but the story of Gramont to a clear comprehension of the measures that turned France into a devastated field covered with corpses and ruins. As for the master of these three destroyers of the peace of France, he clearly feels that he has washed his hands of all the responsibility, in the famous circular that he issued in his captivity at Wilhelmshöhe, in which he declared Ollivier to be one of the principal and greatest causes of the misfortunes of France and the Empire. The journalistic literature of the French capital has recovered from the terror of the Commune, and is now unwisely engaged in publishing letters from correspondents in various parts of Germany, detailing the dissatisfaction of the various German States at the supremacy of Prussia. Hanover is represented as on the eve of revolt, and Saxony is about to reassert its nationality, so that Bismarck is on the eve of interfering with the last argument of tyrants, and annexing both these countries as simple provinces of Prussia. Such stories sound pleasant to French ears, but they are simply siren songs, from which they would do well to turn and listen to the more pressing needs of their own suffering country.

GERMAN LITERATURE has been enriched by a new epic of the late war that is attracting the attention of the entire nation, and seems likely to gain for itself a lasting foothold in the classical literature of the country. It is termed *The Lay of the New German Empire*, and its fortunate author is Oscar von Redwitz, a favorite poet of the people, but one who had not hitherto scaled the loftiest summit of Parnassus. The miraculous success of the German armies seems to have inspired him, and the clear stream of his verses runs with a purity and beauty worthy of the Rhine that he sings and the deeds that he lauds. The poem tells the story of a volunteer who fought in the German war of Liberation against Napoleon, in 1813, and was afterwards imprisoned in his own country as a dangerous liberal, in the period of reaction that followed. The war of 1870 finds him a gray-headed physician, sending his son into the field, while he and two daughters enter the hospitals and care for the wounded. This son sends home letters from France telling of the deeds of German soldiers, and of his recognition by "Our Fritz," after bravery in the field. In the most fervent strains the old man now sings of the victories and the victors that honor his fatherland, and when William the King returns as William the Emperor of United Germany, he sees fulfilled the most ardent dreams of his youth, for which he fought and suffered. But, like

Moses, he is simply permitted to have a glance into the Promised Land from the mountain-top: he dies, and leaves his story as a last will and testament to be told to his country when the festive bells are proclaiming the glad tidings of peace. The Emperor, Bismarck, and Von Moltke have sent to the poet the most flattering testimonials of their appreciation of the merits of the poem, and the entire German people are now joining in tributes of praise: a circumstance all the more remarkable from the fact that the author is a South German now living in Munich. Within a few weeks several editions have been sold.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION" has at last made its way into "Free Italy" from the northern lands of Europe. The literary reviews and journals are discussing the eligibility of women to the ballot and all other State privileges of the male sex, and whatever differences of opinion exist in regard to these matters, all intelligent men concede that the era has arrived for a far higher grade of education of women in Italy, and especially for taking it out of the hands of monks and nuns, and from convent walls. In accordance with these views the lawyer Campeggi lately read in Genoa a series of lectures before the Society for Literature and Entertainment, in which he opened up to his countrymen the views and theories of John Stuart Mill. In the discussion which followed, it was quite evident that nearly all the members were in favor of a forward movement in regard to the women of their country. The president of the association expressed the wish that Italian women might soon be admitted to all privileges and duties for which their physical and moral capacities fit them. Correnti, the Minister of Instruction, has just delegated two ladies to visit the schools and convents of the Neapolitan Provinces, and report in regard to them. A seminary for female instruction of a higher order has just been opened in Milan, in the curriculum of which we find a course of lectures on moral philosophy by a lady—Signora Morzoni.

CAVOUR, the greatest of modern Italian statesmen, is receiving renewed attention from his countrymen since the realization of his prophetic utterances regarding a "Free Church in a Free State." Dupré, of Siena, the most celebrated of living Italian sculptors, has just finished a monument in marble to his memory. It is a colossal work, consisting of two parts—a foundation and superstructure: the crowning group is formed by Cavour and Italia, the latter a female figure sunken to the ground and being lifted up by him. The foundation supports two groups; one of these represents Statesmanship, a female figure with the head inclined to the left while the eyes turn to the right. She is supported by two boys, one of whom, with a sword behind his back, represents Diplomacy, and the other, with the torch in hand, Revolution. The other group consists of the female figure of Independence, holding a broken chain in her right hand. Two boys stand

close by her, one seeking protection, and the other bravely offering combat. Other half-reclining figures portray Strength and Military Discipline, while bass-reliefs indicate the Crimean War and the Congress of Paris,—the whole being a rare allegorical history of the great Italian's life, genius, and deeds.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT is at times a very unruly and impatient assembly, but when its President, with his clear, ringing voice, announces that the "Chancellor of the Empire" has the floor, a death-like stillness suddenly follows the confused humming and buzzing of voices. The members hasten to their places from the extreme corners of the hall, and very soon a buzzing fly would be called to order. Bismarck rises at the call of the chair; in his whole figure he stands before the waiting assembly, and the man to whose voice all Europe listens with anxiety, cannot in this moment divest himself of a certain timidity. His face grows paler, and he seems with difficulty to suppress his well-known anxious cough. The thumb and index-finger of the right hand soon find their way to his stately moustache, over which they glide right and left. He has important tidings to convey—perhaps a definitive treaty of peace. His tone is monotonous as are the muscles of the face immovable; his nervous fingers alone need occupation; sometimes they play with the buttons of his uniform, and anon with the papers that cover his green table. Now they seize the long steel shears with uneasy haste, and these flash and glitter so nervously that he seems to be handling them as a weapon, while he at times during the speech opens and shuts them. The Berliners maintain that Bismarck is a poor orator, and so he is, measured by ordinary standards; but his simple and concise speech is imposing, and his voice, with its clear, clarionet tones and distinct enunciation, possesses a penetrating precision that never fails to reach its goal and effect its purpose. It may be monotonous as a horizontal line, but it goes in the same direct way to its object. His words are like blows of the hammer on the head of the nail, or like the sharpened wedge that stays forever where it is once driven.

RICHARD WAGNER, the great musical composer, has a marvelous "event" on his hands—one that smacks a little of Gilmore. He has composed in verse and note what he calls a "Festive Opera," bearing the name of the "King of the Nibelungs." It is to be brought out in Baireuth, the birthplace and home of Jean Paul Richter, in the summer of 1873. For this purpose a special theater is to be constructed. The most celebrated musicians and singers of Germany, to be chosen by Wagner, are to assemble there in the early summer and devote two full months of undivided attention to its preparation and rehearsal, and those who know Wagner's intensity in his artistic labors, understand what this means. An association of Wagner's friends and admirers have already subscribed about \$300,000 towards the enterprise, and a great deal more is to be raised by means of certificates of patronage, at \$300 a-piece, which give to the bearer

the right of entrance to all the performances. These are to open with several special occasions for the principal patrons of the enterprise, and then the piece is to be seen nightly through several weeks, so that the performers will need to spend at least three months in the undertaking. Wagner is very popular in Bavaria, where for a time he was supposed to control the king, who is an ardent lover of music. There he may be successful, but it is quite doubtful whether he will receive the hearty support of other parts of Germany.

WEBER'S FREISCHÜTZ, the greatest of all German operas, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, or jubilee, in Berlin. It was first brought out in 1821, and nowhere has it been presented with such wealth of scenic effect and genuine artistic talent as in this city. It has become the favorite opera of every stage in the civilized world where a love for music has extended; and now, after fifty years of success wherever German music is appreciated, the artists of Berlin have exerted their utmost talent to present it with a splendor and finish hitherto unattained. The influence of Weber's music has been largely increased by its lovely melodies, and since the great German capital has set the example, we shall doubtless see a revival of *Der Freischütz* on all the German boards, if not everywhere throughout the musical world.

THERE are said to be about eighty-three of *Raphael's Madonnas* still extant—pictures that may with certainty be declared genuine. Of these the native country of the famous painter has just lost the fifty-first, in this wise: It is the small one known as the "*Madonna del libro*," painted on wood, a jewel of Raphael's youth and the pearl of the gallery of Perugia, which has all been for some time offered for sale. The struggle for the little treasure was a severe one, as the Italian government wished to prevent its being taken outside of the country. Injunctions and confiscations were made use of, but these were not sustained by the courts. At last the Emperor of Russia offered no less than 330,000 francs for it if the bargain was concluded within twenty-four hours, as he wished to use it as a birthday present to the Empress. The government called a cabinet meeting to consult as to the crisis, but could neither outbid the Emperor nor prevent the sale. The only consolation the Italians have is the fact that no picture of Raphael ever brought so enormous a price. The famous Madonna of Dresden brought 53,000 francs in the last century. Its present worth, according to this sale of the *Madonna del libro*, would be simply fifty millions.

A COLLECTION OF GEMS in Vienna is attracting the attention of artists, tourists, and even European governments. Bichler, the collector, has just published an exhaustive catalogue of its contents. He began his purchases in Naples in 1830, and in a few years, while on his travels, succeeded in bringing together many valuable and pretty things. Since that time he has labored assiduously, and his collection now consists of more than eight hundred of the most valuable and interesting cameos and intaglios, that are nearly all set



in gold as rings, pins, or medallions. Bichler has gems of all periods, ancient as well as modern: Egyptian, Persian, Etruscan, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, etc. The collection is considered very rare and valuable.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PEASANTS have gained such fame by their well-known Passion-play that they are this summer trying their hand at something of a patriotic order. In one of the most beautiful spots of the Bavarian mountains they have fitted up a rustic stage for the representation of the great deeds of the late European struggle. The scenery is very simple, and the large native audience takes the part of the chorus in the ancient Greek tragedy. In their presence one or several soldiers of the war relate some of its principal episodes, that are woven into the form of poems. At the close of each poem the entire chorus or audience strikes up one of the best known national hymns, and in this way replies to the impression produced by the story. The first description represents the departure of the soldier from his quiet valley, and the last his return to his home as a conquering hero. The space is of course filled up with the thrilling events between Weissenburg and Paris or Orleans. The thought seems to have found its inception among the peasants, and they alone share in the performance, which is conducted with as much simplicity and fervor as the famous one that has lately attracted the attention of the world.

It really seemed quite hopeless to decide whether it was a right rib or a left rib of Adam out of which Eve was made, especially as Adam's sons as well as Eve's daughters regularly have seven ribs on each side of the body. But J. Beswick-Perrin, who has been studying human skeletons, has found some half-dozen cases in which an eighth true rib occurs, and in each case it is found on the right side of the body. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Beswick-Perrin that it was the eighth left rib out of which man's help-meet (if Richard Grant White will pardon the word) must have been made, nor yet the further deduction that it was the loss of a left rib which gave the advantage of strength to the other side of the body. But for Eve, man would have been ambidextrous! But, on the other hand, we should never have heard the blissful words, "You will please join your *right* hands," which ought to reconcile us to the comparative lack of vigor on that side of the body which has lost a rib to gain an Eve. Will it be believed that Mr. Beswick-Perrin does not see the significance of that constant occurrence on the right side of the supernumerary rib, but refers the whole matter, in Darwinian phrase, to "reversion," and talks about a chimpanzee which he found with eight ribs (on both sides), and the lower monkeys, which have from eight to ten? But we discard the gorillas and cling to our help-meets—our beautiful left eighth ribs!

A BOOK has just appeared whose motto is the dying declaration of Madame Roland, "O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" and its title, *Paris under the Commune; or, The Seventy-three Days of the Second Siege*. Its author is John Leighton, a well-known artist, connected with France by ties of long

residence, taste, etc.; and, as may be supposed, the illustrations are a unique feature of the book. They comprise numerous sketches taken on the spot during the long agony of the investment, portraits from the original photographs (now interdicted in Paris) of the heroes of the Commune, and, in a word, all that artistic talent could observe itself, or gather from other sources, characteristic of the time of the shipwreck of society, when the ordinary relations of things were reversed. They exceed one hundred in number, and give to the book, independent of its literary claims, a permanent and enduring value.

THE impetus given to the cause of National Education in England by recent legislation is noticeable in various instances, and has borne fruit in a professional direction by calling forth an excellent and elaborate *Classified Catalogue of School, College, Classical, Technical, and General Educational Books, in Use in Great Britain in 1871*. It is formed from the various issues of nearly one hundred and fifty publishers, and comprises between eight and nine thousand separate works, whose titles are so arranged that all the works applicable to the study of any given subject may be seen at a glance, with their sizes, prices, &c. There is a prevalent opinion in the United States that its school-books are superior to those of any other country. As affording a key to the Educational Literature of England, the Catalogue may furnish means of testing the truth of this idea. It may be useful to mention that the formation of a Library of School-Books is one of the features included in the multifarious institutions of South Kensington; all the books in this Catalogue (nine-tenths of the whole number probably) to be found in this library are so marked, and may be consulted there. In the natural process of "wear and tear," and the absence of any care for their preservation, the school-books of the past ages of England have in a great measure disappeared, thereby causing gaps in the history of culture now irretrievable. This will be remedied in future by the institution just mentioned.

A NOBLE tribute has been paid to the genius of George Cruikshank, by the publication of the *Illustrated Catalogue of his Works*. Its price, and the small number of copies produced (135 only), necessarily confine it to a very limited circle of amateurs; but for the million a work is published affording even a broader range of illustrations of the artist's unrivalled flow of humor, fun, and exquisite perception of character, as shown in all ages, of each sex, under the circumstances common to the great mass of English life. *Cruikshank's Comic Almanac*, complete, in two thick volumes, comprises a perfect chronicle of London life for nineteen years—from 1835 to 1853. Originally published in a separate state, they are now combined as above and include nearly one thousand etchings and woodcuts by the inimitable artist. The literature was contributed by the well-known pens of Albert Smith, Thomas Hood, etc. Two of Thackeray's stories, *The Fatal Boots* and *Cor's Diary*,



were written expressly for Cruikshank's Almanac, and are only to be found with the illustrative etchings. As a magazine of graphic and literary humor, fun, frolic, and eccentricity, there is no equal to these two portly volumes.

THE deficiency of English literature in books of personal and literary anecdote has been often admitted. An effort in the right direction to supply it is made by *The Book of Authors, a Collection of Criticisms, Anecdotes, Personal Descriptions, &c.*, wholly referring to English men of letters in every age of English literature, by W. Clark Russell. Mr. Russell is a son of the Henry Russell whose songs delighted us twenty years ago and will never become obsolete. His book shows a wide range of reading, and a happy talent for selecting the word or sentence likely to strike the fancy and dwell in the memory of the readers.

ONE of the most important Theological books lately published unquestionably is, *History of Protestant Theology, viewed in its Fundamental Movement, and in Connection with the Religious, Moral, and Intellectual Life*, by Dr. J. A. Dorner, Professor of Theology at Berlin (translated by Rev. George Ritson, of Inverness, and Sophia Taylor), already well known to English and American theologians by his great work on Christology. Dr. Dorner appeals to their common sympathies in this present book. Its origin is due to a Historical Commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, under whose auspices is undertaken a complete History of Science (in its widest sense) in Germany, comprising twenty-five separate histories. Of these the *History of Protestant Theology* was intrusted to Dr. Dorner, and the distinguished reception this work has met with more than justifies the choice.

Though of course dealing at greater length with the German portion of its subject, the aim of the book is to treat of Protestantism as a whole, and to show how its two grand divisions, the British and American, and German churches, rest on the same foundation, have gone through identical experiences, and by paths different and even apparently opposed, have in view the same end, namely, the carrying out of the great work of the Reformation by the construction of an Evangelical Christendom, or comprehensive church, by the side of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. Histories of this kind, where the subject is comprehended as an organic whole, and each portion or separate development falls into its proper place in the general scheme conceived by the author, are not to be found in English literature (unless, perhaps, Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences* is the exception); that they require a class of intellect above that of the mere narrator of events is obvious, and Dr. Dorner's will be found one of the most masterly works of its species.

Another Theological enterprise must be noticed, the commencement of the translation of the chief *Works*

of *St. Augustine*, a series undertaken in connection with the Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, published by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, now nearing its completion, and, by its success, giving rise to the edition of *St. Augustine*. Volumes I. and II., now published, comprise a version of the famous Treatise, *The City of God*, by Rev. Marcus Dods, A.M. It is surprising that two hundred and fifty years should have elapsed since this great work was last made accessible to the English reader in the folio of 1620. Written at the moment the sword of Alaric had shattered the inviolability of Rome, when men's hearts were failing them, and the firm ground beneath their feet seemed to tremble in the wreck of worn-out faiths and institutions, St. Augustine, with an eloquence that rises with high argument, points out the contrast between the earthly and heavenly city, enforcing his theme with so much use of the circumstances of the time that the historical and ethical value of his work are equally remarkable.

It is almost too early yet for detailed announcements of the books of the next publishing season to be given. Some important works are, however, mentioned, as Mr. Grote's *Aristotle*, a companion to his *Plato*. This is unfortunately not completed. It will be given to the world, however, in the state it was left by the author, during November next, and will form two volumes octavo. A new book by the author of the *History of Architecture*, Jas. Ferguson, is sure to command attention, particularly when it relates to one of the subjects of the day—Prehistoric Archaeology. It is entitled *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries, their Ages and Uses*, and will form one volume, octavo, with over 200 illustrations.

*The Subterranean World* is the title of a book now shortly to appear, by Dr. George Hartwig, the distinguished naturalist, author of *The Sea and its Living Wonders, &c.* It will form a handsome octavo, copiously illustrated by maps and wood cuts. *A History of the Gothic Revival, an attempt to show how far the taste for Mediæval Architecture was retained in England during the last two centuries, and has been redeveloped in the present*, is by the accomplished author of *Hints on Household Taste*, Charles L. Eastlake. It has been long in preparation, but may be expected this autumn. The number and beauty of the illustrations will make it very attractive to lovers of art as an ornamental book, independently of the interest of this subject; this, indeed, has as much reference to the state and prospects of architecture in America as in the mother country. The great treatise on *Spectrum Analysis, containing the researches of the German and English Discoverers*, Dr. H. Scheller and Dr. William Huggins, and treating the subject both in its application to terrestrial substances and the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, cannot fail to become the standard work in the novel branch of science it relates to. It is promised for the coming autumn.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

## A TALK ABOUT TEACHING.

Wise old Noah Webster used to ridicule the notion that children should be taught only what they can understand. He remembered through life many things that he learned as meaningless words when a boy, and afterwards understood as his experience widened. What happened to him would happen to other children; wherefore he advised teachers and parents to store the children's minds with the raw material of knowledge, when their time was of little value, and trust to after-experience to furnish the interpretation.

On our way to school, years ago, we used to pass a thicket of pines on a hill-side, a "section" that had been left when the adjoining fields were cleared. Night and morning in autumn we were sure of a run after a chip-muk or a squirrel as he scampered along the rail-fence to or from a clump of oaks in the clearing, whence he carried his winter supplies to his retreat in the thicket. The pines were cut away, and directly there sprang up a growth of oaks, the seeds of which had been imported by the squirrels. Pine woods, we are told, are frequently followed by growths of oak thus planted. But would a timber-grower be justified in trusting his crop to the chance droppings of squirrels? Or would a wise man strew acorns in a pine forest, and trust to its possible clearing and the possible development of conditions suitable for the growth of oaks before the acorns were rotten? Yet that would be quite as reasonable as the method of "planting" knowledge approved by Dr. Webster, and practiced by teachers the world over. Incomprehensible instruction does stick sometimes, it is true; and sometimes the child happens to have the experience required for its conversion into fruitful knowledge: but the chances are against such a contingency. The time might better be devoted to work really suited to the child's age and development,—to multiplying the number and increasing the range of his experiences,—to teaching him how to get and how to use knowledge, whether acquired first-hand from men and things, or second-hand from books.

"Exactly so," puts in Professor Tellenhau, of the National Normal University. "That is just what we teach. Dr. Webster and his 'cramming' followers have had their day. The teachers that come from *our* hands are trained in a different method. *Educo*, you know: the teacher must 'draw out'—"

Pardon, worthy Professor; but your *educo*-theory is as bad as *cram*. Not that your etymology is wrong (though it has been questioned), but it is too much to ask of the opinionated Nineteenth century—"heir of all the ages," and all that—to accept a doctrine just because some old pagans, who never dreamed of a Normal School, implied it in their word-making. If children were born into the world with a man's allowance of mind, needing only to learn how to use its powers, the drawing-out theory would have some

foundation in the eternal verities. But such does not appear to be the case. The teacher must make mind as well as train it to skillful action. A fully developed man has a muscular organization capable of evolving the power required in lifting five hundred pounds. He has likewise a nervous organization capable of controlling that power, and of generating the power required in solving a problem in mathematics, inventing a machine, or composing a poem. The new-born babe has neither organization, and is able to do none of these things. It is a mere bundle of possibilities,—of germs of capacity, which, under favorable conditions of aliment and exercise, will develop a complex organization capable of exerting all the powers of humanity. Its endowment of mental power is like its endowment of physical power—a promise. The schoolmaster's business is to make the fulfillment of that promise certain, chiefly with regard to mental power. He must provide the conditions best suited to the development of the nascent powers committed to his care. One of these conditions, primarily the most important one, is joyful activity of sense. Action and passion—using the last word with its ancient meaning—are the great educators. Prevent these in any degree, as by destroying or obstructing any of the avenues of communication between the child and the outer world, and you prevent by so much its normal development of mind. Feebleness of mind is inseparable from obtuseness of sense, whether arising from physical malformation or insufficient culture. This is shown in an extreme degree in the case of idiots. They are literally senseless. On the other hand, quickness and keenness of sense are ever correlated with quickness and keenness of wit. And with healthy children as with imbeciles, the proper exercise of the senses is the primary and always the most efficient means of developing mental power.

By the time the child comes to the hands of the teacher it has brought its senses to bear more or less on all surrounding objects. Within a variable limit it can discriminate the qualities of things, and can command a respectable number of names for things, their qualities and conditions. It has gained also a multitude of unnamed experiences, more or less acuteness of sense, and no slight mental power. The teacher's true business is to take up and carry on systematically the course the child has thus far pursued in a hap-hazard sort of way. He should vary it only to regulate it by a purpose which knows the end from the beginning, and seeks chiefly to cultivate right habits of thought and action, and to gratify the growing desire for knowledge by its appropriate rewards.

Letters, with their various shapes and sounds and uses, are certainly adapted to this stage of the child's progress; but they are not the only, nor in all respects the best objects to begin with. Things that the child is already somewhat familiar with, and interested in,

are better. An average boy will learn "A is an Agate" with indifferent zeal, caring more for the agate than for A. As a means of inciting thought, of developing brain-power, the agate is much the better object of the two. Try it and see. We are talking to teachers now, parental or other, and fall inevitably into the pedagogic style. Our "object" is, let us suppose, one of those particolored globes of glass that the boys call agates and play marbles with. At first sight the pupil will see that it is marked with various colors. Point to a particular portion; what does it look like? The boy thinks,—that is, he reviews his store of perceptions as memory holds them, compares one and another with the present perception, singles out the nearest counterpart to it,—and decides that the specified part of the agate looks like (say) *ice*, or rock-candy, or what not. In that flash of time he has called into exercise perception, memory, comparison, judgment. It is by such exercises, and such chiefly, that mind is developed and strengthened; and this sort of mental action can be educed in children more easily and more pleasurably, we believe, by the study of familiar things, than by books.

Pursue the investigation, not simply to teach the object, after the manner of formal object-teachers, but to train the senses to quickness and delicacy of action, to develop mind, and to teach the child the art of getting knowledge. How is the clear glass like, and how unlike, the particular kind of matter it has been compared with? This question calls for a long series of observations and experiments. The same course may be pursued with each of the other colors. The combined effect of the whole, the spiral bands of color, or whatever forms the colors may assume, give occasion for still another series of investigations, only limited by the teacher's time and the child's immaturity.

Still further: the agate is round. So is a pencil, a ring, a cent, a cone, a circle on the blackboard. How does the roundness of the agate differ from that of the pencil, or the circle? Compare these several objects with each other, and with other objects to which the term *round* is applicable; then classify the objects compared according to the kind and degree of roundness which they severally exhibit. Here is pure science,—and science-teaching not beyond the capacity of the smallest pupils, yet not diluted nor degraded.

Form appeals to touch as well as to sight. With shut eyes the pupil may grasp the agate with one hand, a larger or smaller one with the other. Are they alike or different? In form or in size?

Compare in like manner the agate with a small spheroid, grasping both together, or first one and then the other. More perception, memory, comparison, and judgment are called for. Then compare the spheroid with a cylinder, the cylinder with a cone, and each with the agate, using different sizes of each, until the child can distinguish and classify, by touch or sight, all the different geometric forms. All this, be it remembered, not simply to teach the meanings of the words *sphere*, *spheroid*, *cylinder*, and so on, but

for the sake of the training of sense and intellect which it will give. The other qualities of the agate are subjects for similar exercises, each quality being taught in connection with its opposite, and illustrated by many examples. It is not enough to say that the agate is hard. It is abominable to tell the child, as we have known teachers to do, that a thing—say a stone—is hard "because it resists compression;" that a board is "hard" for the same mysterious reason; that lead is "hard," and ice, and iron, and so on to the end of the chapter. How hard is the educating fact. Is the agate as hard as a ball of lead? as hard as marble? as hard as iron? Try a number of objects with a knife or a file, and find where the agate belongs in the scale of hardness. Again: How will it stand pressing and pounding? Does it crush and splinter like wood? flatten like lead? lose and recover its shape like rubber? crumble like a sandstone pebble? or resist like a ball of iron? Every child knows that the agate will break under a hammer; its peculiar brittleness, compared with the same quality as found in other objects, is the point to be determined; and still more important is the acquisition of the habit of intelligent investigation which such exercises will create. The other properties of the agate may be studied in the same way. Put it into water. Does it float like wood, soak up water like sponge, wet through and crumble like earth, become sticky like clay, absorb water and remain dry like quicklime, or what? Drop it. Does it fall dead like mud, or bounce like rubber? How does it behave in fire? Subject it to as many different tests as your opportunities will admit of, and the age of your pupils justify. Then sum up the results as a description of the object and a measure of the knowledge gained.

This is not wholly child's work. It should occupy a good share of the pupil's time during his entire school life. It is exactly the method pursued in scientific investigation; and, if children were trained to it from the beginning, we should hear fewer complaints from science-teachers because of the incapacity of average students to appreciate the method and spirit of true scientific study. It would afford, too, a profitable antidote for, or substitute for, the monotonous lesson-learning, and memorizing of ill-understood verbiage, that occupy so much of ordinary school time.

#### A Royal Road to Learning?

Thank you, yes,—but without the meer; *the royal road to learning*. But not a new road, nor a newly-discovered one; only an old road smoothed and straightened. You gained all your real knowledge of material things in that way, and much of your knowledge of things not material rests on your perceptions of things material. You got your knowledge most likely by a long series of unguided or misguided assaults upon the world, or by inevitable and not always agreeable collisions therewith. You certainly will not assert that you could not have learned more in the same time, and at less expense of pain and labor.

## TAINÉ'S ART LECTURES.\*

AN inherent difficulty in investigating and defining the principles or results of Art exists in the fact that the artists who hold these principles in the concrete to an eminent degree, can never examine them in the abstract,—they never possess that power of analysis which enables them to trace their own mental operations to their work; while the analysts who would apply the scientific method of examination are met at the threshold by phenomena which perpetually elude experimental research—evidences of powers which the analyst does not possess and cannot estimate, yet without comprehending which fully he cannot speak authoritatively on their results. Ruskin, full of marvelous instincts and analytic acumen, cannot comprehend the operation of a synthetic faculty.—Turner, the greatest synthetic mind the world knows of, had his brain all behind his eyes, and could scarcely put an idea into words.

Essayists on Art—amongst whom, notable both for catholicism and thorough study of the ground, is Taine—have attempted to construct an æsthetic science by the experimental method. But, unfortunately, the same method is not applicable to the tracing and classifying artistic phenomena that is efficacious in the sciences. In the latter, we work from data materially appreciable to a great First Cause, ourselves being the chief datum, and the Cause infinitely removed and hopeless of final discovery. In the other, we must begin with the artist, and from him comprehend his works. We admit this in our appreciation of works of art,—their highest value and the strongest hold they have on us is in the expression of the individuality of the artist, so that we all learn to like the pictures of our friend, as we find *him* in them—which is not the scientific temper. Taine elaborates with great justice the idea that "the social and intellectual condition of a community is the standard of that of artists;" but beyond this is the equally significant and more important one, that the moral and intellectual state of the artist determines the character of his art—*i. e.*, that the art is the expression of himself in his essential nature. The man is moulded by his epoch, but he is the mould of his art.

Of all the tempting paths which open from this analogy we can only follow one: that which leads to a definition of art—which develops the law of self-expression. The law which Taine would establish is so far from the true one, that he himself excludes music and architecture from its full application, and his definition narrows down to this: "The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential salient character, consequently some important idea, more clearly and completely than is attainable from real objects." But this expression of the salient character found in external or "real" objects is only the *means* of art; the language, the essential being in the individuality of the artist. Taine's definition is incomplete, because, to cover music

and architecture it must be amended. The true definition must be central, simple, and cover everything. It must be found by the experimental method.

Experiment first. A child in perfect health and enjoyment of external influences, going out into green and sunlit fields, especially with fellowship of its like, sings and dances; older and instructed, it sings and dances with others in harmony and symmetry. This is art, and becomes music and dancing.

Experiment second. Another child, with a strong love of external nature, *i. e.*, of beauty, which is the vital stimulant of that love, attempts to convey his delight by representation of the objects which stimulate it. Later, he draws and colors, always following the lead of this dominant emotion, or maybe attempts modeling, and finally art with this one becomes painting or sculpture.

Experiment third. A barbarous (childlike) people, animated by intense reverence for a superior being, desires to express its adoration by building a house better and more beautiful than all their own houses; as beautiful as may be, or as grand; and this art, aiming always to satisfy the emotions of grandeur and beauty in imposing forms, becomes architecture.

Experiment fourth. A lover, excited by a new and delightful emotion, immediately attempts versification of his sentiments, and the more noble and intense his emotion, the more highly harmonic becomes their expression, *ceteris paribus*. Metre, rhyme, cadence, become the imperative qualities of his effusion. This, supposing the intellectual qualification, becomes art—poetry.

Our deduction is, that Art is the harmonic (musical, as the Greeks used the word) expression of the emotions excited in the artist by external causes, either physical or spiritual. These causes we should call the Ideals.

But in any artistic expression there enters, to a greater or less extent as the art is objective or subjective, a scientific perception of facts (as in painting), or relations (as in music), which furnish the language or vehicle of expression, but in all cases of a trivial importance in relation to the Ideal. For instance, Denner paints a head in which the ideal is at the minimum, and realization of facts at the maximum; Correggio, one in which the ideal is at the maximum, and the fact at the minimum. Denner's work is base and Correggio's noble, while Bellini unites the two so justly that it is difficult to say which is most satisfactory. In all cases the true nobility of the work of art is in the ideal element. Turner painted pictures as perfect in expression of the ideals of light and color, *i. e.*, in art, as anything he did, but in which no facts are recognizable, their scientific perception being of relations as in music. Scores of painters will occur to us all who make his antithesis, and give infinitude of fact, and no art beyond a grim and painful perception of nature's anatomy, a scientific fervor for externalities.

It seems to us, therefore, far from true, as Taine asserts, that imitation is the end of art, but rather expression; the facts which the artist collects, and by

\* *The Philosophy of Art, The Ideal in Art, Art in Italy, Art in the Netherlands, &c.* Translated by John Durand. (Holt & Williams, Publishers.)



which he expresses his ideal, are in the same relation to that ideal that the universe is to the Creator.

The artistic element, as such, is in the harmony and proportion between the words, forms, lines used in the expression of the emotions excited by the respective ideals; Art therefore being neither in imitation or intellectual perception, but in the successful expression of the emotions excited in the artist by the Ideal, so as to reproduce those emotions in the minds of others.

Taine, it seems to us, mistakes still further in making the arts peculiar to assigned epochs. They are, and always have been, synchronous, although certain epochs have taken the lead in particular arts, and carried them nearer to perfection than the previous ones, from incidental causes, mainly the individuality of the leading artistic nation of that epoch. Of Greek painting we know little, and of Greek music nothing; but we can hardly say that sculpture is the art of Greece, as Taine would have it, rather than architecture, which, like music, is clearly a continuous growth from the earliest ages.

The true division of epochs seems to us to be rather into that of the ideal of form (Greek), that of color (Venetian), and that of realization (Dutch); there being at all times a crossing and intermingling of these motives, forming three great schools with numerous sub-schools and classes, in which the character partook more or less of one or the other of these three motives, besides which none can exist in representation of external things, or what is called representative or objective art.

The Greek was thus the earliest pure objective art, (the Egyptian, Assyrian, etc., not being art at all, but monumental sculpture—mnemonic, and neither scientific nor ideal), and from circumstances and national traits became the supreme art of all time in all that pertains to purity of the ideal and logical treatment, either objective or subjective.

#### "ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT."

The true artist is never niggardly of his material. He fears no famine. He knows with reverent gratitude that such a thing can never happen to him. Nothing less than this unconscious generosity, which proves unreckoned stores, would have given us in one short magazine story the series of dramatic pictures which Mrs. Whitney has presented in the story, *Zerub Throop's Experiment* (Loring, Boston).

There is material in this clever little tale for a novel of average length. There are three eras in it, each of which, in the hands of a trickster at books, a penny-a-liner, would have been much spun out, and would have borne it, too, far better than most of the material to the attenuation of which we are indebted for the greater portion of our novels.

Zerub Throop, the odd old miser living alone with his still odder old maid-servant:—how unprofitable for the book-maker the concentration which gives us, in one chapter, a graphic picture of him, his life and his death, incidents by which he is involved in the fates of the Whaphare family, and the curious whim by which he

chooses to make chance the instrument of his restitution of so large a sum as thirty-five thousand dollars.

Two chapters give us the whole history of the Whaphare family; as graphic, pathetic, genuine a picture as is often given of an every-day struggle in an every-day home in an every-day New England village. Each member of the Whaphare family is as clearly revealed to us, as clearly individualized, as if we had been condemned to listen to four hundred pages of their conversation, and two hundred pages of inventory of their downsitings and uprisings, in the metronomic style—no, absence of style—of Mr. Trollope. And this is not done by any sensational touches—no sharp or startling qualities in any one of them; they are just as commonplace people as we are ourselves, and never once surprise us. But their worries, their economies, their sorrows, their hopes, their fears are as vital to us as our own: we keep school with Carry; we fret over burnt pea-soup with Martha; we are discouraged with poor Mrs. Whaphare; and we wish, oh, how we wish we could have had the wit to deal with a youthful gossip as Dr. Plaice did with Dimmy. This scene is perhaps one of the best in the book. Dimmy, aged seven, one of Carry's scholars, has repeated in the Doctor's hearing that he (Dr. Plaice) was Carry's "beau." Dr. Plaice asks the little fellow into his office, and after torturing him with civil sarcasm for five minutes, makes him his friend for life by shaking hands with him and saying: "That is all, Dimmy, now let's shake hands and be friends. You don't like being talked to like a mean little man. Well, you can wake up from that bad dream all safe at seven years old, with twice your age to grow in, and to make what kind of a man you will. Miss Caroline told you: if you want to be a splendid, honorable one, don't do any small meddling things or tell any small meddling tales!"

And Dr. Plaice kept hold of Dimmy's hand till his legs untwisted, and he was slid safely down out of the big chair. Then Dimmy put on his cap, pulled it very much over his eyes, and departed meekly and swiftly. When he was around the corner, however, behind the tin-shop, he paused, pushed his cap up into its place, took a good long breath, and said "By George" again.

The first "By George" had been his sole reply to the first half of Dr. Plaice's address. Like a brave little fellow, he undertakes to remedy the mischief of his gossip, but finds it hard work to stop a rumor, even among little people. However, the next morning Dr. Plaice, grateful perhaps to the gossiping babies for bringing his own resolution to the acting-point, has news for his friend Dimmy.

"I've stopped it, Dimmy."

"How?" said Dimmy, explosively.

"As the Indians stop the fire from chasing them on the prairies—kindled it at my own end. I want your congratulations, Dimmy; I am engaged to be married, some time—to Miss Caroline Whaphare."

The fourth chapter of the book contains a first-rate



ghost story, the denouement of old Zerub Throop's experiment, and the happy climax of the fortunes of Dr. Plaiice and Carry, and the Whapshare family. The note-of-hand which Zerub Throop had written, and had rolled up in a tiny ball of tin-foil, and left to chance, is discovered in a cellar furnace-pipe, and gives the Whapshares thirty-five thousand dollars. The machinery by which all this is effected is most ingenious and amusing,—a black cat, who journeys from cellar to sitting-room through the furnace-pipe, being the finger of Providence.

"It's very well," said Mrs. Hand (Zerub's old servant), with slow significance, "to lay it all off on to her. But what possessed the cat? It's like the pigs in the New Testament. If—a ghost—wanted something—out of a register-pipe,—he might very likely need some sort of a cat's-paw to help himself with."

Mrs. Whitney's great excellence as an artist seems to us to be in the quiet, exact delineation of homely life. In this she shows humor, pathos, and the ineffable, indefinable charm of that verisimilitude of likeness which distinguishes the reproducer from the imitator. This is most especially true of *The Gayworthys*, which is far the best of her stories. Many of the scenes on the Gayworthy farm remind us of George Eliot's pictures of a similar life in England.

#### "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION."

WHAT relationship exists between Charles Reade, who is now writing novels in England, and the lamented gentleman of the same name who some years ago wrote *Peg Woffington* and *Christie Johnstone*, we do not know. But the present writer is a most pitiable illustration of the degeneracy of a noble house. It is hard to conceive how he can be so insensible to the obligation of an honorable lineage. Who does not remember the sparkle, the flow, the delicious vividness of *Peg Woffington*? the genuine strength and sweetness of *Christie Johnstone*? How glad we were in those days that Charles Reade wrote! How have we learned to shudder at an announcement of a fresh story bearing his name on its title-page!

Instead of sparkle, we have slippancy; instead of flow, we have spasms; instead of true vividness, we have cheap melodramatic shams; and overlying and underlying everything, an air—nay, more, a positive odor of coarse vulgarity which is disgusting.

We believed that *Griffith Gaunt* must have touched bottom in these respects. But it seems there was a lower depth still; and we are brought to it by this last story, *A Terrible Temptation* (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; Harper & Brothers, New York).

It is useless to recapitulate the offensive details of this narrative. Two of the most influential houses in the country are scattering cheap editions of the book broadcast through our land. Everybody has read it before this time. There is not a circulating library in any town which would venture to omit in its purchases "Charles Reade's last novel." It is of small use to cry out against the book; or, for that matter, against any other bad book; but we do wish that there were

any means of rousing in the reading public a liking for pure English, and an aversion to indecency of plot; and that it might come to pass that writers should find it better *policy* not to seek for all the materials of their fictions in the lowest-police-court records; not to say, when they wish to describe the effect on a young boy's manners of too great familiarity with stablemen, that he learned "to talk horsey and smell dughilly."

What Charles Reade may have yet in store for us in the way of Horrible After-thoughts, Later Insanities, or Commandments Done Away With, it is appalling to fancy. The best thing we can wish to him is an immediate and severe threatening of illness, and imperative orders from physicians putting him under vigorous cold-water treatment. A year at Great Malvern might cleanse his disordered brain, and give us back once more the man and novelist whom we admired and respected.

#### NONSENSE.

BLESSED be nonsense! And blessed be he who invented it! But who was he? Was he pliocene or miocene? Were little Tubal Cain and his sister Naamah sung to sleep by anything deliciously silly? Did anybody draw funny caricatures of the Dinotherium and the Iguanodon in those days? And would sixty-five Pterodactyls sitting in a row, on a rail, fast asleep, make as effective a picture as Edward Lear's picture of the sixty-five parrots whose two hundred and sixty tail-feathers were "inserted" in the bonnet of Violet, in that most exquisitely nonsensical story "The Four Little Children," in that most exquisitely nonsensical book, *Nonsense Songs, Stories, Ballads, and Alphabets*, by Edward Lear; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston? The world, especially this American world, owes more than it knows to the man who makes it laugh. This summer has owed largely to Edward Lear. Anything so funny has not been seen for many a day, as are some of these nonsense songs and stories, with their attendant pictures. The voyage of the Jumbles is perhaps the best of the songs; the Jumbles who went to sea in a sieve with

"Forty bottles of ring-bo-ree.  
And no end of Siltou cheese;"

they were gone twenty years or more, and when they came back,

"Every one said, 'How tall they've grown;  
For they've been to the Lakes and the Terrible Zone  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore.'"

Perhaps there is an under-thought of moral in the story of the Jumbles. Perhaps when we welcome back Jumbles who have been to the hills of Chankly Bore we give them

"A feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast."

But far the best thing in the book is the story of the four little children who went round the world. Their names were Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel; but this is of no consequence, neither that they took a small cat to steer their boat. The gist of the narra-

tive is that they took "an elderly Quangle Wangle" as cook. What is a "Quangle Wangle?" That is precisely the joke. It isn't anything. It is a mysterious, formless, bodiless, comic demon! But in every picture, from behind the convenient shelter of sail or tea-kettle appear the fearful, inexplicable, useful, culinary hands of the Quangle Wangle! There is positive genius in this conception all through; and when at last the discomfited party, having lost their boat by a bite from a Seeze Pyder, return home on the back of an elderly rhinoceros who happened to be passing, and we see the Quangle Wangle riding placidly and shapelessly astride the rhinoceros's big horn, the triumph is complete!

We should distrust the past and despair of the future of any man who could not laugh at the Quangle Wangle! and we wish every melancholy man had its portrait in his hands this minute.

#### HAWTHORNE.

THE tone of criticism upon Hawthorne in these days is growing mellowed than it was ten and twenty years ago. He was then credited to the full with all his richness of fancy, power of imagination, and wonderful insight into human character, but was generally supposed to be a gloomy man who saw little except the dark side of life; who dwelt in perpetual shadow, emerging from it only to seize upon some hapless victim who, once in his clutches, was doomed to inevitable destruction.

Few who yet acknowledged in him the powerful writer of tragedy were willing to allow him the privilege usually accorded to tragic writers—to Shakespeare, for instance—of conducting his heroes and heroines, by the same path which crime and sin choose, down to the "sunless abodes" of death. The publication of his American and English *Note-Books*, and the collection and republication of the whole body of his works, together with the new light thrown upon his life and habits from many quarters, have, within these last six years, given us a more complete view of the character of the man, and enabled the reader of to-day not only to balance the shadow of his earlier works with the light and sunniness of his life, but even to see a better proportion of light and shadow in those early works themselves.

Going from *Our Old Home*, or from the *Note-Books* of America, England, and Italy (the latter of which are now being published in *Good Words*), to the *Blithedale Romance*, or the *House of the Seven Gables*, or to that terrible *Scarlet Letter*, the student will hardly fail now to adopt the estimate expressed (perhaps ironically) by an English writer, and to recognize that "while Hawthorne is stern as a prophet in denouncing crime and sin, he has the most tender indulgence for the criminal and sinner, judging him extenuatingly, setting forth his temptations, and sorrowing greatly as he abandons him to the inevitable law—a kind of soft-hearted Rhadamanthus, held by an unhappy fascination on the judicial bench, and forced

in conscience to punish the culprits whom he would willingly set free."

The best of the old critics (and not very old either) claimed that while punishment did surely follow sin, the course of the sinner was, after all, a much pleasanter one than Hawthorne represented it; there were a thousand alleviations; the deep baying of the hound was seldom heard. This was entirely true. Even Jim Fisk's course has probably been strewn with roses, and when the fatal bite comes at last, he may never guess what deed of his let loose the relentless hound. But the death of Judge Pyncheon, the destruction of the young and eloquent Puritan Dimmesdale, the awful end of Zenobia, the terrible catastrophe of Donatello, and the mysterious and awful disappearance of Miriam from the surface of society, were nevertheless as naturally the results of their lives, and mainly of the leading sin of their lives, as the end of Ruloff the murderer was of his. The vividness of the picture, and the clear light in which we see the relation of sin and its punishment, are the results of the purely scientific method which Hawthorne, and Shakespeare as well, and the Greek tragedy writers also, pursued, of clearing the problem of unnecessary surroundings, of eliminating elements which do not essentially alter the result.

But whatever morbidness we may seem to find in some of his earlier tales, and however severe and relentless the fate which, in all his works, pursues any deviation from the strict line of rectitude, none of us will be likely to find fault with the value which he sets upon a pure life. The beauty of innocence, the sweetness of affection, the charm of genius allied to guilelessness, are surely expressed in Hilda, and Priscilla, and Phoebe Pyncheon, "with a most particular grace, and an inexpressible addition of comeliness," which may be set off against the "lurid gloom" that overhangs Miriam and Zenobia. The honor which we join to manliness will not be lessened by the character of the artist of the *Seven Gables*, or by that of Kenyon the sculptor. The beautiful pictures of home life at Concord, and Salem, and Lenox, and the sunny gleams we have in the *Note-Books* of English cathedrals and Italian antiquities, will throw a mild radiance over the harsher pictures of his gloomier pages. The "thunder-burst" is far off, and the "warbling of bobolinks" more present to us.

Even the elderly men and women, his contemporaries, with the new light in their hands, are going back into the silent halls of the past with more tenderness and greater reverence, to lift, as they can now, the "cloudy veil" which stretched over the abyss of his nature who could yet say:—"I have no love of secrecy and darkness. I am glad to think that God sees through my heart, and, if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. So may any mortal who is capable of full sympathy, and therefore worthy to come into my depths."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG recent religious works are the following:—*The Conversion of St. Paul*, by Geo. Jarvis Geer,

D.D.; (New York: Samuel R. Wells). Under this title are gathered three discourses on the facts, influence, and teaching of St. Paul's Conversion and subsequent life. They are thoughtful and well-written studies on an important subject. *Ad Clerum*, by J. Parker, D.D., author of *Eccle Deus* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), is a book of advice to young preachers, in which much sound sense and earnest religious feeling are seasoned with keen wit. We commend it to all for whom it is designed, and do not doubt that some preachers no longer young would be both interested and benefited by reading it. *The Lord's Prayer*, by Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D. (New York: Robert Carter and Bros.). While there is nothing specially original or suggestive in the author's thought or expression, his book will be found a cheering and instructive one to many minds. *Westminster Lessons*: Prepared for the Presbyterian Board of Publication, by the Rev. Henry C. McCook. These lessons comprise twenty-six "Studies in the Last Year of our Lord's Ministry." The exegetical treatment of each subject seems to be full and satisfactory, and the questions are clear and pointed.

MANNERS and customs, domestic life and popular thought, are included in the modern idea of the materials of history not less than "the march of Empires and the fate of Kings;" but for the study of them we depend largely on the various phases of what is called historical fiction. The poet, the playwright, the novelist, if his work is genuine, reanimates the past, and shows us what we want chiefly to see—the play of human sympathy that underruns the historian's great events. Thus old Homer may tell us not a word of historical fact, in the usual sense of the term, yet his pictures of ancient life give a clearer insight into the thoughts and ways of the early Greeks than could have been given by the most accurate chronicler of the ordinary sort. For the convenience of those who wish to follow some sort of system in their reading in this department of literature, or to supplement their study of sober history with the works of imagination bearing on any particular period, the Superintendent of the Boston Public Library has prepared an experimental list of novels, plays, and poems illustrative of historical eras and personages. The scheme of supplementing in this way the catalogues of popular libraries with classified cross-references applied to fiction promises to be of great assistance to general readers.

We can find it in our heart to forgive Mr. James Parton for taking from the editorial department of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY the title of his new volume of essays, because that title so distinctly describes them. In the tact of selecting for discussion just those *Topics of the Time* which are uppermost in the public mind, and are likely to prove popular, lies, in our judgment, one secret of his unquestionable success. No one knows better than Mr. Parton how "to catch as she flies the Cynthia of the minute." The materials which make up this handsome volume, recently issued from

the press of James R. Osgood & Co., have already seen the light in the pages of the magazines; but they will be enjoyed none the less in their collected form, for they relate to important questions of administration and social life every day talked about in the newspapers and in the domestic circle. "The Yankees at Home," "Log Rolling in Washington," "How Congress Wastes Its Time," and "The Government of the City of New York," are cases in point. Nor is it to be denied that Mr. Parton writes of these matters from a full knowledge of them, and with a certain freshness of style that makes his paragraphs truly enjoyable. The essay on "International Copyright" is the only one in the volume which may be said to lie without the range of popular sympathy and immediate interest, but this shows very strikingly Mr. Parton's ingenuity and shrewdness; and the general reader, who might be repelled from reading an argument on the copyright question, from a not unintelligent dread of its dullness, will find himself really entertained by Mr. Parton's original way of presenting a plea for the rights of authorship.

GRAMMAR as a science is a culture-study requiring maturity of mind and considerable acquaintance with language. The grammar-teaching needed by the young is a mere corrective of "naughtie speche," as the ancients called it. The failure of the ordinary grammar-teaching of the schools seems to be due to the failure of the text-book makers to choose correctly between the two. They begin at the wrong end of their work, and, neglecting the formation of right habits of speaking, attempt to dilute the science of language to the mental capacity of children. Grammar is thus spoiled as a culture-study, and made of no effect for teaching the art of using language correctly. In his *Shorter Course of English Grammar* (New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) Mr. Kerl has tried to present the subject in a more suitable way, with no small measure of success. He has departed widely and wisely from the old-fashioned course, though not so far as he might have done to advantage. His inability to free himself from time-honored absurdities is amusingly illustrated on page 94, where the learner is taught to "spell the possessive singular" of certain words after the following model: "*Sister*:—s-i-s-i-s—t-e-r apostrophe s—t-e-r—sister's." That is almost as ingenious as the cookney's spelling "a hess, and a hay, and a hell, two hoos, and a hen," for *saloon*.

JOHN JERNINGHAM, whose *Journal* has just been published (Charles Scribner & Co.), although he writes in the same measures and in much the same lively vein, is by no means so dainty and delightful a versemaker as his little wife. But many people will be curious to hear the husband's side of the story, and there is this to be said in favor of the book that, like Mrs. Stowe's *Pink and White Tyranny*, it carries into society a protest against the growing heresy of divorce.

*Strife* is the monosyllabic title of a story by Mrs. E. D. Wallace, the incidents of which are laid in Germany and Italy within a comparatively recent period. The

plot hinges on the relation of a ring, bearing for inscription the family motto, "*Spes, Esperance, Speranza*," to the fortunes of the characters, one of whom has been wrongfully kept out of an inheritance. The movement of the drama involves to a considerable extent the politics of the Italian peninsula since the upheaval of 1848, and though the tone of the work is sombre, and the denouement is far from cheerful, being burdened with a murder by poisoning, there are many passages in it of very happy description, and some of real dramatic power.

One of the most important announcements of the year is that of the publication of Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology* (Charles Scribner & Co.). The first volume will include the Introduction and Theology proper. The two subsequent volumes will treat of Anthropology, Soteriology, and Eschatology. The same house will shortly commence the publication of the *Bible Commentary*, known in England as the *Speaker's Commentary*, by the issue of the first volume, which embraces the entire Pentateuch. They also announce *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*, abridged from President Porter's well-known work on *The Human Intellect*; the second series of Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, which will include his already celebrated papers on "Calvinism," "Progress," the "Scientific Method Applied to History," &c.; *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, by Max Müller, with papers on Buddhism and a Translation of Dhammapada; *Mountain Adventures*, and *The Wonders of Water*, two new volumes in the Wonder Library; a new novel by the long silent author of Rutledge, entitled *Richard Vandermark*; *Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, for Young Sportsmen*, by T. Robinson; the second volume of Curtius's great work, *The History of Greece*, and an entertaining and suggestive volume of *Americanisms*, by Prof. Schèle de Vere.

#### GEORGE SAND.

IT is now many years since a new voice began to make itself heard, and to utter such wonderful things that people could not do less than listen. But anon they stopped their ears and exclaimed: "It is Bogy!" for the voice uttered wild and lawless things; its tones set hot blood astir in men's hearts; it lamented, it imprecated; now smiting like a javelin, now foaming like ocean waves, against the bulwark of social restraint. So that in the end few listened, and those who did were worse off than those who did not. Thus, for all the beauty of the voice, and its eloquence, which was like a rare spell, the world was none the better that it sounded at all.

But bye-and-bye the voice (which called itself "George Sand") took on a different sound. Year by year it increased in purified beauty. Each utterance showed the change; the bitter waters confessed the herb of healing, and now the time was come when a

little child might listen, and listening, smile. But still the majority, faithful to old tradition, kept fingers in ears, and to all who said, "But the voice is sweet, and soundeth like one who playeth upon a pleasant instrument," replied, "Listen not, or you will run mad."

The George Sand of to-day is not the Circe of twenty years ago, against whom, with much justice and a little injustice, the good arrayed themselves. She is a better woman and truer artist; her later books are among the best delights of the age, and it is time that we all unstop our ears and suffer the voice to be heard.

Her "picture-power" is extraordinary. This is wonderfully evidenced in each of the five translations recently issued by the Messrs. Roberts. There are no repetitions—no tinting over of dyn accustomed outline. Each story is an "entire and perfect chrysolite,"—unique, distinct, original. The stale devices by which the modern novelist is wont to conceal his poverty-struck invention are as foreign as needless to such inexhaustible fertility. Her style, like a pellucid stream, reflects and beautifies the thought it glasses, without distortion and without change. Colors glow on her page, winds sound, birds sing. She has the miraculous gift of conveying to other minds with absolute distinctness the image which fills her own—a gift in the perfection of which she stands pre-eminent among her generation. Raphael did it on canvas; Beethoven in his orchestral scores; to accomplish it with pen and paper is a harder thing, and few in our day beside George Sand have attained thereto.

Examining the five novels to which we have alluded, we find *The Snow Man* our favorite; *The Miller of Angibault* ranking next in point of attraction; *Mauprat*, powerful and vivid, leaves a depression, as when one has watched a conflict, and sympathized in the stress and muscle with its progress. *Monsieur Sylvestre* breathes a melancholy rustle as of dried leaves falling in sombre autumn evenings. But the *Miller of Angibault* is like the ocean wind blowing freshly amid the poplar trees, and tinkling their tiny leaf castanets into music. There is strength and freshness in the story, and a simple charm which blends with summer days and quiet thoughts. And the *Snow Man*, crisp, brilliant, dazzling, full of life and movement, is like the northern night, with its auroras, its mysterious shoots and crackles, its electric frosts, its innumerable stars drawn in a deep blue vault, and beneath, fires lit by human hands and the songs of simple hearts which warm themselves in the blaze.

We can hardly speak too strongly of this book, and of the honest regret it causes that, deterred by the old prejudice against its author, so many are likely to lose the pleasure of knowing and tasting its flavor, to which Miss Vaughan's admirable translation does true justice. "Prove all things," says the injunction; and how shall we "hold fast to that which is good" unless we comply?





A NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING.—"HOW MUCH THIS YEAR FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?"



A NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING.—"HOW MUCH THIS YEAR FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?"